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NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL

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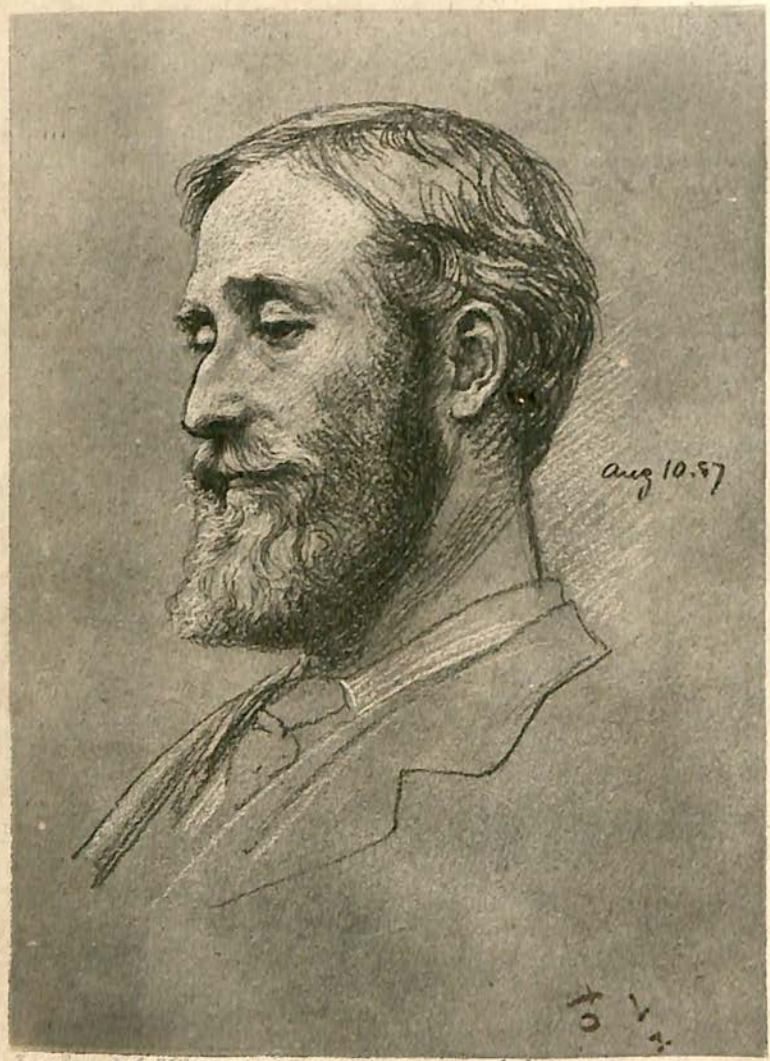

From a drawing by Lucy J. Hyslop, 1887.

A. S. Liddell

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL

BEING A RECORD OF THINGS DONE, SEEN AND HEARD AT SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND IN THE WORLD DURING THE LATTER HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

By A. G. C. LIDDELL, C.B.

WITH PORTRAIT

Μὴ ζήτει δέλτοισιν ἐμαῖς Πριάμου παρὰ βωμοῖς
Μηδὲ τὰ Μηδείης πένθεα καὶ Νιόβης.

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LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
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TO MY SISTER

G. F. E. S.

PREFACE

THE following pages contain, as may be inferred from the title, the story of an ordinary life. As regards the biographical part of the book, it deals mainly with the surface of things, touching but slightly on the graver thoughts and emotions which may give to the most commonplace biography the value of a "human document."

Many persons will think that a record so trivial is not worth publishing. But there is undoubtedly a considerable class who may be amused and even interested by any memoir honestly written, and it is among these that I hope to find some readers.

Numerous as are the autobiographies of "ordinary mortals," they generally depend more on anecdotes and "persons I have seen" than on the actual life-stories of the writers, which are often sketchily handled. I have ventured, therefore, to think that the events of the life of an ordinary member of Society more fully treated might possess a certain value of their own, even if a small one; and would perhaps some day acquire a positive interest when the Society in which they arose has ceased to exist.

Nor have I omitted the usual seasoning of anecdotes and glimpses of celebrities when such have come in my way.

So, instead of making more excuses, I will ask the goodwill of my fellow "ordinary mortals" for my adventure, and their indulgence for the inaccuracies

which must creep into a book parts of which depend so much upon memory.

In conclusion, I must acknowledge the kindness of Mr. William Blackwood, of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and of the Editor of the *National Review*, in allowing me to quote from articles written for their magazines, and of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., for permitting the reproduction of his excellent drawing as a frontispiece.

A. G. C. L.

January, 1911.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

I AM pleased to find that a larger section of the public than I have ventured to hope has been interested in these memoirs, and that in consequence it has been found necessary to issue a second edition within a month of publication.

I have availed myself of this opportunity to remove such inaccuracies as I have been able myself to discover, as well as those which have been brought to my notice by correspondents; and also to add a few additional notes, which will, I trust, present the book in a shape more worthy of the patronage which it has received.

A. G. C. L.

April, 1911.

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NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL

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1846—1855

Birth—My parents—East Sheen and its inhabitants—Home life—Richmond Park—Ravensworth—The little Princes—Trouville—Ryde—Lord Hardwicke—Bramham—The Crystal Palace Monsters—Early characteristics.

I was born at Bramham House, near Tadcaster, on the 29th June, 1846. My mother was then staying at the home of her father, George Lane-Fox, who, since the destruction of Bramham Park by fire some twenty years before, had lived in the village of Bramham.

My grandfather was one of the "Giants who were in those days" to be found in the upper classes, whose native vigour was being attacked by gout, but had not yet succumbed to nerves. He held strong views on many things, among others, on the dignity of Mr. Fox, of Bramham; and it was related that once, when his eldest son was returning from Oxford in a post-chaise drawn by a pair of horses only, his parent passed him on the road without any sign of recognition. At the time of my birth he was a martyr to gout, of which he died shortly afterwards.

My mother was the youngest of three children.

Her only brother, George Lane-Fox, was afterwards a well-known figure in society and the sporting world, and will reappear in this history. She lived a great deal at Bramham, made much of by her father and governess, and was brought up with an ignorance of the outside world unusual even in those quiet days. She had good looks and good abilities, especially as a musician. A few years after she married her health gave way, and she was an invalid for the rest of her life.

My father, Adolphus Liddell, was the eighth and youngest son of the second Lord Ravensworth. He had been at Eton and Christ Church, and after getting a fellowship at All Souls, joined the Common Law Bar and the Northern Circuit. He had known the younger George Fox at Oxford, and so it happened that when on circuit at York he was asked to Bramham, and made my mother's acquaintance.

His portrait I am hardly competent to draw, as in childhood and boyhood I worshipped him, and never to the end of his life beheld him with the same eyes as I did other men. He was of a type not uncommon in the North, of fresh complexion and solid build, with a large head and broad shoulders, but small hands and feet. In practical common sense and in intellectual and artistic tastes and beliefs he was like other cultivated English gentlemen of his day. But his physical vigour was exceptional, as was the kindliness and gaiety of his nature, and his flow of animal spirits, resulting, till he was well on in middle life, in a constant stream of fun and chaff. Behind all this lay a genuine reverence for all forms of truth and goodness, and a force of character, which, in spite of his pleasure-loving nature, led him to take

the right path in difficulties which would have turned many a more serious man.

He was exceptionally popular with all classes, and had troops of friends and acquaintances. With children especially he was in his element, and not merely with his own, but with all he met. He entered into their games and jokes, and adopted their phrases and fancies, developing them, or inventing on his own account with such good nature and insight that it never occurred to his little friends that he was not enjoying himself as much as they were.

While searching for earliest recollections, it is difficult to distinguish between actual memories and pictures formed after the events to which they relate from stories told us about ourselves, which, often repeated, at last take the shape and colour of real events.

My first memory is a scene in the drawing-room of a London house. I am standing on a stool in front of the window in a large room, fishing in a china bowl for tin fish with a magnetic hook. The bright colours of these tin fishes and ducks gave me as a child great pleasure, which the sight and smell of these toys to this day vividly recalls.

In 1849 my father took a small place at East Sheen, called Park Cottage, which was our home till 1868. It was a picturesque little house with about eleven acres of garden, in the middle of which was a relic of earlier times in the shape of about an acre of jungle, gorse, brambles and other wild growth.

There was then a pleasant society living at East Sheen, many of whom became friends of our parents and of ourselves as we grew older. and whose names will appear in these pages.

Professor Owen, the great anatomist, was our next-door neighbour. He soon became intimate with my parents, being attracted by my mother's music, and spending many an evening at chess with my father. A path was formed through the hedge which separated our two gardens, and he would often bring some interesting friend over to see us, or would ask us to his house to enjoy the society which gathered round him. He was one of the best talkers I have ever met, and had a special gift of making things clear and interesting to children. His stories to my sister and myself of the habits of animals, and his descriptions of the places where they lived, were to me better than any books. Many a delightful evening have I spent in his hospitable cottage, when after talk he and my father settled down to chess, and I occupied myself with the "thaumascope," a toy which anticipated the wonder of the cinematograph; looked at "Audubon's Birds," or studied that immortal work, "Brown, Jones and Robinson," to my great and endless benefit.

Externally the Professor was a characteristic figure. Tall and shambling in his walk, he had a great head, rather a red nose, and a rugged face, lit up by a pair of large bright eyes full of intelligence and kindness. He used sometimes to come bowling down our garden on the way to his house, in a great wide-awake, the skirts of his black cape flying behind him, looking like Merlin loosed upon a modern world.

Sir Henry Taylor, the poet, was another neighbour. He also wore a cape and a wide-awake, an uncommon get-up in those pre-æsthetic days, but otherwise bore no resemblance whatever to the Professor. He was a tall man, though he had rather a stoop, with a very fine head and a long grey beard, and a somewhat

languid, dreamy expression. His voice and way were attractive, though some persons thought him affected, as he could not pronounce his r's, and his diction was somewhat high-flown, as became a philosopher and poet. My recollection is that he could make himself very agreeable, and was popular with my mother and the other ladies of Sheen, while the men were inclined to scoff at his unlikeness to the ordinary type.

The only other public character, though she had not then become one, was Mrs. Cameron, a clever and eccentric, but very kind person. She had an intense devotion for great men in general, and Henry Taylor in particular. From what I can remember her devotion must have had its drawbacks, as she not only laid on the butter very thick, but took almost entire possession of her idol. With any ordinary person this phrase would not mean much, but Mrs. Cameron had such indomitable resolution and utter indifference to snubbing, that I fancy the idols, or at any rate their families, often found her worship somewhat excessive, as the following story will show. About that time a horrible amusement called "decalcomanie" came into vogue, by which strips of coloured pictures and designs of an inferior kind were transferred from paper on to wood or china. Sir Henry Taylor had lately built a new house in Upper Sheen, at which Mrs. Cameron was put up for the night in the best bedroom, which had been elegantly furnished in a light-coloured wood. Early on the following morning the guest appeared, pale and exhausted, in the hosts' bedroom, and would not be satisfied till she had roused them from their slumbers and forced them to visit her apartment, where she triumphantly displayed to their disgusted vision the wardrobes and washhand-stands swarming

with the creations of this tawdry art, to the elaboration of which she had devoted the entire night.

The early days at Sheen, till I went to school in 1855, were very happy ones.

My mother's ill-health had not become marked, or at any rate we did not understand its extent, and my sister and I, when our lessons were over, enjoyed ourselves in the garden, which seemed a boundless region full of surprises and attractions.

I shall therefore endeavour to give a general account of our pursuits during the time above-mentioned, though they all began gradually, and must not be thought to have been followed to the full extent till two or three years later.

The enchantment of the garden was greatly enhanced by reading the works of Captain Mayne Reid, which were the first works of fiction that strongly impressed me. I can well remember the enjoyment of sitting down at the nursery table, after tea had been cleared away, to a spell of "The Boy Hunters," or "The Desert Home," by the aid of a tallow dip; and what a struggle it was to read the chapters on Botany or Natural History (a duty strictly enjoined upon us), when the hero had been left at the end of a bough, along which a grizzly bear was approaching. The result of these studies was that I found prairies in the open spaces, and caves in the thickets of our garden; where I pursued the buffalo and fled from the Red Indian all day, naming them after the scenes depicted by my author.

Occasionally I was accompanied in these pastimes by a boy somewhat older than myself, the son of our gardener, who instructed me in birds'-nesting and in distinguishing the eggs of the common birds. Among

these figured a certain mysterious fowl called, as I thought, a "Larchear," in whose history I always felt there must be something uncanny, as it seemed to build dirty, funereal-looking nests, and never to lay any eggs. I never happened on one of these "Larchear's" nests without a feeling of awe, and was always dreading the moment when I should see a "Larchear," until, many years afterwards, it struck me that there was no such animal, but that it was my comrade's way of announcing that the nest had been built last year which had given me this erroneous impression.

Another amusement which occupied a great part of my leisure was sailing small boats. It began by the Professor giving us a dilapidated schooner, which had belonged to his son, then grown up. This craft my father set to work to fit out, and it may be imagined with what absorbing interest I watched the process in the winter evenings, and the delight with which I saw the small blocks and dead-eyes which he had bought for the rigging, and held the spars and masts while he scraped them with glass.

Riding in those days was a necessary part of a boy's education, so a small and shaggy Shetland pony having been procured, I began my career as a horseman under the charge of the washerwoman's son. Why this youth, who did not know the head of a horse from its tail, was selected I do not know. But the result was fatal. On my first expedition he allowed the pony to get away and bolt with me along the high road. I was terrified, and eventually fell off, though without injury. But the effect was that I never again got on a horse, and never shall do, without a feeling of apprehension, which is fatal to anything like horsemanship. However I was made to go on with it, and rode constantly

with my father till I went to school, though I never enjoyed it as I ought to have done.

These were the chief of our regular occupations; but the greatest treat of all was when my father was able to stay at home all day, and we were allowed to be with him while he worked in the garden or took us for a walk. Not long after we came to Sheen he began to cut a winding path through the patch of wild ground in our garden, which I have mentioned above. This work aroused in us all the interest of exploring the unknown, not unmixed with fear that some strange beast might be lurking in the thickets which were penetrated by the axe.

One of the reasons which had induced my father to take Park Cottage was the proximity of Richmond Park, of which his brother Augustus was Deputy Ranger. The Duchess of Gloucester, one of George III.'s daughters, occupied the White Lodge as Ranger during the summer, my uncle and his family living with her. This was a great advantage to us, as the Duchess was very kind to children, and we saw a good deal of our cousins. Sometimes, as I grew older, I was allowed to accompany my uncle and father when they had a scratch day's shooting in the Park, which was then well preserved, or even to walk on the regular shooting days when the Duke of Cambridge and a party shot the coverts.

The foregoing paragraphs will give some idea of our life at Park Cottage, where we spent most of the year, making occasional visits, or going away for my father's summer holidays.

One of these visits, made some time in the early fifties, was to Ravensworth, the *Stammhaus* of the family near Newcastle, where we went to stay with

my grandfather. Ravensworth was a large, castellated structure on the site of an older house, of which two fine old ivy-covered towers were left as ornaments of the new stable yard.

My grandmother, after having been mother to a family of sixteen, had died a few years before. My grandfather, who was then about seventy-six or seven, was a fine-looking old gentleman, tall and stout, and dressed in an old-fashioned style with a necktie wound many times round his throat. He was in feeble health, and went about in a bath chair, being very nervous and querulous. The usual greeting when any of his large family arrived at his house was, "Oh dear, I am very glad to see you; when are you going away?"

Should he persevere with these Memoirs, the reader will hear more about Ravensworth. What chiefly impressed me on that occasion was a curious dwarf called "Betsey," who used to glide in and out of the nursery at all times of the day. I believe she was a *protégée* of my grandmother's. There was also a strange creature called "Dummy," who was to be met in the passages, carrying coal, and giving vent to odd cries, being both deaf and dumb.

I think the following extract from a letter of my father's written in August, 1851, as it will be of interest to loyal subjects, may find a place here:

"On Sunday I went with Mulgrave to Charles Phipps' cottage, and he took us round all the grounds at Osborne. While we were walking along the carriage road near the sea we met the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred walking with their tutor—very nice little fellows in red and brown kilts and green cloth jackets, wide-awake hats, and grey worsted stockings. They stopped and shook hands with us, and we had

a little talk and went on. They are good-looking lads, and appeared strong and well made, with capital legs and very nice manners. Later we came on the children's gardens, which are kept in very nice order by them, and all the tools and wheelbarrows put away neatly and tidily."

In the summer of 1852 there was a great uprooting. My father took a house at Trouville, in Normandy, then rising into notice as a fashionable watering place. As may be supposed this visit to a foreign country made a deep impression on my mind, and I have a very distinct picture of our life and doings during the time we were there.

My get-up at that time was a grey jacket and kilt, a dress not so common as it is now, which consequently attracted the attention of the French ladies, who used to call me "*Petit Ecossais*," and endeavour to make friends.

This *entente cordiale* I was far from appreciating, as we had, like most children of that time, been brought up to hate the French, and to believe thoroughly in the good old doctrine that one Englishman could lick three Frenchmen. This view of our neighbours had been emphasised by a figure of Napoleon standing on our nursery chimney-piece, which my nurse would invoke under the name of "Boney," when the services of a bogey were in any way required. These opinions were, I am sorry to say, not always kept to ourselves at Trouville. On one occasion when the doctor, who was attending my sister and myself for whooping cough, asked me whether I liked the French or the Russians best, I rudely and ignorantly answered, "The Russians, because they helped us at Waterloo." The worthy man hastily retreated, muttering, "*Petit sauvage.*"

My father took us to Trouville, but had to return to England, leaving the butler, a great character of the name of "Noon," as our protection against the foreigner. He fully shared my contempt for the natives, with whom he was in frequent collision, owing to our black retriever "Nep" being constantly arrested by the *gendarmes* for infringing the regulation obliging dogs to go about muzzled.

Trouville was a lively place, given over to amusement, tempered with bathing. The bathers issued out of little wooden huts, and at the edge of the water were seized by large hairy men in red flannel shirts, who proceeded to duck them backwards under the waves; a process I did not at all appreciate. When bathing was over society congregated at the *Salon*, a pavilion with a large verandah in front, containing rooms used for various amusements, such as dancing and *petits chevaux*. In this verandah I once beheld, to my great astonishment, the handsome Mrs. Dudley Ward, afterwards Madame de Falbe, smoking a large cigar.

I did not much approve of Trouville, but of all places the *Salon* to me was the most hateful, as the seat of a dancing class for children conducted by a certain Monsieur and Madame Laborde. Everything combined to make the pursuit of this liberal art a penance of the most detested sort. I was shy, I hated little girls, I was awkward, and had no ear for music. For some lessons my ignorance of the vernacular limited me to an indignant silence; but at last I burst forth with a sentence I had been carefully preparing, "Madame Laborde, je n'aime pas vous."

Not long after our return from France, Professor

Owen brought a stranger through the path in the hedge, who, we were told, had just come from the North Pole. He related to us how he had shot a bear through the heart, which afterwards ran for two hundred yards and swam for two hundred yards. As may be supposed, I was greatly interested in this visitor, and wished that all the celebrities the Professor brought had done such splendid things, instead of being merely naturalists or poet laureates. I say "laureates" because about this time no less a lion than Mr. Tennyson appeared one day at the Professor's cottage. He made himself very agreeable to my mother, and gave her the description of a cataract, I think in Norway, which she described as a wonderful specimen of word-painting.

In the summers of 1853-54 we betook ourselves to Ryde, Isle of Wight, then a nice little town. The pier was in existence, a good deal shorter than it afterwards became, but there was no parade, and our garden opened on to the beach. 1854 was the year of the Crimean War, and men-of-war were constantly coming and going from Spithead, just opposite our windows, whose names and different rigs became objects of great interest to me. On the other hand, I was in constant terror lest a Russian ship should appear round the "Nab," and begin to bombard the town. One morning I thought this had actually happened, as a ship under sail in the offing began to open fire. However, no shells struck the house, and after a time I was reassured by being told that it was the training brig *Sealark*, which was practising her boys in gunnery.

Our interest in nautical matters was not confined to Her Majesty's ships, but was extended to the large

fleet of yachts which was cruising about the Solent. The champion cutters were the *Arrow* and the *Lulworth*, the former a fine vessel with the bold lines of the older build, which sat on the water like a duck; the *Lulworth* being a long, rakish craft of more modern cut. I do not quite know why, but we were violent partisans of the *Arrow*, and suffered accordingly, as she was almost always beaten by her rival. Among the schooners there were none which could touch the *Alarm*, a fine large vessel belonging to Mr. Weld, who also owned the *Lulworth*.

When my father was at home my juvenile friends were less sought for, as merely to be with him was the greatest pleasure I could have. We did a good deal of sailing in the Ryde wherries, making long expeditions, and sometimes going out into the Channel through the Needles. Here, late one afternoon, we saw a sight which is still before my eyes. A large frigate was coming in from sea with every stitch of canvas set below and aloft, going free before the South-West wind and churning up the water at her bows, with the bright evening sky behind her as a background, a splendid and stirring picture, which is, alas, to be seen no more.

A favourite voyage was to Sidney Lodge, a charming place on the Southampton Water belonging to Lord Hardwicke, our uncle by marriage. He was a great character, who had been many years in the Navy, and in dress and manners belonged to the old "Blowhard" school. We were rather in awe of him, but liked him at the same time, as his somewhat alarming demeanour concealed a kind heart. One thing he could not abide was whistling, and woe betide the wretched wight who in the lightness of his heart burst into a tune. I

nearly had a fit one day when, at his house, descending the stairs in a burst of melody, I looked over the balusters, and saw the whole family at prayers in the hall below, the face of my uncle being turned up from his book with a ferocious glance in the direction of the sound. One of his peculiarities was that he would get hold of a word or phrase and for many months apply it to anything and everything, not apparently in a jocular way, but with great solemnity. Thus at one time he could not utter three sentences without bringing in the word "Rantoon," a kind of bicycle propelled by the arms. At the time of the American War everything in the same way was dubbed a "Ticonderagua," *e.g.*, a pretty woman would be called a dear little "Ticonderagua."

Many stories of him floated about the family. When one of his daughters was a celebrated beauty in London society, a distinguished personage intimated his intention of honouring her with his company to tea. The young lady made her preparations for a *tête-à-tête* entertainment. But somehow or other the honour which was to be done to his house came to the ears of the father. Accordingly, when the guest arrived *incognito*, he found red cloth down on the steps and old Hardwicke in uniform with his orders on, bowing at the top of them, and insisting on doing the honours throughout the whole visit.

On one occasion, being in the stalls at the theatre during the production of a moving drama, he suddenly declared that he was cold, and placed his gloves and handkerchief on the top of his bald head just as the most pathetic portion of the piece was being represented, remaining quite indifferent to the remonstrances of his family and to the mixed laughter and

indignation in the audience, which nearly ended in a row.

During the autumn of 1854 I paid my first visit alone, my father taking me to Bramham and leaving me with my uncle George Fox. Mr. Fox kept the Bramham Moor hounds, and I soon became deeply interested in all hunting matters, having been taken to the kennels, and listening with interest to the talk of the huntsman and whips.

With the exception of this visit and our summer jaunts to the Isle of Wight, we spent these years, 1853-54, at the Cottage.

Our life was a quiet one. Now and then I accompanied my father on my pony in some expedition. I remember one delightful one to Hampton Court, in which Professor Owen was our companion, and how he described to me the ways of spiders, *à propos* of the monster spiders which were said to inhabit the Palace.

Owen had more than usual interest in our eyes at that time, as he was superintending the modelling of the antediluvian monsters, whose ways he used to relate to us, for the gardens of the lately-built Crystal Palace. When they were finished a banquet was given inside the megatherium, at which Owen presided, sitting with other *savants* in the cranium, and making an oration to the assembled guests, who were at a long table in the stomach.

At another time we went to lunch with Chief Baron Pollock, then of advanced age, who told my father that he had never in his life taken any exercise except getting up daily at five o'clock to read mathematics.

In such surroundings my life was passed till I was eight and a half years old, when a great change took place. I was then a fresh-coloured boy of weak

physique, but wiry, and keen in anything that interested me. Nature and education had made me very thin-skinned and impressionable, while an unrestrained fancy, acting on these impressions, produced all kinds of wrong and superficial notions of persons and things, leading to many gaucheries and mistakes. At home I had an exaggerated, though not entirely unfounded, reputation for carelessness and inaccuracy, which led to constant readings for my benefit of an odious story called "Robert Woodward, or the Careless Boy," relating how Robert, after causing many disasters, wrecked the fortunes of his family by forgetting to post a letter.

Perhaps I may conclude this account of my childhood by a reference to the only great public event with which I came into contact in this early period. I refer to the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. One morning in November, 1852, I was roused from my bed in the dark and taken by my father to Gloucester House, Piccadilly, whence, after a long wait on a balcony, I saw the procession. I remember but dimly the crowds, the soldiers, and the great car; what is still a vivid picture is the horse pacing before the car with the boots of the dead warrior hanging from the saddle. However, I am not sure that getting up by candle-light did not make a more vivid impression on my childish mind than all the pomp and pageantry of the great spectacle—as being to my limited experience an utter inversion of the regular order of Nature.

CHAPTER II

1855—1859

Temple Grove—The White Lodge—The Prince of Wales—My first play — Trouville — Ryde — Paris—The Northern Circuit—The Wortleys—Ravensworth—Begin shooting.

In the end of January, 1855, I went to a school at Temple Grove, East Sheen, a large private school of about a hundred boys, kept by the Rev. Dr. Rowden. Temple Grove was about a mile from my home, and was called after Sir William Temple, to whom it was said to have belonged.

My cousin, Edward Liddell, accompanied me, being about a year my senior. It was the Crimean winter, and the day we went to school was bitterly cold and the ground covered with snow. When our parents left us we were taken to the schoolroom, feeling very bewildered with the noise and novelty.

The next day school life began in earnest, and I came to know for the first time what it was to "eat my bread in tears." The cold of the great bare house, with its long windows and few fireplaces, was severe, and I soon was troubled with chilblains from getting my feet wet in the snow. But that was only a small part of my misery. The sudden change from a home where I was surrounded with care and affection to the indifference and occasional rough usage of school overwhelmed me, the more because I had never imagined anything of the kind.

My new abode stood in extensive grounds, of which

a large field and a gravelled square surrounded by walls were dedicated to the use of the boys. The field was only used in the summer months; in the winter we were confined to the dismal playground.

The teaching of Temple Grove was not bad, but the food was coarse and the general arrangements rough. Every night and morning we filed before the matron —Miss Surrey—a kind, deep-bosomed old dame, who dealt two or three ferocious strokes with a hair-brush on to our heads as we passed under her. The good lady, oddly enough, had been a maid at my father's private school, so was kind to me in her way, tempering the blows of her hair-brush by saying that my forehead reminded her of my father's.

I have said before that my uncle Augustus and his family spent the summer at the White Lodge with the Duchess of Gloucester. As the holidays at Lee's, where my two eldest cousins were at school, did not finish till some six weeks after ours, the Duchess used often to ask me to the White Lodge to spend the Sunday. I vividly remember the delights of these visits. They began by Coomber, her head coachman, driving down to fetch me in the dog-cart. Coomber was a man of fine presence and enormous size and weight, in every way fitted for a royal coachman. There was a legend amongst us that once, when he was driving in the aforesaid dog-cart, one of the wheels came off; but that Coomber, by dexterously shifting his great bulk to the extreme edge of the opposite seat, contrived to bring the vehicle home in safety on one wheel.

During one of these visits our late King came down with his tutor, Mr. Gibbs, to lunch with his great-aunt. We were not admitted to the meal on that occasion,

but I remember the intense interest with which we scrutinised the hat of our future sovereign, a "topper," which had been left in the hall. After luncheon H.R.H. came out to the cricket ground, and my uncle bowled him some balls, while we fielded. I think we were all of opinion that the veteran cricketer was more anxious for royal runs than a royal wicket.

It was in the autumn of this year that I saw my first play, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I believe Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean were acting; but what remains specially in my mind is "Puck," who was played by a very pretty, yellow-haired child, called Ellen Terry, who acted her part with great vivacity and grace. Shortly afterwards I saw *Henry VIII.*, but it was too high for me, and I retired to sleep at the back of the box, having first given directions that I should be called to see the visions of angels appearing to Queen Katherine, which was done when the angels arrived.

At the beginning of the following Christmas holidays my father took me to Paris. I stayed in the house of Dr. B ——, where my mother was living. It was situated in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, not far from the great hospital of the Salpêtrière. Behind the house was a small garden outside of which I was forbidden to go. But I speedily became friends with Auguste, the coachman, a retired soldier, who would at times let me out through the coach-house for a run in the streets. In spite of the *entente cordiale* supposed to be fostered by the Crimean War, I still had an unfounded contempt for the great French nation. This resulted in my jeering at an official in the Jardin des Plantes, which was one of my favourite haunts, and my being brought home by a *gendarme*, which put a stop to

my liberty, and cost my friend the coachman a wigging.

One of the consequences of my friendship with the coachman was an interest in things military. It was the custom of my mother to drive every afternoon with Madame or Miss B——, and I always occupied the box of the *coupé*. Under the tuition of the veteran I soon got to know the uniforms of all the regiments in the French army, a knowledge which I stereotyped by buying large quantities of tin soldiers, with which I enacted the scenes of the Crimean War. On one of these drives Auguste, as we were passing under the gardens of the Tuileries, pointed out the Emperor. He had on a long great-coat with a velvet collar, and was walking up and down a terrace with a single companion.

Our host, Dr. B——, was married, and his family lived with him. The eldest son had two little girls, whom I held in great contempt. The youngest son was still a student, and when I was in the house had to go and draw his number at the Conscription. I remember the state of suspense the family were in, and how he came bounding up the stairs, shouting out the number he had drawn at the top of his voice.

In February, just before I left France, a large detachment of troops from the Crimea made a triumphal entry into Paris, which I beheld from the window of a friend's house. I was much impressed by the martial spectacle and the war-worn standards and uniforms; but more than all by the sight of a solitary English officer, riding with the procession in a red coat and cocked hat.

In the end of July my father took me with him on

the northern circuit to Liverpool, where I made my first acquaintance with the interior of a court of justice. The weather was very hot, and there was a good deal of cholera about, which filled me with terror, as I had lately read "Old St. Paul's," and had brooded over the vivid descriptions of the plague contained in that book. These vague fears were given shape by my father being taken ill, and I well recollect the anxiety with which I used to steal into his room on tip-toe and watch him lying in his bed. His friends, knowing what I must be undergoing, showed me great kindness, and took me to dine at the Bar Mess, where at dessert we used to indulge in what I thought a most attractive pastime, viz., seeing who could spin a knife longest on the polished surface of the mahogany table.

At the end of 1858 Dr. Rowden gave up Temple Grove, and I left the school.

I was then twelve and a half years old, and was much like other boys, except that perhaps my liking for sounding rhythm began rather earlier than with most. Before I had seen any Homer I used to admire and constantly repeat to myself the words, "θεοείκελ 'Αχιλλέυ," which a friend had imparted to me. The only English poets I can remember reading were the inevitable Longfellow (much praised by my mother), Milton, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." As for the fine arts, I attended the drawing class at Temple Grove, which was instructed by an old gentleman called Wichelo, who had filled the same post at my father's private school, and an assistant known to the boys as "Bones." In our last year at Ryde, Tom Robins, the marine painter, had stayed with us to give my father some lessons, and I

had endeavoured to follow his methods in water colour, without, as may be supposed, much success, except getting a notion of the rigging of ships, and how to put them on the water.

It was some time in this year, 1858, that a great addition was made to Sheen society by the advent of the Stuart-Wortleys, who took a house opposite our gate. Mr. Wortley had been Recorder of London, but had fallen into bad health, which gradually affected his powers of walking, and finally kept him to his chair. He was a fine-looking, intelligent man, and decidedly kind to children. The two families became very intimate, as they have been ever since. Many persons well-known in politics and society used to come down to see Mr. Wortley. I was at that time of life not much interested in celebrities, unless they had killed Polar bears, like Professor Owen's friend, but I remember dear old Archbishop Longley and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

On leaving my private school I was fitted with my first shooting jacket, a garment of mustard-coloured tweed, which filled me with great pride.

Being thus provided with the uniform, I went down with my father to Ravensworth to take the field, and from the joys of that visit dates the affection I have always had for that ancestral dwelling and the surrounding woods and fields.

My uncle Henry, who then reigned at the family place, welcomed me very kindly, and I was placed in the hands of Wallace, the head-keeper, for instruction in the art of gunnery.

Wallace was a remarkable character. He was a man of great physical and mental vigour, though of imperfect education. In appearance he was of that

North country type to which I have said my father belonged, solid and square-shouldered, with clean limbs and small hands and feet. He had been some years head-keeper at Ravensworth, and was devoted to all the family. Surrounded as it was by pit villages containing a population devoted to all forms of sport, Ravensworth was a most difficult territory to preserve, and when Wallace first took office he had had a bad time. The poachers had obtained a complete ascendency, and used to walk in line across the park in front of the windows, as if the place belonged to them. This state of things Wallace was not the man to allow, and frequent conflicts took place between his men and the natives, in one of which he was dangerously shot in the shoulder. Convinced that very strong measures were necessary, on the first day he was allowed out of the house after six weeks in bed, he fired, at a distance of some sixty or seventy yards, at the first pitman he saw who showed signs of hostility. This showed his enemies that they had a man to deal with who would not stand nonsense, and he gradually put an almost entire stop to the poaching on the estate. His memory was amazing, and he seemed to carry in his head the circumstances attending the death of almost every head of game that had been killed in his time. In addition to this, his comments on men and things, expressed in strong Northern Doric, were shrewd and incisive, and he had a stock of phrases and sayings, partly his own and partly remembered, which were quite admirable.

Under the care of this hero I spent some delightful days. After mastering the process of loading, a complicated business in those times, I passed to the

step of firing copper-caps at a lighted candle, and thence to potting blackbirds on the pig-tub.

These ingenious methods of education had a certain amount of success, as, before the end of my visit, I was allowed to prowl round outlying fields or spinneys, and had the bliss of bagging various partridges and rabbits before the time came for me to go South again.

CHAPTER III

1859—1864

Eton—First friends—Pastimes—Daily life—Socking—"Passing"—Our lessons—Catapult—Harrow match—Warre—Poetical attempts—Day—Dance at Frogmore—"Lords" again—The Rifle Corps—Ballistics—Tortoise mania—Staplehurst—Captain Legard—William Johnson—Marriage of the Prince of Wales—Nautical cricket—Confirmation—"Judy"—Leaving books.

In January, 1859, my father took me to Eton, and I was installed in what appeared to me a palatial apartment at the end of the top passage in Balston's house. I was introduced to my tutor, a handsome man of middle age, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and pumps. He was a lovable person, who ruled us in the good old gentlemanlike style, seldom coming into the boy's part of the house, and leaving a good deal to our sense of honour. But we respected him, and his "Boy, boy," accompanied by a twitch of the ear, was as effective as the more peremptory commands of other masters.

Towards evening my father left me, and I had tea in my new abode. Seldom have I felt greater satisfaction with myself and my surroundings. I admired everything—the kettle, candlestick, and snuffers, stamped with the first and last letters of my name, the tea-canister, the solid crockery, the knives and spoons, marked in the same way with a double L——L. After tea I canted one of the kitchen chairs against the wall—arm-chairs were not in those days allowed—and read by the light of the dip, feeling that I was at

last an independent gentleman. I was occasionally surprised by one or two heads being poked in at the door and being suddenly withdrawn, but nothing happened till I went to bed.

The second day was not so rosy, as I was subjected to the constant and often contemptuous interrogation of "What's your name, and where do you board?"—and sometimes to the disquieting question of "Do you take a licking?"

The next day I was sent, till our places were settled, to the form of the Rev. H. Snow, who took the Lower Fourth in one of the small whitewashed dens in the old school buildings, plentifully decorated with cobwebs, and dimly lit by dusty, diamond-paned windows. I was, however, not for long under the reverend gentleman, as after some days I was drafted into the Upper Fourth.

Meanwhile I had been assigned as fag to one Le Marchant, a lame boy in Middle Division. He messed with the two Eatons, the younger of whom became Lord Cheylesmore. My chief friends at first were W. Hoare, a younger son of the banker, Arthur Walter, late chief proprietor of *The Times*, Heathcote and Hamond, sons of Essex and Norfolk squires, and Edmund Boyle, with whom I messed; but I soon made lots of acquaintances and was very happy; though there were a few boys whom I disliked who gave me occasional rough usage.

After leaving Snow's division I was up to Thackeray in the old Upper School. Though undoubtedly one of the finest scholars at Eton, Thackeray was very short-sighted, which made it difficult to keep order in a large class.

In the spring half, failing fives, the great pastime was

to go out jumping. This sport was followed in the flat fields to the west of the college, which were traversed by the sluggish stream of Chalvey. It generally began with legitimate jumps, but with the small boys usually went on to attempting the impossible, and ended in wading about in mud and water to the detriment of their clothing and the fury of the boys' maids.

I also continued my love of missiles and practised a good deal on persons in the street with pea-shooters, and on objects indoors with the puff-and-dart. A modern pea-shooter was just then coming into vogue, a long brass tube with scarlet ends, replacing the old tin weapon, much as the Armstrong gun was replacing the old carronade. These were procured at a shop near Windsor Bridge, and the only way of conveying them home was by putting them down the leg of the trousers and holding them up with a hand in the pocket. This produced a stiffness of gait liable to be remarked by the eye of an observant master, or of an inquisitive companion, which made the importation of one of these machines an anxious and risky business for a small boy. When safe at home they were kept for concealment in the dirty clothes drawer.

For the decoration of my room I had, following the usual taste, bought a small hunting picture, which hung forlornly on a large space of wall. Some boy had also presented me with an old print of the Duke of Wellington riding under the Horse Guards, which was suspended over the chimney-piece. But as this was without glass it had irresistible attractions as a target for puff-dart, and the face of the hero was soon as full of pin-pricks as a maid's forefinger, which did not add to the decorative qualities of the work.

I will now try to give some idea of the life at Eton when I joined the school.

Our day began at 7, when we were called, and the fire (if winter) was lit by the boys' maid. Of these there were two, and an awful life they led, though I believe they were devoted to the boys on the whole. Mine, Mrs. Gibson, called "Sib," was a short, round little female with bright black eyes, the exact counterpart of Peggotty in appearance and character. There was a lofty butler, and a red-headed footman called Dick, who was subjected to all kinds of chaff, which he returned after his powers.

Early school was at 7.30. On most days this was a saying lesson, and so long as you were in time for your turn to say, punctuality was not required. Great-coats were never worn, so we went into school on the coldest mornings in the same clothes which we wore in the house.

About 8.45 the fags began to prepare their master's breakfast, making toast, warming rolls, or boiling eggs. Cooking was forbidden, but the more energetic boys used, nevertheless, to fry sausages, and make "buttered eggs."

The rest of the day was divided into sections of work and play, with occasional chapels on holidays. Tea was about 6 o'clock, and the evening was spent in various ways, the usual indoor games being football in the passage or knuckle-bones, occasionally cards or chess. At 9 came supper, and bed at 10.30.

The result of the hard fare at Temple Grove and there being now no control over the purse-strings, was a tendency to the pernicious habit of "socking," *i.e.*, eating trash between meals. As I grew older and wiser this habit wore off, and was confined to an

occasional cup of coffee before early school, a slice of "luncheon cake" after luncheon, or the ambrosial "strawberry mess" when in season. While on the subject of "socking" I may relate the following story. One very cold, foggy morning I went to "Barnes,'" about 7.15, to get a cup of coffee before early school. While discussing this comfortable beverage, a small, dishevelled boy came in and ordered meringues and cream and two pennyworth of lemonade, which he sucked through a straw in the intervals of the meringues, and thus fortified, plunged again into the fog.

My second term at Eton was the summer term, and after a short time I went in for the ordeal of "passing," *i.e.*, satisfying the judge, who was one of the masters, that the boy could swim well enough to be allowed to boat. It was a trying performance, as there were crowds of mocking spectators, and it was necessary to stand shivering in a punt in *puris naturalibus* till one's turn came. I had never taken a header in my life, and when I did so followed "Hobbes'" example, "Prone as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet extended," knocking all the breath out of my body. As I came up panting, I heard the roar of jeers which welcomed my "gutter." These things so disconcerted me that, though I could swim fairly well, I failed to pass. However I got through without difficulty at the next attempt, and was allowed to have a "lock-up" at Tolliday's with a friend.

When I got back to Eton after the Easter holidays, I found that several new boys had come to my tutor's with whom I became great friends: Melgund, now Lord Minto, and his brother Hugh; G. D. Whatman,

Laing, now Wolryche-Whitmore, and Foljambe, the late Lord Liverpool.

In school I was now in the Lower Remove, and up to C. C. James, called by the boys "Stiggins." He was a capable master, who kept his form in order, and did not tolerate any kind of slackness. In the Remove I first made the acquaintance of Homer from the extracts in "Poetæ Græci," a capital book of selections, compiled, I believe, by the celebrated scholar Cookesley. The poet Swinburne once praised this anthology to me highly, and said that it had played a large part in fostering a love of poetry in his mind when quite a boy.

Perhaps this is a good place to say something about our lessons. The regular teaching was classics, mathematics, ancient history, and geography, other subjects being extras.

"Cribs" were a good deal used in preparation, but not universally. I think the average boy, if not pressed for time, would try to make out the lesson for himself.

On Monday the subject for Latin verses would be set, which in those days were generally on original subjects, not translations. I rather liked verses, but could hardly ever manage to finish a copy without one or more false quantities. On Saturdays we had to do a piece of Latin prose, also on an original subject, called "Theme." I was bad at prose and hated it. My style may be described by a note made by Warre on one of my "themes" soon after he came, "Might have been written by a mediæval Bishop." A common form of beginning was "Negari non potest quin," and we used superlatives freely and all the longest words we could get in order to cover the requisite amount of

paper. The following is a fair specimen: "Negari non potest quin omnium Imperatorum Romanorum Scipio Africanus longe fuit peritissimus et præstantissimus."

Every week a map had to be shown up, which was coloured and filled in on a skeleton form corresponding to the outline of the Eton Atlas. Boys who had a turn for drawing used to decorate the top and sides of the map with pictures and illuminations. On the occasion when the whole of England was thrilled by the great fight between Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy, I drew a picture of the conflict on the top of my map. The decoration was not well received by James, who seriously considered having me "swished" for this piece of pictorial levity.

It was this autumn that I first recollect seeing a "catapult," the introduction of which effected as great a revolution in the life of the small boy of my time as the introduction of gunpowder did in history.

I well remember our first experience of the powers of the catapult. Several of us were gathered in the room of a boy called Fletcher engaged in a pea-shooting conflict with the boys of Woolley's, the house opposite. We had two of the long brass pea-shooters described before, and were making it hot for them, when suddenly we heard something strike the wall behind us with violence, and saw to our astonishment that there was a hole in the glass of the window. Not understanding what form of pea-shooter could produce such terrific results, we all took cover at once, and on the shot being repeated picked up a slug from the floor. After this we felt that we were exposed to unknown forces, and blowing out the lights fled from the room. It transpired afterwards that "Carrotty

Butler," the owner of the room we were attacking, a rough and ruthless customer, had rigged up a powerful standing catapult, by screwing the handle to his table, which he had brought to bear on his opponents with merciless vigour.

Though the gaiety of the small boy was increased in one way by this invention, it operated in other ways to his discomfort, as during the first rage for the new weapon boys of a bullying tendency often let drive at the passer-by with shot, which stung most consumedly.

In my first enthusiasm for the catapult I narrowly escaped a swishing.

There was an ancient carriage drawn by a pale mustard-coloured horse and driven by an irascible old coachman, belonging to the mother-in-law of one of the mathematical masters, which was well known to the youth of the place. One day this vehicle was drawn up at a door just opposite to my tutor's, while the old lady was making a call. Some friends of mine began pea-shooting the coachman, and I drew on the old mare with swan shot, which so excited her usually phlegmatic nature that she made various efforts to run away. The coachman was naturally in a great rage and complained to his mistress when she came out, who called on my tutor and told him what had happened. We could not see this move, and were still amusing ourselves in the same room when I heard hasty footsteps approaching, and having a notion what was up, fled to my own den. The footsteps were those of the butler, who had been sent up to take the names of the boys in the room whence the outrage had been committed. My two friends, though really less guilty, as they had only been pea-shooting, were "complained of" and swished.

Things went quietly through the winter, in the course of which I joined the Rifle Corps, which had lately been started under the Volunteer enthusiasm then prevailing. I did not much like the drill, and it was especially trying in summer, as we had to turn out before breakfast after three-quarters of an hour of Greek Testament on Monday morning, and drill for an hour, often in hot sun and wet grass, on empty stomachs, the early tea having not yet been invented.

This year I went up to Lord's for the first time to the Eton and Harrow match. Before this period cricket had been for some time at rather a low ebb at Eton. I think in my first year that two at least of our eleven were also in the Boats, and played in a decidedly aquatic style. One of these was Walter Hoare, Captain of my tutor's, a very hard, tough boy. Lang, one of the fastest bowlers of the day, was bowling for Harrow. The pace was such that he had two long-stops. Hoare, to show that he had no fears, went in without pads or gloves. This was "magnifique," but it was not cricket, and the result was not commensurate with the heroism. However, it was not long before there was a marked renaissance in Eton cricket, and in the year of which I am now writing our eleven had two first-class players, C. G. Lyttelton and R. A. H. Mitchell.

The match had not become the fashionable picnic which it now is, and we all sat on the grass to watch the game. Chaff and howls of "bowled" and "played" were indulged in to such an exaggerated extent that they interfered with the cricket and had to be put down by the authorities.

The enthusiasm at Eton after the 1860 match was tremendous, as it was the first time we had made a fight for some years. Daniel, the Harrow Captain, had

whiskers, and for some reason or other wore a straw hat instead of a cap. These facts, with a natural readiness to think ill of one's enemies, fostered a myth, which was firmly held by the lower boys at Eton, *viz.*, that the Harrovians had introduced into their eleven a professional in disguise. I remember solemnly relating this tale to Hawtrey, the old Provost, when breakfasting with him, and his expressing much astonishment, but whether under the influence of politeness or credulity I cannot say.

Meanwhile Balston had been made a fellow and gave up his house at the end of the summer half. At the same time James sent me up for good, and I afterwards joined the family at Cowes, where my father had taken a house, Ryde having become too much of a "watering place." From this time we came to Cowes every summer until 1868. It was then a pretty little town, very full and fashionable for the Regatta week in August, but quite peaceful for the rest of the year.

On my return after the summer holidays I found that "in the convent there was a change," or rather several changes, and these of great importance to myself and my friends. Balston's house was taken on by G. Dupuis, a lower school master, who held it as a "dame," *i.e.*, was supposed to look after us, but not to teach us. Our new tutor was Edmond Warre, who, while his own house was building, lodged, and had a pokey pupil-room at Stevens', a tumbledown old house in Westons' Yard.

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than Balston and Warre, types of the old and new of that period. Balston was a tall and slender man of stately carriage, who never appeared except in a swallow-tailed

coat and pumps. Warre was a fine specimen of an Oxford rowing man, tall and broad-shouldered, who might frequently be seen in a sweater and flannels. Balston was not a lazy man, but he ruled in an easy, paternal fashion, giving an occasional "jaw" as required, but as long as our work was up to the mark, he did not feel called upon to stir up our moral side, except in case of special delinquencies. He rarely appeared in the boys' part of the house; indeed, I don't think I ever saw him in my room. Warre, on the other hand, was brimful of energy, he was profuse in his exhortations on all topics, just as he was not content with the routine-work, but turned on new kinds of "private business," and gave prizes for essays and verses. When he had a house, he hardly ever missed coming round after we had gone to bed, and occasionally appeared at odd times, and had a talk more in the style of an elder brother than a tutor.

It may be imagined that all this was rather trying to the younger boys who had no thought for the morrow, and were as jealous of new tasks as a democracy is of new taxes. During the first year of this *régime*, while still in Dupuis' house, the new shoe did not pinch so tightly, and our admiration for Warre's athleticism made us put up with what we considered to be his new-fangled fads. When, however, he became our house-master, we began to feel the bit and spur, and he was decidedly unpopular. As we grew more sensible this feeling gradually disappeared, and we came to like and admire him, though not with quite the same *kind* of affection we had for our old tutor. There can be no doubt that it was a piece of good fortune coming under Warre's influence at the time we did. His earnestness was a most opportune corrective to our

careless, happy-go-lucky view of life, and personally I feel a deep debt for the reverence for truth and hard work which he contrived to instil into a desultory nature. Besides his moral teaching, he improved our taste by directing our attention to English literature, which was not part of the old curriculum. In pursuance of this policy he presented the "British Poets" to the scanty library in the pupil-room, which gave us an opportunity of making the acquaintance of our principal singers, not then enjoyed by many houses.

In school I found myself one of Birch's form, a master who was supposed to be very particular, and who had the power of awakening a certain degree of awe. He was rather an exquisite in his dress, and had curly brown whiskers, the ends of which he used to chew.

An event occurred this autumn. One day a stray robin got into Birch's room, and sat perched on the window-sill in great terror during the lesson. Birch ordered the division to celebrate the event in English verse. To my great surprise mine was the best, and I was awarded two "exemptions," an unusual meed from Birch, who was, I have said, very chary of praise. The only other copy which was read to the division was of a humorous character, and written by "Carrotty Butler," the boy I have mentioned before as owning the standing catapult. I am afraid I can only recall one line of my rival's performance, which is —

"Sat a robin afraid of the cat."

My fame as a poet getting abroad, Warre began to set me pieces from the classics for translation, in which I took great interest, and which certainly helped to develop my liking for *μουσική*.

My "sent up" copy of verses on "David and Goliath" was read in Upper School this half before the division. I have still got them, and they strike me as feeble, though it is difficult at sixty to criticise the performances of fourteen. If there is anything to note, it is the number of similes, which, though perhaps in itself a defect, shows a poetical disposition in a boy, as it does in barbaric races.

Having mentioned the subject of David and Goliath, I cannot refrain from giving the reader the following extract from a copy of "longs" on the same subject, written about that time in holiday-task by a large boy with sandy whiskers and moustache, who was notoriously unscholastic :—

"Tum dixit David, volo pugnare Goliath.
Respondit Saulus, non potes vincere monstrum.
Sed dixit David, ego possum vincere monstrum."

In their canine simplicity these lines always struck me as quite Homeric.

Not long after this my tutor gave junior prizes for the best English epigram on the "Prince of Wales' visit to America," and I got the prize, and will quote some lines from my copy :—

"He sees the lions of the place, the falls,
He visits, lays foundations, goes to balls,
Dances with blundering damsels in quadrilles,
Makes shooting parties to the neighbouring hills.
Ladies admire the beauty of his nose,
Gentlemen take patterns from his clothes."

In February of 1861 I was moved up into Day's division. Day was a clever but rather eccentric little man, who took delight in administering the stimulus of his wit to certain boys whom he thought were not pulling up to the traces. One of his chief butts was

Maxwell (now "Sir Herbert," the well-known author). Day had accidentally found a "Poetæ Græci" belonging to Maxwell, in which was written *Parvus Herbertus Eustatius Maxwellius Puer.* With this phrase he was incessantly tormenting its unhappy author, "*Parvus Herbertus, etc.*, construe." "*Maxwellius Puer*, write out and translate the lesson."

This spring a great event happened. I was asked to a child's party at Frogmore, given by the Duchess of Kent. It was decreed that I must have new clothes, and Denman made an evening suit in twenty-four hours, an occurrence that vividly impressed me with the importance of the occasion. My cousin Edward and I went together. The first thing that happened was that the button came off my collar, and one of the ends stuck up like a gill. However, some lady took me out, and I was stitched up by the maids—a process which made me feel very small. Directly after I got back to the ball-room the Queen, the Prince Consort, and some of the Royal children arrived. We were presented to Her Majesty, and being unaccustomed to Court etiquette, I put out my hand, but withdrew it hastily on seeing that Her Majesty took no notice of it, and that there were deprecating looks from the bystanders. The evening began with a sort of country dance invented by the Prince Consort, which was meant to represent (we were told) the process of weaving, the dancers being the shuttles. The Queen and the Prince began, Her Majesty going down the men's side and taking them each in turn in the usual country dance fashion, and then through an opening arranged by two persons holding their right hands together above their heads, and clasping their left hands some two or three feet

from the floor. The lower barrier was lowered for the ladies, but the boys had to jump through the opening. Prince Arthur, who was in a kilt, in attempting this, slipped up and came down with a bang in a sitting posture, which produced loud wailings, and he was carried off by the Prince. In coming down the line the Queen took me twice running, a position which caused me great embarrassment, as I did not dare speak, but I was sharp enough to see that it would spoil the figure. Fortunately, after we had gone once up and down, the Prince Consort detected the mistake, and coming over hastily to our side, and looking, I thought, rather angry with me, took my august partner from my arms. What happened during the rest of the evening I do not remember, except that we had a good supper before we were dismissed, to my great happiness.

I think it was in this half that serious illness was for the first time brought home to me. Jersey, who was in our house, had inflammation of the lungs, and his life was at one time despaired of. I remember the awe with which I saw his mother coming up the stairs, and with which I used to listen to his heavy breathing as I walked on tiptoe past his door.

I got leave this year for the Harrow match, in which Eton made a good fight. The following extract from a letter to my father relates to the second day of the match, the favourable position of Eton causing immense enthusiasm among the spectators :—

"I went to the match early. The fourth wicket fell for 92. Then Hoare, a chap at my tutor's, went in and with Smith he ran up the score to 191. Every change of bowling was tried in vain before they could get him out. The great chaff was, 'What's your analysis?' A master told me I was 'too vehement'

for holloaing 'Mind your toes' when the sneaks were on. All out for 229. When Harrow went in the excitement was immense—one wicket for 13, two for 23. But the rain came on and made the bowling looser. Then they shut up. I got back to Eton at eleven, very tired."

After the summer holidays of this year we left Dupuis and went to Warre's new house, next to John Hawtrey's. I had a nice room, looking out on to the kitchen garden.

In the following October the Volunteers were reviewed by the Queen and Prince Consort in the grounds at Windsor; which was, I believe, the last time the Prince appeared in public. He was then unwell, had on a large comforter and looked pale. A dinner was given afterwards in the Orangery, Her Majesty and the Prince walking up and down between the tables.

Though now past fifteen, I had not abandoned my taste for the weapons of earlier days, and this winter Walter and I devoted a good deal of our spare time to the construction and use of various projectiles. We began badly. Walter's window commanded the lane, and one night we subjected a passenger to a severe fire of peas, till on his passing under the lamp at my tutor's door we saw that he was no less a person than our old tutor Balston. Like a brick as he was, he never complained. The next victim was a policeman, who did not show the same self-control. Warre made a search, I forget on what suspicion, in my room, and extracted my "long eighteen" from the dirty clothes drawer, and never returned it to its owner.

Our next craze was "watch-spring guns," made with a clock spring, and the barrel of a *magnum*

bonum. They fired only a single shot corn, and had little force, but were very silent, and therefore adapted for practice in school and pupil-room. We took considerable trouble in making these weapons, cutting the stock from oak, as nearly like that of a real gun as possible. All these pieces, however, paled before a Swiss cross-bow which a friend of mine, who had been at a tutor's in Switzerland, gave me in the Christmas holidays of this year. It had a short but very strong steel bow, and a butt like a horse-pistol, with a regular trigger. It had no bow-string, so we had to visit our friend Rogerson, an ironmonger up town, and endeavour to describe to him what we wanted. The bow was too powerful for an ordinary string, and a specially constructed one was necessary, which I think was made of catgut. It took several attempts before Mr. Rogerson produced a satisfactory result. When this was done, we had some difficulty in fastening the bow in the end of the stock with sufficient tightness to stand the pressure of stringing, and afterwards still greater difficulty in bending the short thick steel bow so as to string it. Altogether it was six weeks or two months before the engine was ready to take the field. Then came the question of the projectile, for we had no idea what form of bolt ought to be used. At last I devised a missile in the shape of a large brass-headed nail, the point of which was run into a piece of cork cut to fit the groove of the weapon, in which it was laid like an arrow. So at last behold us, Walter, myself, and one or two chosen friends, gathered one dark night at an open window opposite our quarry, a gas lamp on the other side of the street. After one or two shots to find the range, our success was complete,

and we sent a nail right through the glass of the lamp, and were rewarded for all the weary work and waiting. The following night my tutor kept the house after prayers and harangued us on the folly of thus wantonly damaging public property. Walter and I listened demurely and with some apprehension, but nothing came of it, and we soon got tired of our cumbrous weapon and the brass-headed ammunition.

On February 22nd, 1862, I received my one and only swishing, being the last boy on whom Dr. Goodford officiated. The offence was showing up an old punishment to a mathematical master. It stung more than I expected, but I managed to keep silence.

The great tortoise mania prevailed in the summer half of this year. An itinerant vendor appeared in College with a large stock of these reptiles. I became the owner of two or three of the "insects," which I kept in a foot tin. In a week or two there was a colony of tortoises in every house. They were very locomotive animals, and when we were in school it was difficult to confine them, and tortoises might be seen dropping from the windows of the various houses, or scuttling along the footpaths. To check this nomadic tendency a hole was bored in the back of the shell, and the tortoise was tethered by a piece of string. Tortoise races became fashionable, and there was a great tortoise Derby, for which the swiftest animals from the various houses were entered. At last one of the tortoises at my tutor's, while investigating Warre's portion of the house, was trodden upon by Mrs. Warre, who nearly fell downstairs and was much frightened. An interdict was therefore issued by my tutor against the race, and all specimens upon which he could lay his hand were confiscated. I contrived to

save my contingent by letting them down, by means of strings attached to the shell as above mentioned, into the cabbage garden under my windows, where they spent the day, and were hauled up at night for their diet of worms, until I got tired of the trouble and anxiety which this process entailed and got rid of them.

The tortoise mania was not without effect on my newly-found poetical faculty, as I wrote an elegy on a favourite tortoise which belonged to March. It was a parody on "The Death of Sir John Moore" and was received with considerable favour. I quote a stanza:

> "We buried him darkly at half-past eight,
> The sods with a cricket stump turning,
> And we left him with speed, for we feared to be late,
> As the gas lamps already were burning."

This summer I went to stay with my friend, Willie Hoare, at Staplehurst, where he lived with a large allowance of brothers and sisters. Willie's father was generally travelling about the country with a view of resuscitating "Convocation," which was his pet hobby. However, one night during my stay he appeared at dinner. Charles, the next brother to Willie, had left Eton that half, and old Mr. Hoare suddenly in the middle of the meal requested him to "state the fifth proposition of Euclid algebraically." This terrible test was met with profound silence; I doubt if any one in Eton had ever conceived such a possibility. It certainly appeared to our minds to be contrary to the laws of nature that anything in Euclid could be solved out of Algebra, which was another book. Poor Charles grew very red and was sent to his room by his stern parent, where he remained all the following day, consoled by half-facetious sympathy through the key-hole,

until Mr. Hoare once more dashed off in pursuit of Convocation, when the prisoner was released.

The family again spent the summer holidays at Cowes. Captain Legard, an old friend, had lately bought The Grove, a pretty house, standing in large grounds. He had two sons about my age. The Captain was a man of note among ordinary mortals. He was something of the cut of a modern Ulysses. He had a powerful frame with a slight stoop in the shoulders, long, silvery hair curled at the ends, which looked as if it had streamed in many a tempest, a weather-beaten face with marked features, and a rolling walk which suggested the deck of a ship at sea.

His experiences had been varied. After many years in the Navy, and after having seen the manners and cities of many men, he became agent to Lord Middleton, and had for some time managed a large agricultural property in Nottinghamshire. He was an able man, could turn his hand to most things, and was full of theories concerning the speed and sailing of ships, discoursing about the "centre of effort" and the "centre of resistance" in a way which commanded our admiration. These views he determined to embody in a yacht, built on the lines of the North American pilot schooners, whose qualities he had learnt to admire when serving on the North American Station.

The result was a 45-ton schooner called the *Kohinoor*, in which we had many a pleasant trip. She differed from the English craft of the same rig in her foresail being her principal sail, the foremast being stepped further aft than in our schooners, and at the greatest breadth of beam. She had fine, bold lines, and turned out a fast and handy boat.

After the summer holidays this year I was up to Johnson, probably the ablest and certainly the oddest of the Eton masters. He was very short-sighted, and his division was rather a pandemonium. It was a traditional occupation, when up to him, to cut through the leg of the form in front of you, an occupation which lasted for several schools, and ended by the form and its sitters coming down with a run. I carried out this practice, and conveyed the fragment of the form-leg to my tutor's, where I carved it into a man, who was much admired.

After a week or two Johnson began to take some notice of me and to talk over my compositions. I may say that in a short time he kindled an interest in scholarship and poetry which I had never had. Before I was up to him, though fairly industrious, I had never taken thought on what we were trying to do when we translated or composed, but just went straight ahead, substituting an English word for a Latin or a Greek one, or a Latin or Greek word for an English one, as the case might be. Johnson first gave me an inkling that this was not enough, that in translation one should write English, and in composition write Latin or Greek, not merely alter the words of one language into another. The result of this was that during the few short weeks I was under him I improved considerably in these exercises and began to take great interest in my verses. The last copy I did for him was founded on the chapter of "Villette" where Lucy Snowe describes the south-west storm which raged when Monsieur Paul had to cross the Atlantic. This passage impressed me and led to an admiration for Charlotte Brontë's writings which I still possess. After about a month Johnson fell ill,

and to my great sorrow left the school for some time. I have never seen him since. He changed his name to Cory and became widely known as the author of "Ionica."

I can now pass over my school-days until the Easter half, 1863, when Eton was thrown into great excitement by the marriage of the late King. By this time I was well up in the Fifth Form, and had begun to feel a great man. My first fag was Johnnie Edwards-Moss, my second Willie Walrond, now Lord Waleran. The following extracts relating to the marriage of the Prince and Princess are from letters to my father:—

"There is great excitement here; triumphal arches all over the shop, stars, Chinese lamps and Prince of Wales' feathers. Last Monday the Prince and Princess drove out, so we were let off three schools. She came through Eton about four, and I and about half a dozen other chaps ran with her for nearly a mile by the side of her carriage, so I had a stunning view of her. She grinned away like beans, and so did her mother. A fellow running by my side had a bunch of violets which he gave her, and she smelt them and bowed to him, and kept them in her hand. No other fellows had the luck to get through the crowd, so we had the carriage all to ourselves. She is very pretty indeed, with a jolly colour, has a beautiful complexion, and looks quite merry, but a little shy; her mother is just like an English lady. On Tuesday morning we assembled at 10.30. Everyone had white kid gloves and a swell favour. When we got up to the Castle we were let into a capital place to see, just under the Lord Steward's stand. The soldier in front of us amused us with his pithy remarks, delivered in a surly tone of voice; at last he was quite overcome and offered to give us sixpence each if we would leave off shoving. About this time an old man with a large blue carpet bag walked up the road. All the fellows cheered, which made the old card look very sulky. After a bit some carriages all

over gold came up with coachmen dressed like Dr. Johnson in three-cornered hats and wigs. In the first was D. Sing, dressed in his Oriental dress. This lot was closed by the Danish Royal Family, a thinnish Prince, one nice-looking young chap, and two girls; the smallest, Thyra, stood and looked out of the window, and seemed awfully confused and astonished. After waiting about half an hour, all the Princes and Princesses came; the little chaps had kilts on. Princess Helena looked very nice; last of all came the Princess Royal, who got awfully cheered. The next lot was Mayors and Councillors and Sheriffs, with gorgeous footmen; then came the Prince in a blue coat and cocked hat. Next bridesmaids—all one saw was petticoats sticking out of the window, and the tops of their heads. At last came the Princess A. She looked regular nailing, but was in a carriage all by herself. She was dressed in white—I don't know the French name for it, but it looked like muslin. She was a little pale, but her eyes weren't red. At 2.30 the school marched up again, and then there was awful fun, for all up Windsor Hill the fellows cleared their way through a dense crowd. I was very near the front and saw all the fun; my tutor knocked down a great chap who tried to force his way through us, head over heels. The fellows cleared the crowd off splendidly, who saluted them with fancy names of all kinds. About four hundred, I should think, going at the double, and hooraying like beans, fought their way to the Castle gates. The Bride and the Prince came about 3.30, and went all down our line very slowly indeed. We saw her beautifully."

We were at Cowes in the summer of 1863. March and one or two Eton friends were at a tutor's at East Cowes called Matthias, with whose aid we used to get up cricket with the officers and crew of the royal yacht which was in the Roads. I remember when one of the sailors came to the wicket and I gave him the usual directions for block he was hopelessly puzzled, till one of his mates who was fielding came

up, and said, "Two points more to the southward, Bill," which gave him block at once.

I think it was this autumn that I was confirmed at Eton by Wilberforce, the celebrated Bishop of Oxford, known as "Soapy Sam." He preached a very fine sermon on the occasion, delivered with the art of which he was a master, which made a great impression on me. In it he used a metaphor as to the accuracy of which I have often made inquiry, but have never got a satisfactory answer. He stated that at certain great crises in men's lives their whole inner nature suddenly stood revealed "as the lightning flash shows the spokes in the running wheel." The text of this discourse was "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." This sentence S. Oxon, clothed in lawn and decorated with the ribbon of the Garter, rolled forth in his great deep voice, emphasising some of the vowels in his lowest and most awe-striking notes. Years passed away, and I went one Sunday to a small Presbyterian church in Scotland. A minister mounted the pulpit with a dour face, looking like a sergeant in Cromwell's Ironsides, with a long black moustache and clothed in a black gown, who in harsh, rasping tones began: "Except a corn of wheat," etc. At once there flashed before the eye of my memory the imposing form of S. Oxon, standing with his lawn sleeves uplifted over the upturned row of faces in the spacious beauty of Eton Chapel, and I realised the unity and the difference of worship in this island.

For a fortnight after confirmation I tried hard to follow the paths of virtue, and was probably for that short space of time better than at any other period of my career. However, I soon relapsed into the ways of

the average boy, and in November, this year, when Windsor Fair was going on Melgund and I twice descended after lock-up through the bars of a window on to a wall and thence to the street, going up town and strolling about the fair. I think this was done chiefly for bravado, as I do not remember enjoying it, and had we been detected the penalties would have been severe.

To my great sorrow it was settled that I was to leave at Easter. My last half I was up to Durnford. We liked Durnford, "Judy" as he was called, though he had several peculiarities. One of these was an unusually bad French pronunciation, which caused a roar whenever he used a French phrase, which he was fond of doing. I remember on one of these occasions, after the yells had quieted down, that he created some compunction by saying pathetically, "Ha, boys, it's my misfortune, not my fault." We read the Odyssey with him, and he used (justly) to praise to us Worsley's translation—one of his comments which I remember being "Two and fifty. Ha, boys, there appears the real poet; you and I would have said fifty-two."

The grief of departure was tempered by the excitement of "leaving books," a custom which was then at its height. I did not get as much trash as was sometimes the case, for most of my friends knew that I was fond of books, and gave me books worth having. But I remember a showy three volumes called "Merrifield on Painting," given me by a small boy, which consisted mainly in receipts for grinding colours. I got eighty or ninety leaving books, which made a good foundation for a library. I may say that the custom of giving great numbers of these books, and the trash which was given, led soon after to the abolition of the practice.

CHAPTER IV

1864-1865

Boughrood—Life at the Rectory—Death of my brother—Fishing in the Wye—My character—Figure as a poacher—Matriculation—Adventure with bees—Tour in Switzerland.

On April 10th, 1864, I went to Boughrood, or more properly Bwchrhydd Rectory, Radnorshire, the abode of the Rev. H. De Winton. The house was about eight miles from the town of Hay, beautifully situated on the banks of the Wye, which there runs over a ridge of coloured rocks into a long pool. The far side of the river was shut in by a steep cliff covered with trees and brushwood, but below the narrow garden of the rectory was a ledge of turf from which you could jump into ten feet of water.

Three other pupils called Fitzgerald, Goodford, and Carter dwelt in this Eden, the last two sons of Eton masters, the first an Uppingham boy.

Our preceptor, De Winton, had acquired considerable reputation as a private tutor, which he thoroughly deserved. He was a good all-round man, with an athletic figure. His temper inclined to gloominess, probably from the various worries connected with a parish, ten children, and four pupils; but he managed to inspire awe, which is a great advantage to both instructed and instructors. I certainly never acquired knowledge before or since as soundly and rapidly as I did with him. His wife was a nice-looking woman, who got on well with the pupils.

At first I found the methods in vogue at Boughrood rather difficult. The amount we were supposed to prepare for construing was about five times as long as the Eton lessons, and I was rather put to it to keep up with my fellows, who were all better scholars than myself, especially when we translated unseen passages without a dictionary.

I had never been in a really beautiful country before, and as the early summer that year was exceptionally fine and warm, it may be supposed that Boughrood seemed to be a perfect Paradise. The water was so warm that at the end of April we used every morning to go down to the platform of turf below the house and jump into the Wye, as perfect a form of bath in its way as Boveney Weir. In the evenings my principal recreation was fishing, and I flogged the river assiduously. My efforts were occasionally directed by the gardener at the rectory, a sort of half-gipsy with all the instincts of a poacher, and a first-rate fisherman.

I had not been more than a month at Boughrood when I got the news that my younger brother, Walter, had died of scarlet fever. He was a great pet of mine and I felt his loss deeply. But I well remember, what I have often experienced since that first great grief, the sensation of wonder at the dull, dreamy feeling which took possession of the mind, and being indignant with myself that I did not suffer more acute pain, but was able at times to talk and even laugh as usual.

The district around Boughrood was a bi-lingual one, most of the natives speaking both Welsh and English, though their characteristics were decidedly Welsh; for instance, they always said "good evening" in a

mincing tone of voice, whatever time in the day it was, and were rather peppery in the temper. They were nearly all Dissenters, and the congregation at our pretty church was a very small one. Talking of the church, I think the best mutton I ever ate was the flesh of some small hill sheep, which De Winton bought and turned into the churchyard for a fortnight. The Wye in those days harboured a few salmon, and we occasionally rushed out from the study of the classics to watch the capture of a fish in the run at the head of our pool, which was fished by a retired major living in an adjoining village. Now and then the Major used to allow a neighbouring squire to have a turn, who threw the best underhand cast I have ever seen. It was a real treat to watch his fly go whizzing out over the water about a couple of feet from the surface and drop like a snowflake at the end of the throw. This throw was not accomplished with the rod raised as in the "Spey-cast," but was a genuine underhand cast, the point of the rod never being raised above the shoulder.

That great event in the life of every fisherman—the capture of his first trout—took place about a month after I went to Boughrood, in the water of a Mr. Greenwood, some five or six miles up-stream. The following extract from a letter to my father describes an incident which took place in the same water, and will, I am sure, appeal to all fishermen :—

"De Winton asked me to let him try my little rod. I assented. After a few minutes, as I was sitting on the rocks, I hear 'whirr, whirr, wi-ish'; I looked up and saw all the line out, and De W. running like mad and bellowing for the gaff. I tore off for the gaff and saw a salmon jump out of the water a long way off. De W. then began to wind up, when there was

another 'whirr, whirr,' and out went the line again, and away went De W. running through the water. Fearful excitement—a pause, De W. winding up, when suddenly the line catches in a rock, slackens and comes back. Alas! the fish had got round a rock and cut the line. Hopeless silence and reaction. De W. thought the salmon weighed about eight pounds."

I shall conclude the narrative of my first term at De Winton's by a quotation from a letter of his to my father:

"Your son's turn of mind is satirical and leads him to regard men and things generally in a ludicrous point of view. Thus he views things quickly and intelligently, but does not look much below the surface, so that he is deficient in knowledge of common things, both in the world which he sees and in the books which he reads."

In fine summer weather Boughrood was such a lovely place that existence there was enough, but in the autumn and winter we found a lack of amusement. Hence, as often happens, we got into trouble, being taken up for poaching by the keeper of the adjoining territory. Fitzgerald and Goodford had left, and a new-comer had arrived called Faber (now Lord Faber), with whom I became great friends, and have been ever since. When the keeper appeared Faber and Carter were on the right side of the hedge and ran off. But I was captured by our enemy, a surly, burly Welshman nearly as broad as he was long, and my gun, an old single barrel belonging to De Winton, was taken from me. There was a considerable row over the affair, as our tutor was very angry with the keeper. Eventually I had to call upon the owner of the shooting, who forgave me in rather a consequential manner.

Fate, however, was not long in giving us our revenge. About a week after our humiliation, we one afternoon heard a shot which appeared to come from some land leased by De Winton. Sure enough we found our enemy and two friends ferreting rabbits in our orchard, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing them packed off bag and baggage by the infuriated De Winton, and of afterwards reading a formal apology which was duly sent.

In Easter, 1865, I was called upon to undergo the dreaded ordeal for which I had been preparing by my studies at Boughrood. My father took me up to Oxford and we stayed at the old Mitre. The next day I was introduced into the Hall at Balliol, where all the Dons were assembled. Some six or seven youths besides myself presented themselves to the examiners. The paper work I got through pretty well, but was a good deal disturbed when called up to construe before the terrible Jowett, though surprised at the mild benevolence of his appearance. He turned me on to the passage in the Odyssey where the beggar bends Ulysses' bow. I stumbled through the first six or seven lines, and when I came to ἡ δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄεισε χελίδονι εικέλη ἀυδήν (which rang sweetly at the touch in tone like a swallow) I rendered χελίδονι "tortoise," and then, seeing that this interpretation was hopeless, relapsed into the silence of despair. Jowett was also silent, but after a while he said, encouragingly, "One tortoise does not make a summer." I then saw my error at once, and proceeded without mishap. About four in the afternoon the agony was over, and to my great joy I was told that I had been successful. One other boy only got in—Grant, now Canon Grant, lately Rector of Guildford.

Seldom in my life do I remember happier hours than the few which succeeded this ordeal. The terrors of the Balliol matriculation were, I think, rather exaggerated at Eton, and perhaps by De Winton himself. But many men far better than myself had been ploughed, and all we ordinary boys looked on the test with awe. For a year it had been the chief object of my thoughts and the end of all my work. So that on that lovely April evening I was quite happy. My father and I dined at the Deanery at Christ Church, when I first saw the handsome but awe-inspiring presence of my relation, the Dean.

After the holidays I returned in triumph to Boughrood, and applied myself to my studies. This year we managed to get up some cricket matches of a rude sort. The amusement which these gave us was not terminated by the game, as we used to compose accounts of them for the local papers in the best *Bell's Life* style, interspersed with hackneyed quotations from Shakespeare.

Carter had left at Easter, and Bickersteth, a son of the Bishop of Ripon, took his place. He was fond of music, and one day an itinerant German band appearing on the scene, we locked Bickersteth into the study, and paid the musicians to stand before the window and all play different tunes.

It was in this term that I had what might have been an unpleasant experience. De Winton was a bee-keeper, and one day rushed into our room to ask us to help him, as one of his hives had swarmed on a tree on the lawn. We ran out and saw a huge cluster of bees clinging to a bough some height from the ground. A kitchen table was brought, and I was mounted upon it, holding a hive under the swarm while our tutor

proceeded to shake the bough. Before he did so one of the legs of the table broke, and I fell right into the edge of the swarm and felt that my head and face were covered with bees. Fortunately, as I have said, the river ran just below the garden, so I plunged in without more ado, but received several stings in the face and head, which produced considerable distortion of the features for some days.

I think I have now said enough of my "work and days" at Boughrood, which came to an end in July, 1865. I had made a considerable advance in classical lore under De Winton, who was certainly one of the best preceptors I have ever met.

In the month of August I went to Switzerland with my father, J. B. Maule, the Recorder of Leeds, and Alfred Sartoris, who had married one of the Barringtons.

My first sight of a real mountain was the Jura from the railway, and it may be supposed with what delight I beheld the giants of the Oberland and Savoy. The chaff and fun kept going by my father and Maule would have made a tour in Siberia amusing, and with fine weather and the glorious novelty of the mountains we had a splendid time. However, the envious gods soon came down on us, as after three weeks my father got a fever and had to be taken down to Vevey. I remained with him till he was convalescent, with nothing to do but eat and loaf and read Tauchnitz' novels, and then rejoined Maule and Sartoris at Chamounix, where we had some good walks, but for me the delight of our trip had taken flight now that my father was no longer with us.

Harry Holland, now Lord Knutsford, and his second wife were honeymooning at Chamounix, and were

kind to me. He was then a wonderfully active man, who could walk as well as the guides, whom he astonished by jumping over stone walls at the end of a descent of Mont Blanc.

After a week at Chamounix I rejoined my father at Geneva, and we went rather sadly homewards.

CHAPTER V

1865-1869

Balliol in 1865—The dons—Breakfasts—R. T. Reid—Morrison's Fours—Smalls—Cricket—Oxford Society—Reading party—No. 5 staircase—Essays—Equestrian experiences—Meteors—A plot—Sailing to London—Work for "Greats"—Zeitgeist—Jowett—Lodgings—"Rokins"—Reading party at Tummel—Jowett's habits—The giggles—William Graham—The twelfth—Sacrament Sunday—Corpach—Green and Jowett compared—"Greats"—Cowes—Mrs. Cameron—Changes in home life—Ravensworth—Wimpole—Bramham and hunting—Wildernesse.

In October, 1865, my father took me to Balliol, where we found that quarters had been assigned to me of the smallest and darkest description. My parent, however, by employing methods of corruption with the College butler, contrived to have me transferred to a better lodging, and I found myself established in a small though cheerful apartment on the third floor in the Garden Quad. My "scout" informed me that my rooms had once been inhabited by Temple (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), and he showed me a window seat on the staircase formed in the thickness of the wall, in which was a gas lamp, where he said Temple used to read to save the expense of candles.

I do not think that I have ever lived in a pleasanter society than was to be found at Balliol in 1865. It was in those days a small College, about eighty in number, made up chiefly by batches of boys from all the leading public schools, with a contingent of Scotchmen. The Balliol scholarships were eagerly competed for, and with the exhibitions attracted many of the best scholars

in the country. The matriculation, as I have said before, was a good deal above the standard of the other Colleges, and was intended to secure the more scholarly among the ordinary pupils of the schools, though I fancy that the influence of Jowett occasionally relaxed the test when he thought that social qualities or position made it likely that a man would emerge from the ruck in after life. All these public school men, with some of the politer Scotchmen, lived together in intimate fellowship, so that the College consisted of a large circle of friends and acquaintances, outside which was a smaller band of reputed barbarians, with whom we were always on good terms, many of them, as they became better known, passing into the larger circle.

The main difference between Balliol and the other Colleges at that time was that at Balliol it was the fashion to read, even if (which was rare) a man hunted two days a week as well. All members of the College were supposed to go in for honours in at least one school, and were liable to be dismissed if they showed signs of slackness. The staff of tutors was far the best in Oxford. Scott was the Master, Jowett senior tutor, and with him were associated Edwin Palmer, Jimmy Riddell, Newman, Henry Smith, and T. H. Green, all remarkable men, of whom I will endeavour to give such sketches as can be produced by the pen of an ordinary mortal, but which must not be mistaken for the portraits of an artist.

Scott, the Master was a regular Don. He was a great scholar, who could turn anything into Greek or Latin verse, and had a tongue whose sharpness was occasionally witty; but he was stiff and austere, with few of the qualities which enabled him to understand the

undergraduate. Still he cannot have been deficient in qualifications which make a good head of a College, as Balliol had under his sway quite maintained her position, and he had surrounded himself with an exceptionally capable staff.

Possibly some of this success was due to the driving power of Jowett, who was reputed to take a great part in the administration of the College. He had risen to almost European fame in consequence of the persecution to which he had been subjected shortly before I went to Oxford; and his influence was at this time great, not only with the Dons, but also with the undergraduates. The causes of this unique position have always rather puzzled me. He had none of the brilliant gifts of mind or body which usually attract youth, he was not a great scholar or lecturer, though his discourses, considered superficial by the philosophers, certainly gave the ordinary man an interest in his work. Nor was he a great saint or kindler of high moral ideals, as his very oddity and reserve, combined with the carefully thought out character of all his utterances, gave them the effect rather of texts finely carved upon a wall than of the words of a teacher speaking from the fulness of his heart. His conversation was serious and suggestive, but he had little humour. Still there was no doubt that he attracted, and at the same time inspired awe. Perhaps his power lay to some extent in his unlikeness to other people, but I think myself it was mainly due to his indomitable but unaggressive courage, which was such that no consideration would ever turn him a hand's breadth from what he thought he ought to say or do. This fearlessness, combined with a remarkable power of reasoned insight and a sympathy which was rather

the result of reflection than feeling, made him a valuable critic of a man's intellectual side, though I should say that he was not a specially good judge of character as a whole. The most bumptious undergraduate took a truer and saner view of himself after half an hour with Jowett; the work of the cleverest was improved by being pruned of affectation or unreality, while the industrious but less brilliant student did not go empty away.

Edwin Palmer was almost the only man I have ever met in whom excessive shyness was combined with extraordinary mental readiness. Looking as if he longed every moment to bolt up the chimney, he could pour forth in a quavering torrent of words a statement on the most complicated matter, delivered in a finished logical sequence, saying all that could be said on the subject; and finally, having utterly demolished you, he hardly dared to look you in the face. His Virgil lectures and his translations of the poet were as near perfection as possible, yet his favourite method of delivering them was to run up and down the room with his eyes on the ground, and holding his pencil in front of him between his fingers.

Riddell's great delicacy of nature showed itself in his face as well as in his exquisite scholarship, and a gentleness of character almost too good for this world. He was my tutor when I first went up, but died during my first year, when I was transferred to Palmer.

Newman was undoubtedly the best lecturer I have ever heard. He was a strange, shy man, with few friends, living, I should think, chiefly in his books, supposed to suffer from constant dyspepsia, and to be unable to eat and drink as other men. He had

a curious twisted gait, like a billiard ball with the screw on, which habit, in combination with his name, procured him the nickname of "Noggs." He was very much liked by those who came in contact with him, and directed the historical studies at Balliol with great success, having a singular power of kindling men to the utmost efforts.

Henry Smith was a mathematician of world-wide fame, and of great repute as a wit and talker, many of his sayings being in the mouths of men. He had that almost finicking silkiness of speech and manner which seems to have prevailed at Oxford in the fifties, and was also remarkable in Lord Coleridge and Lord Bowen, giving additional point to the conversational epigrams of all three.

T. H. Green was not the least remarkable of this galaxy, to any one who had opportunities of knowing them all; though in the case of Green there were many of the undergraduates who only came in contact with him as Dean of Hall.

Philosophy was his department, but his lectures, though profound and well thought out, were difficult to follow, nor had he at any time the gift of clear exposition. He was a man of the truest and most sterling worth, and in after days became famous, as much for his noble life as his philosophy. Under his dark and stern exterior lay a warm heart and a genial nature by no means unappreciative of an occasional joke. It was not till late in my Oxford time that I had the good fortune to become friendly with him, and for the first two years I looked upon him and "Noggs" more as interesting curiosities in our Balliol museum than as big men and fervent teachers of high thought and endeavour.

My first introduction to my future comrades was achieved by a breakfast at Farwell's, who lived in a small garret in the front quad. The Oxford breakfast of those days was a fearful meal. It began with fried soles and eggs and bacon, and continued with chops and steaks of the most solid character. These were followed by apricot jam, and finally by a large tankard of spiced beer in winter, or cider cup in summer. Of course this "Epularum lascivia" was confined to banquets, the ordinary breakfast being of more usual dimensions.

After the first start at Farwell's I had to go through a great many breakfasts and wines, as it was considered the correct thing to entertain the freshmen in this way. All this festivity, and the variety and freedom of the life, somewhat interfered with my work. But I was put down to attend the lectures given for those who were trying for honours in "Mods.," Riddell's Homer, Palmer's Virgil lecture, and Wall's Logic. I remember that at the first lecture of Riddell's which I attended my attention was arrested by a scholar who came in late, roughly dressed, with a shock head of light hair, a stubbly chin, and a clear-eyed, fresh-coloured face, which looked as if it had lately been plunged into cold water. This was R. T. Reid, who afterwards became a great friend, and whom as Lord Chancellor it is now my privilege to serve. He had been a demy at Magdalen, and wishing to stand for the Balliol scholarship had been refused leave by the authorities of his college. Without more ado he threw up his demyship, a bold stroke for a man who was not rich, and went in for the scholarship, which he won the year before my matriculation.

In connection with Riddell's lectures I cannot refrain from telling the following incident. One of Jowett's Scotch *protégés*, a clever young Caledonian, but without much humour, was put on to construe in the Agamemnon, and was rendering one of the splendid choruses in broad Scotch and in a very matter of fact way, till he came at last to the well-known "ἐπεὶ διώχει παὶς ποτανοὺ ὄρνιν," which he translated, "like a yung mann purrsuing an imprack-ticable scheme." Poor "Jimmy" sighed, and after a moment's silence turned on another man.

In the way of amusement as an Eton man I took naturally to the river and was told off to row in "Morrison's Fours," a college competition for a cup given by one of that family of oarsmen who had been at Balliol. For this race we were put into training in the old-fashioned way, which consisted in a plentiful flesh diet tempered with dried cherries. My subjection to this unpleasant *régime* was successful in so far as I was in the winning boat, of which the present Mr. Justice Deane was stroke, but produced a low state of health from which I suffered for some weeks.

All these causes, together with a touch of Balliol swagger, prevented my paying proper attention to the claims of "Smalls," a simple examination which came at the end of the first term. The result was that I was ploughed in arithmetic and went home a sadder and a wiser man for my first vacation. However, the catastrophe gave me a lesson, and I determined that it should not happen again. So on my return to Oxford I hired a National Schoolmaster and set to work to learn the elementary rules of arithmetic. The attention of the great Henry Smith had also been directed by the College to my deficiencies, and I had to take him smal-

sums two or three times a week, which he received with a courteous enthusiasm of praise worthy of the stiffest problems, a process which had the effect of making me feel extremely foolish. However, between him and the schoolmaster I succeeded in passing the examination.

I do not suppose that life holds anything more enjoyable, except perhaps a successful honeymoon, than an undergraduate's first summer term at Oxford. "Smalls" were past, "Mods." still in the distance; while the work, which under the Balliol system we could not escape, gave a greater zest to our play. Owing to a lucky innings in our opening game, I was asked at once to play for the second eleven of the College. Second eleven matches were very pleasant, as in selecting the team a certain allowance was made for social qualities, though the cricket never degenerated into the almost pure festivity of some of the social cricket clubs.

In those days the Parks had only lately been reclaimed from waste and cleared of doubtful characters. As dear Jimmy Riddell is reputed to have said in a Latin oration at the end of his Proctorship, "Agros expurgavi qui Parks dicuntur." At any rate only faint beginnings existed of the large town which now lies to the north of Oxford, for, most of the Dons being unmarried, there was no great demand for villa residences. The society of Oxford was then almost entirely male, being confined to Common Room or undergraduate entertainments, and young women of our own class were a scarce commodity. I think that this was, on the whole, beneficial, as the claims of society and reading are not compatible. At any rate it suited my personal disposition.

For my first summer vacation a reading party had been arranged, of which "Bob Raper," a popular young Don of Trinity, had consented to be the coach. The members of the party were R. T. Reid, Arthur Walter, then at Christ Church, one Anderson, and myself.

My love for hills, kindled at Boughrood, and developed in Switzerland, made me persuade my companions to choose the Lakes for our habitat, and accordingly I took lodgings for the party at Patterdale. Our lodging was a pretty little cottage, covered with creepers, and with a small garden attached, standing on the edge of a beck which ran down the Grisedale valley. We had a landing stage on Ulleswater 100 yards off, where we kept our boat.

I always maintain that a reading party is the nearest approach to the βιὸς τελεῖος which I have experienced in this world. It is, or ought to be, composed of picked friends. It is, or ought to be, in exceptionally beautiful country. The objects of life lie clearly before one in the shape of examinations to be passed; and the allotted tasks of each day give a zest to the playtime, which makes the mildest amusements acceptable. Of course there are *contretemps*, but when the health and temper are good these make but small impression. The first which we encountered was the lack of baths in our lodging, and as the fashion of the time was to look upon a cold bath not as "akin to godliness," but as "godliness" itself, we took the loss very seriously. The deprivation was especially painful to Reid, who manifested his indignation by splashing about his washstand to the extent that the water descended through the ceiling on to the breakfast table of a parson and his wife, who complained to our landlord. This was the beginning of a series of

disputes which ended in a serious quarrel causing our departure from the cottage to the hotel.

Our cottage stood on the land of Mr. W. Marshall, whose home, "Patterdale Hall," was situated a short distance off. He was a delightfully genial, apple-faced old gentleman, who showed us the greatest kindness, placing at our disposal an Oxford four-oared gig, very superior to the heavy native craft, constantly asking us to dinner, and sending down the newspapers every day. He also allowed us to bathe every morning in his grounds, where an ideal bath was supplied by the Grisedale beck tumbling over a ridge of rocks into a deep pool, enclosed in flat slabs of granite.

When the quarrel with our landlord resulted in our leaving the lodgings, Mr. Marshall came to our help, and arranged with one of his farmers to take us in. The quarters in our new abode were an improvement, though the situation was not so picturesque or handy to the lake. We had also some difficulty with supplies, as it was necessary to order meat beforehand, and only possible to get beef on rare occasions. When the local flesher contemplated killing an ox he sent round a sort of map of the animal, on which the various edible portions were marked off by lines like counties in a map of England. Any one who was ambitious of becoming a buyer of one of these portions inscribed his name in that part of the map which represented the piece he wanted. It was not till the whole territory was covered with names of would-be purchasers that the fiat for the slaughter of the animal was pronounced, so it may be imagined that the appearance of beef on the table was quite an event.

As soon as we were settled down in our new dwelling we set strenuously to work. Reid, though

a voracious reader, had some strands of laziness woven into his otherwise strenuous nature. He had great difficulty in leaving his bed in the morning, in spite of the sympathetic assistance given by other members of the party, who pulled off the bed-clothes, disposed all kinds of unpleasant objects like sponges and soap-dishes about the bed, and occasionally turned in the cats of the establishment. Gleams of his future greatness, however, occasionally showed themselves. When we were at the hotel we got into a hot dispute with the chambermaid over some domestic detail. Reid harangued her in a manner so judicial, convincing and conciliatory, that he completely won her over; and Walter, who had heard it, announced his conviction that the orator would one day be Lord Chancellor.

Besides walks, which led us in all directions over the country, we spent a good deal of time on the lake, rowing or bathing from an island where we had discovered a good ledge for headers. One afternoon, while occupied in this way, Reid expressed his intention of swimming to the mainland, which he did. On his way back one of those sudden squalls which are common in the Lakes sprang up right in his teeth, and very quickly raised a considerable lipper, which, breaking on his face, contributed to the difficulty of his progression. Seeing that he was getting tired, two of us jumped into the boat and succeeded in getting him on board, though in a state of considerable exhaustion.

On getting back to Oxford in October (1866), I found that I had been moved into better rooms, viz., a pleasant apartment on the first floor of No. 5 staircase, Garden Quad.

My friend Henry Primrose moved into the rooms above me, Franco Charteris was below, and F. W Butterworth on the top floor, opposite to Primrose. The rooms on the ground floor opposite to Charteris were occupied by an unpopular character, who was given to Ritualism and held services in his chamber with incense, vestments, and lights. These were an abomination to the other dwellers on the staircase, who used to express their dissent by occasionally smoking out the performance, by means of damp squibs thrown into the man's lobby inside the "oak" or outer door.

In these rooms I spent two years, as happy a time as a man could wish for. I took to racquets, which we had had no chance of learning at Eton, and with that, and boating and cricket in summer, had no time on my hands. Besides my work for the schools, I joined the South Kensington drawing classes held at the Museum under Mr. Macdonald, and after two or three terms obtained a Government certificate for freehand drawing.

Unfortunately it was not fashionable to belong to the Union, and I never joined that society—a great mistake, as a capacity for public speaking would have been of more practical use to me than all the other Oxford acquirements put together. I became, however, a member of the Eton Club, of Vincent's, and of one or two cricket clubs.

The work at Balliol consisted entirely of preparation for coming exams., and was much the same as at other colleges, with the exception of a weekly essay which we had to read every Saturday to the Master. This was at first a severe task to me, as we had had no such exercises at Eton or De Winton's, and I found it uncommonly difficult to put together four pages on

"Casuistry" or the "National Debt" in one or two hours on Friday evening. Like others of our set, I occasionally had recourse to Andrew Lang, whose good nature and extraordinary power of disquisition made him willing and able to knock off an essay on any subject in half an hour.

In the autumn term of 1866 I determined to go in for equestrian exercise, a pursuit which had been entirely neglected since the days of my pony in Richmond Park. Accordingly I arranged with one of my friends, who was knowing in horseflesh, to order a quiet hack from Charley Symonds, and to accompany me on my first essay. Of course the thing got out, and a crowd of mocking friends attended to see me start. No sooner had I, amid loud applause, climbed clumsily into the saddle, than the animal went off through the streets like the wind. I suppose my unskilful efforts alarmed him still more, for I found myself being rushed at breakneck speed down the Turl, my horse threading the small trees which line the road in a most terrifying manner. At last, after many hairbreadth escapes, I managed to stop his career; my companion came up in fits of laughter, and we proceeded without further mishap. In consequence of this performance my father sent me in the Christmas vacation for lessons to the Blues' Barracks in Albany Street. There I had a most unpleasant time, as the weather was very wintry, and I had in the very coldest blood to ride the most disagreeable animals, finishing up with a beast whose sole *mêtier* was to buck-jump. The chief instructor was a fine, handsome corporal called "Sharples," who, I think, must have had gentle blood in his veins, and who was always encouraging and friendly.

Another event of the October term, 1866, remains in my memory, viz., the display of meteors which took place about the middle of November. The night when the big show was expected was exceptionally warm for the time of year, and tables were drawn out into the quad, round which the members of the College sat drinking mulled beer and shouting "mark over" on the appearance of one of the meteors.

After the meteors I remember nothing worthy of note till the following Spring term (1867), when an event occurred which I will relate in the words of a letter to my father.

"The Dons refused to allow a bump supper in hall, which so enraged the College that a dark conspiracy was organised to snow up the Chapel door. I was very tired that night, so did not join, but saw just before retiring about twenty conspirators file darkly into quad, armed with fire shovels and slop pails. Their idea was to fill up the passage to the Chapel with snow, so as to prevent the Dons from going to early service. To effect this blankets and rugs were brought up, the snow piled on them, and then carried to the passage aforesaid."

I am afraid that this design, though finely conceived, was a failure, as the scouts managed to cut a passage through into Chapel, which let the Dons in within half an hour of the usual time. Afterwards, on the advice, it was said, of the ingenious "Jowler," navvies were had into college, who cleared all the snow from both quads, for which precaution we were charged ten shillings a head in our "battels." So that "Law and Order" had the best of it.

There can be too much of the "ordinary" even in the life of an "ordinary mortal," so now that I have given my readers a picture of myself with the

Oxford background, I will confine my narrative to the more prominent occurrences of my time at the University. In the Summer term of 1867 I was captain of the second eleven, which I am afraid interfered with my studies for "Mods.," as the examination came on towards the end of that term. When this ordeal was over I and two of my friends determined to navigate the river to London in a centreboard sailing boat. This was the first of two or three similar journeys. These boats, sailing very close to the wind and being quick in stays, were well suited for river navigation, and it made comparatively little difference which way the wind was, as if foul in one reach, the navigator was certain to be able to lay his course in the next. Under many of the bridges it was necessary to unship the mast, and my crew became so skilful in this manœuvre that with the wind dead ahead they could shoot an arch in stays, unshipping the mast after the wind was out of the sails and shipping it again in time to fall off on the other tack. It was a delightful life, as you never knew what port you would reach by bedtime; indeed in calm weather we sometimes did not get in till one or two in the morning. Occasionally we tried sleeping on the stream, but found that about four a mist rose from the water which produced feelings in the morning like those following on ball-champagne. When we arrived at Richmond, we got a newspaper containing the "Mods." List, and I found, to my disgust, that my name was only in the third class.

In the following term I began to work for "Greats," attending Newman's lectures on Greek History, Green's Philosophy, and Jowett's Plato and Divinity Lectures. As may be supposed, after an education hitherto

devoted to scholarship, these subjects opened quite a new outlook, and turned my attention to "höhe heimliche dinge," which had before dwelt apart from my ken. The time was well fitted to stimulate curiosity. The investigations of Darwin had recently supplied a key which was then popularly supposed to unlock all knowledge, and had really given an immense impulse to inquiry. The æsthetic movement had greatly improved taste, and in spite of its follies had given many of the rising generation a real love for Art. Swinburne by the publication of "Poems and Ballads" and "Atalanta in Calydon" had shown us that poets also lived in our days. Accordingly I devoted myself fervently, though superficially, to all these new subjects. Divine philosophy especially attracted me, though like a page who loves a princess, I felt her glamour, but also the impossibility of a complete understanding, attending T. H. Green's lectures with an ardour which frequently became despair. This state of mind continued during the two and a half years in which I read for "Greats," a period which influenced my tastes, opinions, and character, more than any other of my life.

One of the causes of this activity was my acquaintance with Jowett, who sent for me and asked me to write essays for him. The reading of these, before familiarity had lessened the awe inspired by the popular idea of "Jowler," was a trying process. The pupil sat on one side of the fire and the critic on the other, while the pupil read his composition in faltering tones. This was succeeded by a long silence, after which some brief and sometimes rather cutting remarks would follow in the high tones of the philosopher. We were rather apt to groan over this "extra," quite

forgetting that it was a pure piece of kindness on Jowett's part, for which he never received a farthing, and for which, in the case of ordinary mortals who would not be likely to add specially to the lustre of the College, there was nothing whatever to repay him.

Meanwhile there had been considerable changes on No. 5 staircase. Franco Charteris had left at the end of the Spring term. Arthur Godley succeeded to his rooms, and joined our breakfast club. Butterworth also having gone out of College, Donoughmore, taking rooms on the staircase, became a member. These breakfasts were very pleasant meals. Their especial features were the Balliol toast, the Balliol cold chicken known as "cock," and Oxford marmalade. The fowl above mentioned was served cold, half a carcase at a time, and was of a breed of extreme toughness and stringiness.

In the Long Vacation of 1868 I again went to Patterdale as one of a reading party, but this time we had no coach. My companions were Arthur Godley, my cousin, Edward Liddell, and Archie Wortley, afterwards well known as an artist. We occupied a cottage next to the one we had in 1866.

On returning to Oxford in October I had to give up my rooms in College, and Primrose and I took lodgings in the road going to the Parks. The greater freedom of lodgings and the possibility of giving dinners made them popular with most undergraduates, but I personally was sorrowful at exchanging the solid comfort of college rooms for the lustres and horsehair sofa of a lodging. There was, however, one consolation. My family having lately moved from Sheen to London, I was entrusted with the care of the family pet, a rough

terrier full of ability and character, known as "Toby," or to his intimates as "Rokins." Our landlady at first was unpleasant, but "Rokins" soon won the hearts of all at the lodgings, and was adopted as one of the household, sleeping in the dirty clothes locker in my bedroom, accompanying Primrose or myself indifferently, or taking walks on his own account. I shall never forget one day seeing his sagacious head peer slowly round the half-open door in the middle of a lecture of T. H. Green's, to the delight of the whole assembly, though how he had contrived to elude the vigilance of the College porter I could never divine. Alas, poor "Rokins," his end was a sad one! Love was his bane, as it has been of so many interesting characters. While down at the Balliol raft one day with Primrose, he endeavoured in pursuit of the fair to jump on to the adjoining raft, and falling into the river, which was in flood, was swept under one of the house-boats, to emerge no more. I had to go that evening to a ball at Kirtlington, and it was with difficulty that I could keep down the lump which was rising in my throat all the evening as I thought of his head peering round the lecture-room door, with one ear cocked and his fine brown eyes looking anxiously around for his master.

During the Spring and Summer terms of 1869 there was more work and less play, as "Greats" were now approaching, and I do not remember any events worth inserting in this story. In the Long Vacation I joined Jowett at Tummel Bridge in Perthshire. This was my first visit to the Highlands, and they at once threw a spell over me, the memory of which returns whenever I smell a piece of bog-myrtle.

Our quarters were in a solitary little inn, close to a

high-arched bridge which carries the road from Pitlochry to Glen Lyon across the Tummel. To the west were the slopes of Schihallion, whose great ridge rose slowly to the summit over Loch Rannoch in a splendid curve like the back of a couchant lion. I formed quite an attachment for this mountain, and still think of it from time to time as of a noble Cheiron at whose feet I sat and worshipped before setting out on the journey of life.

The party was, as usual in those shepherded by Jowett, of a mixed character, being made up on his principle of fusing the different sets in the College. It consisted of Rutherford Graham, and myself, with two of Jowett's *protégés*, hitherto unknown to me.

Reading with Jowett was a serious business. After 8 o'clock breakfast was over we worked till 4 o'clock. The weaker vessels were allowed to go out on to the bridge and get a whiff of fresh air for a few minutes about 1 o'clock, but the Professor himself never stirred after coming in from a short turn after breakfast. On this walk he used to make me accompany him, and give a *vivâ voce* analysis of the Plato which I had read the day before. When I first was bidden to undertake this exercise I thought it would be impossible. But I rapidly improved, and after a few days found that it was only a question of taking pains. I may say that I soon began to wish that I had been compelled to do something of the sort before, as I found it most effective in improving the memory, clearing the ideas, and cultivating a clear way of speaking.

The half-hour after breakfast was looked upon by Jowett as a mere amble for the purposes of discourse. When it came to be a question of "exercise" it was a much more formidable affair. Partly to save time,

and partly from a mistaken idea of the laws of digestion, Jowett's exercise took the form of rushing up the nearest hill immediately dinner was over. One or more of us had always to accompany him on this sortie, and my digestive arrangements being feeble, I suffered a good deal from this penance. As soon as he was exhausted he would retrace his footsteps downhill at a slower pace, and for the rest of the day his silvery head might be seen bent over his books. I think he was then revising his Plato for publication, but whatever his occupation was, there never seemed to be any end to it.

Among the minor benefits which old age brings is an absence of that painful affliction called the "giggles," which in our young days causes hours of severe anguish and often of bitter remorse. Partly from a sort of hysteria brought on by our awe of Jowett, and partly from a natural reaction after our long studies, we suffered particularly from this complaint at Tummel Brig. It began by a very painful incident. A few days after our arrival, Menzies, our landlord, a great, strong, red-faced Highlander, died suddenly. In accordance with the custom of the country, the widow expressed a wish that we should pay our last respects to the remains, and Jowett intimated that we were to attend him in this melancholy duty.

Accordingly we all put on our Sunday clothes and accompanied our master and the widow to the deceased man's chamber. There the sight of Jowett standing with the widow by the body, and a horrible hysteria made irresistible by the vivid recognition of the enormity of our conduct, proved, after prolonged struggles, to be too much for us, and Graham and I had to make our exit in roars of laughter.

Jowett was very angry, as he had a right to be, not then only, but many times after, as this unfortunate attack left us weak and liable to infection in the future. The seizures of this distressing complaint generally came on at dinner, and were mainly caused by Jowett's pronunciation of the Gaelic names in the neighbourhood, chiefly of a certain hill which he always called "Foss-hair" Mount. Of course the malicious demons who watch over human affairs were always bringing the conversation round to this hill, which, unfortunately, was a conspicuous landmark. It was quite enough at last for the talk to approach anything within six miles of this fatal place, for a fearful feeling of apprehension lest the dreaded name should be mentioned to bring on choking for us, and for Jowett wrath. Twice did he solemnly tell us a story of Tennyson, to the effect that once when some one narrated how while walking in company with two friends he had fallen into the water through the breaking of a plank, and that neither of his friends had even smiled, the poet boomed out in his deep voice, "Then there are still two gentlemen left in Europe. I shouldn't have thought it." Alas! this apologue only excited fresh outbursts of mirth, which we tried to make out arose from Tennyson's wit.

Occasionally the monotony of our studies was lightened by visitors for Sunday, among whom were Sir A. Grant, Henry Lancaster, and Swinburne. I was away when Swinburne came, but I remember the others well. Sir A. Grant was a big, fine-looking man in a velvet jacket, like a sporting nobleman rather than the author of "Grant's Ethics." Lancaster, on the other hand, with his massive, smooth-shaven face and square figure, looked the character of a literary

advocate exactly, and was an immense addition to our circle, from his jovial bearing and good talk. If any of my readers should come across his now almost forgotten book of essays, let me recommend them to buy it. They will not easily find more interesting criticism.

I have mentioned Rutherford Graham as one of the party at Tummel Brig. He was a handsome youth, strong and well built, and with a kind of recklessness, both as regards himself and other people, which possessed considerable attraction. His father, William Graham, then one of the members for Glasgow, rented a charming place some ten miles from the Brig, called Urrard, to which I was invited to come over for a day or two.

William Graham had a curious combination of qualities, which could not easily be found except in a Scotchman. He was a member of some ultra-strict Calvinistic sect, and united to a sincere and unaffected piety a devotion to art which was almost pagan, and certainly embraced art in its most different forms, from Florentine Madonnas to Venuses by Rossetti. The same sort of contrast was visible in the outward man. He had a beautiful face with an aureole of misty hair which made him look like a saint in a frock coat, but behind this appearance were the body and thews of a sportsman and athlete. He was a capital shot, a first-rate fisherman, and I think the best walker I ever saw, going with a springy gait like a Swiss guide.

Urrard was well situated on a ledge above the Garry with a wood behind, beyond which lay the moors. In the house were several beautiful pictures by F. Walker, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti, the first of the modern school which I had seen, and which, as a son of the age, I worshipped and still worship.

The day after our arrival was the 12th of August, and Rutherford and I started off at an early hour, this being the first time I had ever fired at a grouse. Things began badly, by my companion letting off his gun before he had got it up, and making a large hole in the body of the best setter. We had to kill the poor beast at once, and piled stones over his body. This incident cast a gloom over our day, which in my case was deepened by my bad shooting, a humiliating and depressing defect in a shy man starting life in a sporting society, and one from which I suffered acutely for many years.

I will conclude this part of my narrative by the following extract from a letter written at Tummel describing a scene characteristic of the place:

"To-day was one of those Scotch festivals on which the Sacrament is administered. A wonderful number of people came flocking up to the little church near the bridge, considering the uninhabited appearance of the district; hoary old men in bonnets, women in tartan shawls, and here and there a Gael in a kilt. The church was much too small to hold them all, so half of them had an outdoor service, making a most romantic picture. The men with their bonnets off, their white heads bent reverently forward, the preacher gesticulating furiously, the lonely glen, and Tummel growling in defiance of the parson, all made me think that we were witnessing a secret service of the old Covenanters. On a sudden Schihallion caught a stray cloud, down came the rain, up went the umbrellas, and romance fled scared to heaven."

After some six weeks with Jowett I left to join T. H. Green at a place called Corpach, on the shores of Loch Eil. To get to that part of the world I had to drive across Scotland from Kingussie to Fort William, my sole experience of a journey of any length by

coach, which I cannot say made me regret railways, beautiful as was the country through which we passed.

There I found a community of several friends inhabiting a small cottage on the shore of the loch, and bossed by T. H. Green. It was a typical reading party which might easily have been sung by Clough, and T. H. Green would have made a good imitation of the "Grave man nicknamed Adam."

The following is from a letter written shortly after my arrival at the cottage:

"Besides the 'MacGreen' we have here John Bryce (now in Parliament), and Philip Lee. Tom Green, the chieftain, is a first-rate cove, pronounces all his words very distinctly, never makes an unfounded statement, and is earnestness itself in all things. Nevertheless he has plenty of fun in him and is most improving company. We had a sermon last Sunday from Norman McLeod; the matter I liked in some parts, but his style was too colloquial for my taste, though possibly suited to his audience. After church we went up Nevis—a large party, viz., we three, with Buckland and his brother, a Harrow boy, who are staying at the hotel. We had a pleasant ascent and got a good view. The MacGreen went very well, though slowly. There are some magnificent precipices on the north side of the mountain, where on the dark rock, amid crevasses filled with snow, you see, to your indignation, painted in large letters, 'Try the Waverley Pen.'"

It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than Green and Jowett. Jowett was very different from an ordinary Englishman, resembling in everything but the austerity of his morals an abbé of the old French type, a would-be man of the world, brilliant with a sort of silvery radiance, taking an intellectual rather than sympathetic interest in men and things. With all his virtue he was hardly a man, and one could not imagine him ever having gone wrong or ever filling any other

post but that of a Don. Green, on the other hand, was a Briton to the backbone, of the old Puritan type. He had a rather dark stern face thatched with a shock of iron-grey hair, with a firmly-built body, which might, if he had ever exercised it, have been athletic. He was silent and expressed himself with difficulty, but you had no doubt of the depth of his sympathy, and felt that except for his practised self-control he was a man of like passions with yourself. There was no touch of worldliness in his composition; indeed, he was by nature a recluse, only his stern sense of duty forcing him to take part in municipal affairs. Jowett was always the revered schoolmaster, in whose company we endeavoured to be virtuous for fear of exciting his displeasure. But Green was an elder brother, in whose society we were ashamed to be selfish or mean, and who taught rather by example than precept.

Green was by no means as eupeptic as Jowett, and under his rule ordinary hours prevailed, and we were spared running up hill directly after dinner. Our fare, however, was simple, not to say monotonous, and one of the jokes we indulged in at the expense of our instructor, was to ask him whether herrings and mutton were related as cause and effect, or only as following each other in Time. Green took great trouble with me, but his thoughts were too deep for an ordinary mortal, and I could only vaguely see what he was driving at. What I enjoyed more than my regular lessons was a walk that I often used to take with him before bedtime, when he would talk on all sorts of topics. Among many things, for which I shall always be grateful to him, was the reverence he inspired in me for law and order, not merely in the great world but in social and domestic trifles, and the

consequential dislike of the "ἄπειρον," a salutary lesson for one of the careless tendencies which I have mentioned at the end of Chapter I. I remember in these walks his expressing admiration for the ballad of "Rosabelle," for Shelley's "When the lamp is shattered," and for Browning's "O lyric love, half angel and half bird," poems which he used to recite with a mixture of shyness and enthusiasm as we paced the loch-side under the newly washed stars, for it generally rained all day in that country, and cleared at night. Though we had no continuous spell of work like the so-called morning at Tummel Brig, we were very industrious. There was no fishing to be got as in the Tummel, but we used to ascend Ben Nevis, which was only two or three miles off, and go over to Fort William in a small boat which we had hired. Once, coming back, we were caught out in the loch in heavy weather, and had some difficulty in making way against the sea, which was considerable. Green was a nervous man, and being quite unaccustomed to sea-boating was very ill at ease as the spray came over us in showers, while we reassured him by saying that if the worst came to the worst he would only be "absorbed into the Absolute." Another form of recreation was partaking of a Scottish supper at the Manse, which was temporarily held by the well-known Norman McLeod, who had a cheerful family of daughters. One night there we met the celebrated Professor Blackie, who straightway lifted up his voice and delivered a long Philippic against Oxford, which made us very indignant, though we had sufficient politeness to listen in silence.

On my return to Oxford I went for my last term into rooms with Arthur Vaughan in the house of a

widow woman in the region of Worcester College. The shadow of "Greats" now hung over my existence, and I spent the time chiefly in wondering in which of the many branches of knowledge comprised in the examination I was most deficient, and in sorrowing at the end of my Oxford days. When the list came out I found that I had got a "Second," which was not a disappointment, as I knew that my chance of anything better was infinitesimal. To show how strange are the results of an examination, I may say that R. L. Nettleship was in the same class as myself.

I have purposely abstained in the above narrative from dealing with my home life, which, as less eventful than that at Oxford, can be told more shortly, by merely touching on one or two occurrences which are perhaps worth recording.

Up to the end of 1867 the holidays were spent at Park Cottage and at Cowes, where my father rented a house for the summer. For one or two seasons my uncle, Augustus Liddell, took a dwelling near ours, so that with his family and the two Legard boys, I had no lack of playmates. Our time was spent almost entirely in sailing either in Captain Legard's yacht, or in a smaller cutter which had been lent to my father.

In the summer of 1868 we were again at Cowes, and I went to Freshwater to stay with Franco Charteris, who was at the hotel. There I renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Cameron, who is mentioned in the first chapter of this book. She had since that time become famous as a photographer, being almost the first to attempt the artistic photograph, and to apply the laws of composition and chiaroscuro to that form of picture. She belonged to the well-known Calcutta family of

the Pattles, so remarkable for their individuality that Lord Dalhousie divided mankind into "men, women and Pattles." Nor did she decline from the family type, being a person of the most indomitable resolution, who, if she had once set her mind on any end, never rested until she had attained it. The story of her forcing Tennyson to be vaccinated is well known. Just before I visited her she had had another triumph. The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia had come to Ventnor for a quiet time, and were living in the strictest retirement, seeing no one but their own family. Mrs. Cameron, however, set to work, and somehow or other succeeded in time not only in being admitted to their house, but in photographing the Crown Prince himself. She lived in a small house in Freshwater, where her studio was set up, with Mr. Cameron, who was a good deal older than his wife. He was a most picturesque old man, with long silvery hair and beard. At dinner he sat at the head of the table, and was usually quite silent. Once, however, when I was dining there, he created a great sensation, for on some one mentioning the word spirit, he suddenly in deep tones said, "I shall soon be a spirit." When dinner was over, and the guests left the room, he was covered up with a shawl and left there till his bedtime, looking like a piece of furniture in an empty house.

Among other inmates of the establishment were two beautiful maids, chosen by Mrs. Cameron with a view to their appearing in the historical and other scenes which she represented in her photographs. One of them usually sat for the full face, the other for the profile.

Just before I made their acqaintance one of these beauties had become engaged, to the great delight of

Mrs. Cameron, to a young Indian Civil Servant. There had been an exhibition of her works in London, and the young man had seen some of the portraits of the maiden. As he shared the views urged by Horace on "Xanthias Phoceus," he wrote to Mrs. Cameron, and asked leave to pay his addresses. Mrs. Cameron at once asked him to stay, and after a time the affair was settled. The wedding took place a few days after our arrival at Freshwater, and created no small sensation. The bridegroom brought down a *posse* of his friends, rather learned, bookish-looking persons. Mrs. Cameron, on her part, collected many of the beauties whom her indefatigable energy had hunted up from the neighbouring regions to act as her models. On the night before the wedding there was a dinner to which she bade Charteris and myself, which was attended by a selection from these two classes. I sat between the two maids, and I don't think I ever felt more shy, or had greater difficulty in making conversation. When the wedding was over Charteris and I, who were going to Cowes, had the pleasure of escorting a lovely chemist's assistant, who was bound for Portsmouth. Charteris, who had a beautiful face, did not escape the ogress of the camera, and I was myself victimised.

This autumn brought great changes in my home life. In September Lord Derby offered my father the Under Secretaryship of State in the Home Department, which he accepted, as he was tired of the work and anxiety of the Bar. I went to see him when I passed through London in October on my way to Oxford, and found him in possession of a charming old-fashioned room in the buildings at Whitehall, now occupied by the Privy Council Office.

In the following November I was suddenly sum-

moned from Oxford by the illness of my mother. She died the same night, an event which greatly altered our whole way of living, which had hitherto been adapted to and coloured by my mother's state of health.

These were Fenian times, and the Clerkenwell explosion took place in December. As there were a good many Irish in Mortlake, it was thought necessary to shadow my father, and he was followed in his daily walks to and from the train by two detectives. This was very irksome to him, and together with the inconvenience of being so far from his office, where he was sometimes wanted on short notice, decided him to come to London. Accordingly, in the summer of this year (1868) he bought No. 49, Rutland Gate, where we lived till his death.

In the autumn of 1868 I again visited Ravensworth, where my father's eldest brother Henry now reigned. He was a person of marked individuality. He had never been at a public school, but was sent to Cambridge in charge of a tutor. The result of this education and of his position as an eldest son was that he took rather a serious view of himself and his dignity. He was in his youth a very active man, a good fencer and shot, being remarkably quick in all his movements. He was also a fair scholar of the old school, an attainment which he owed a good deal to his remarkable memory, which enabled him to go on anywhere in Virgil or Horace, or in most places in the Bible, and placed at his disposal a great mass of varied information. In spite of his rather despotic habits he was good to all his young relations, and being fond of shooting in those days, Ravensworth was to me a sort of Paradise, in spite of my incapacity

to hit anything. While there my bad shooting had no more serious results than profound dejection on my part, and occasional outbursts of indignation from his Lordship; but, as will be seen from what follows, its effects were not always so trivial.

In the beginning of September, 1868, there being no one available for opening the campaign against the partridges at Wimpole, my uncle Hardwicke sent myself and his youngest boy Alick, down there for the 1st. In those days, either by custom or covenant, the corn on the Wimpole estate was cut with a sickle, the tenants being bound to leave some inches of stubble. This made admirable cover for partridges, and rendered the fields so treated much pleasanter going for the sportsmen than wading through turnips. My uncle, who, as will have been gathered from this narrative, was unlike other people, paid his keeper in a way of his own, viz., one shilling for every pheasant killed, sixpence for every partridge, fourpence for hares, and threepence for rabbits. We had splendid weather and set out in great glee, being comparatively indifferent, there being no elder present, as to whether we hit or missed. Not so was it with the keeper. He had to contemplate sixpences flying away untouched, or at the most skimming off to irrecoverable distances with broken legs, fourpences touched in the hinder parts escaping in all directions, and wounded threepences wriggling into their holes. Being a good Cambridgeshire Puritan, he confined himself to saying, "Please God, ye'll hit next time"; but as he saw the prospects of his year's income gradually lessening his face grew longer and longer. This state of things lasted for three days, during which Alick and I blazed away contentedly, and

enjoyed the fun of being the sole inmates of the great house, and the excellent entertainment afforded by the housekeeper. At the end of that time my uncle came down. He was at once approached by the keeper, who pointed out to him the effect that our want of skill was having upon his prospects, and humbly asked to be allowed to carry his own gun. Lord Hardwicke, though a great martinet, was a very just man, and at once granted his request, after which I need hardly say our bags became larger.

I remember during this visit being struck with a novel pig-stye, invented by my uncle. A deep pit was dug in the ground at the bottom of which was placed a young pig just beginning life. Certain quantities of straw were let down to the animal which he gradually converted into manure, thus constantly raising the level of his dwelling until by the time he became flush with the surface he had not only rendered his own carcase fit for killing, but had produced a large mass of first class dressing, which was taken from his pit and distributed for farm purposes.

On a visit to Bramham about this time I had my one and only experience of the hunting-field. Now that I was able to stick on to a horse my father was very anxious that I should become a Nimrod, and asked my uncle, George Fox, who kept the Bramham hounds, to send me out.

Accordingly one morning about the middle of October I was mounted on an animal called "High Price" and sent off at an early hour with my cousin Henry Fox. The meet was at 10 o'clock, and as we were not thought worthy of hacks we had to walk our impatient steeds along the high road to the rendezvous. My animal went sideways like a crab, fidgeting and

dancing about nearly the whole way; so that I did not much enjoy that part of the performance. At first we drew several coverts without success, but about 2 o'clock, as I was getting fearfully bored, I suddenly saw a fox get away and found myself in a capital position for a start. Away went "High Price" like a rocket, and for the first and last time in my life I felt the thrill of the chase and understood the basis on which an organisation has been reared which numbers all classes among its votaries and flourishes in all regions of the globe. My exaltation, however, did not last long, as after we had gone for about a mile and a half and had careered successfully over several fences, I lost a stirrup and found myself prone in a ploughed field. "High Price," with great delicacy of feeling, did not go far, but was restored to me by a rustic, and I soon came up with the chase, who were gathered about an earth into which the fox had disappeared. Here I received the satirical congratulations of my uncle. As all efforts failed to dislodge our prey, we abandoned the chase for the day and walked home at a foot's pace, a very tedious performance. The next day my uncle said that I should have my turn, and we went out shooting. But I was so stiff that I could hardly get over a hedge, and was subjected to a great deal of chaff from the seasoned Nimrods.

It was in the Easter holidays of my last year at Oxford that I first went to Wildernesse, a place which has been to me since a second home. At that time it was tenanted by Sir Charles Mills, afterwards Lord Hillingdon. The place was made about the middle of the eighteenth century by the first Lord Camden, who must have been an accomplished landscape gardener, as nothing could be more successful than the arrangement

of the woods and gardens. Indeed, if there were any water in the landscape, it would be one of the most beautiful parks in England. The great feature of the place are the avenues of beech, lime and Spanish chestnut. These were in their prime when I first knew them, and I have paced them many a time since under the sun or stars.

I will finish up my Oxford Chapter by relating an incident of my Oxford time, to which I cannot put an exact date. I happened one Sunday to attend the morning service at St. Mary's, where the celebrated J. W. Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, was then Vicar. Apparently some of the congregation had started a practice of leaving before the sermon, for as soon as prayers were over Burgon made an appeal for persons to remain in their places till the end of the service. One of the most conspicuous tradesmen in Oxford occupied a prominent pew, and no sooner had Burgon begun his appeal than he quitted his seat with considerable stir, and, accompanied by a fashionably-dressed family, walked slowly down the aisle towards the door. Burgon, who did not even turn his head, without a moment's pause continued in his high, thin tones, "Of course, I do not mean what I have said to apply to college servants whose duties naturally take them away at this time." The faces of the delinquents as they passed out under the eyes of the whole congregation were a study not readily forgotten by an observer of human nature.

CHAPTER VI

1870

Rome in 1870—Storey's Studio—Funeral of Grand Duke of Tuscany—George Lane-Fox—Converts—Social Life—Balls at the Sala Danté—Italian ditto—Bal Masqué—Carnival—Art—Football—Baths of Caracalla—The Pantheon—An American Tourist—Ticket-Taking—Marionettes—My Professor—Dinner at English Embassy—Jockey Club—Senate—Brigands—Naples—Pompeii—Ascent of Vesuvius—Bologna—Milan—Princess Margharita—Venice—Protestantism in Italy—Vienna—English Embassy—The Little Archduchess—The Bear-cubs—Queen's Birthday—The Races.

On January 15th I left London for Rome. I shall tell the story of the tour mainly by extracts from a journal, avoiding as far as possible what is to be found in the guide books, and attempting to continue the narrative of my own life and interests, even though related in the somewhat flippant style of the undergraduate.

After about a week's travelling I got to Genoa, whence I left for Rome on the following day. There I joined my cousin, Edward Liddell, who had rooms at the Hôtel de Londres with Clerk-Jervoise, acting chargé d'affaires in the absence of Lord Odo Russell.

It was not a bad time for visiting the city of the Popes, if one wished to have a last glance at her ancient glories. The temporal power still existed, and all that winter the town was the seat of an Ecumenical Council, numbers of bishops and prelates from all parts of the world being assembled, a last flicker of the old pomps and ceremonies before the splendour of the Papacy died out for ever.

"*Jan.* 28. What first strikes one is the oddity of, while driving about in a shooting jacket in a hackney cab, seeing written up on the corner of a dirty lane, 'Via Antonia,' or some such classical title. Secondly, the apparent total absence of the 'Seven Hills' and the Capitol.

"*Jan.* 29. Entering the abode of the famous sculptor Story, we found him and ten or a dozen people standing round a young lady in clay on a pedestal which a workman slowly turned round. The subject was Salome resting after her dance before Herod. She had just seated herself, had thrown one arm over the back of the chair, and crossed her legs in a bold attitude. Her feet and hands were beautiful, and the figure in clay so lifelike that one felt quite apprehensive lest she should take it into her head to get up, in which case her bournous must have fallen off. Her face was Egyptian, like all the female faces in the studio, except Sappho, who was vapid. In other parts of the building workmen were copying busts into the marble, in various stages of completion; most of them had the face cut out and the hair in rough, looking like so many judges in big wigs.

"*Jan.* 31. After *table d'hôte* we rushed out to see the funeral of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the only royal funeral there has been since the death of James III. of England, as they call him. The affair, like all shows of the R. C.'s, was very dramatic, soldiers in abundance, 6,000 of the best Papal troops in Rome marching to a mournful air with torches and reversed arms. The coffin was in a carriage of the Popes with two or three priests squeezed into the same vehicle. The glare of the torches was as effective to the sight as the mournful and monotonous sounds of the Zouaves' bugles to the ear. These Zouaves are talked about a great deal, but seem rather a mixed regiment. In their every-day leather gaiters, laced up tight, some look almost like cripples with strengtheners on their legs, being, for the most part, small and badly-made men. They are recruited from every nation under heaven, and swarm with English and Irish. Many of the privates are supposed to be gentlemen, have a club, and are much made of by the English Romanists. The natives are said to dislike these cosmopolitan

troops, and in the country they are in danger of being mobbed.

"*Feb.* 1. Got up early to hear the High Mass over the late Duke of Tuscany at Santa Apostoli. We found the coffin in the middle of the church surrounded by large pink wax candles in colossal candlesticks. These again were encompassed by the Swiss Guard in a rather theatrical costume, carrying halberts. After waiting for some time a papal mitre appeared over the heads of the soldiers. This mounted on to a raised chair, when it was removed, and a head disclosed like a silver pill in a white skull cap, that of Pio Nono himself. After a time he came down the aisle and sat on a raised chair close to us. I could see him splendidly, and a grand-looking old chap he was. The cardinals took off his mitre, and he began to intone the mass in a fine deep voice, quavering rather sometimes. He then rose and walked twice round the coffin, burning incense and sprinkling holy water. After the ceremony we saw him drive off so exhausted that he could not salute in return for the cheers of the people, but lay back in his carriage."

About this time there had been a good many conversions to Roman Catholicism among the English upper classes. One of the first of these was my cousin, George Lane-Fox, whose career was rather a remarkable one. He was captain of the boats at Eton, and after passing through Oxford, was for some years one of the smartest young men in London. He then joined the Cowley Fathers, a society near Oxford, where he was when I was at college. This soon ended in his beginning his training for the priesthood at Rome. After a time the authorities decided that his vocation lay more in the world, and he returned to ordinary life. Many years afterwards he took to politics, and after working with good effect in the cause of the Conservative party at Torquay, he was made Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League, a

post which he still fills with great success. I have seldom heard an Englishman who had such a power of fluent speech. He had also a gift for collecting stories, which he applied with much skill as illustrations of political principles. These powers made him an admirable platform speaker, and I have known a village audience clamour for him in preference to a well-known party orator.

A large section of the English society in Rome this winter was composed of persons who like G. Lane-Fox had joined the Church of Rome, or were tending in that direction. Of this society the following passage from my diary will give a glimpse.

"To a drum at the S——, where was Monsignor Capel, the fashionable preacher and 'verter.' He was a good-looking man, with a soft manner, but rather a restless, nervous deportment. Manning was also there, a fine-looking old chap, but with uneasy eyes. He was very civil—'great friend of your father's'—'you have the Liddell colouring,' etc. On his departure much fluttering and kissing of his hands from the young lady flock. The room was full of bishops, priests and deacons of the R. C. persuasion; among them a Father Hecker, an American, and a great gun. One fair convert wanted me to take a medal and repeat a Latin *pater* daily, with a view of obtaining the same results as had lately happened in the case of the Jew 'Ratisbonne.' This man had been a 'Unitarian and a Rationalist' and 'believed in a First Cause,' but after a week of the medal was converted."

Besides these serious entertainments there was a lighter side to our social life, viz., frequent balls given by the English and Americans, which mainly took place upon a crumb-cloth stretched upon a stone floor at the "Sala Dante." Owing to the number of Americans, the chief feature at these "hops" was the cotillon, or "German," as they called it, which usually

began about 12 o'clock, when a flood of chairs was poured in through a window, and there was a great scramble to get places in the front row. Some of the figures in this dance were most elaborate, a standing supply of machinery being kept at the Sala At these balls I first made the acquaintance of the all-conquering American girl, who was then beginning her invasion of Europe. The following extract describes my first encounter with one of them:

"Off to a ball given by some Americans of the name of M——, whose ballroom was said to be distinguished by the possession of the only wooden floor in Italy. When we arrived the cloakroom and the reception-room were lined with males, but not a lady was to be seen. Unfortunate Miss M—— was at her wits' end, but all she could do was to sacrifice herself by being continually led in to tea, till she must have been filled to the eyes. I was introduced to a Yankee girl, who, after we had taken one turn, said, 'I should like you to take me to the dressing-room.' Thinking this odd, I asked the cause. 'I guess,' said she, 'I have got my out-door shoes on.' With these words she pulled up her frock and displayed two enormous red felt slippers over her satin shoes. Accordingly I was taking her to the cloakroom, but becoming impatient, she sat down on a chair and kicked them off."

Before leaving England I had been armed with several letters of introduction by my aunt, Lady Bloomfield, which procured me invitations to a more aristocratic society than was to be met with at the Sala Dante. Some of these potentates were civil to me and did their best to introduce me to their compatriots. But as I was shy and *gauche* and did not speak the language, the native entertainments were always rather a penance.

"To an Italian dance at Princess Teano's. There had been a child's fancy ball in the early part of the

evening, and all the little creatures were at their tea when we arrived. There were post-boys in top-boots up to their thighs, about a foot long when taken off, with large horns wound round their tiny bodies, on which they made most unpleasant noises from time to time when one least expected it; small powdered shepherdesses, soldiers, postmen, Zouaves, and a marvellous Highlander in a scarlet waistcoat. The coolness of these little ladies and gentlemen and their grown-up ways were very amusing, exact miniatures of their papas and mammas. After tea they started another valse, circling with the greatest solemnity, till one of the post-boys got involved in his spurs, and drew down upon his little person a cairn of Highlanders, shepherdesses, and soldiers, which almost squeezed him flat, horn and all."

At the time of the Carnival an attempt was made on one occasion to fuse the native and tourist societies I have described. A *bal masqué* was advertised, under the special patronage of the Pope, in aid of the funds of some religious charity. All the most exclusive ladies in Rome were on the committee, and in order to overcome the distrust of the ordinary British mother for a *bal masqué*, it was given out that the most scrupulous care was to be taken in issuing tickets. Everything went well, and all the young damsels with particular mammas were rejoicing in the chance of being allowed for once to disport themselves in masks and dominoes. The entertainment was given in a huge hall at the Barberini Palace, masks and dominoes appeared in plenty, and people were beginning to look forward to supper, for in order to swell the funds extra tickets were necessary for that meal. All of a sudden, however, a kind of chill came down on the expectant throng. Many of the sterner mothers who had been suspicious all along, began to get uneasy, and set about gathering in their flocks.

In a short time, after hastily removing their masks and forcing their daughters to do the same they were seen thronging in crowds towards the staircase. By this time the cause of the disturbance had become obvious. Two little masked figures, got up as pages in short jerkins and coloured tights were swaggering about the room arm in arm, occasionally firing off Italian chaff. It afterwards transpired that some young Italians, with malicious intent, had contrived to elude the Papal police, and had imported two actresses from Florence, managing to get invitations for them under false names. When the hall was well filled with respectable British families, these damsels were let loose. The joke, though a cruel one, was very effective, as the advent of these undesirable aliens very shortly cleared the room of all but gentlemen, and they not caring to stay without the other sex, hardly any supper tickets were sold and the whole entertainment collapsed.

I have mentioned the Carnival, and will continue my narrative by some extracts from my diary describing some of the doings during that festival.

"About five, to the S. ——'s lodgings in the Corso to look at the Carnival. The room was in a horrid mess; all the carpet white with lime from the confetti. In the balcony were various young Amazons hurling away hammer and tongs from troughs suspended on the balustrade. The procedure for a youth who goes in for the thing is to don clothes like a baker's, and then to parade the streets in a wire mask, bearing a brown Holland bag of confetti and various bouquets. He being pelted by young damsels of his acquaintance, returns the fire in kind, or, if he thinks them worth it, with a bouquet. Miss F.——, being an R.C., and fair withal, attracted a perfect flower garden, and the balcony soon bloomed like a Duke's hot-house. I went out under fire for a while, but it was poor sport,

the confetti being messy missiles, which admit of no skill or force in their propulsion, and at the same time sting uncommonly in the face.

"Went down to the corner of the Via Condottieri to look at the Carnival. This was the last day, and the Corso was thronged with enthusiasts in every stage of dusty misery. The Government in a vain effort to compensate for the dulness of the festival, had allowed masks since Sunday, and these and fancy dresses were tolerably abundant. Some of the masks represented great sores, scalds, burns and leprous diseases; and the wearers rushed about uttering horrid cries. A large car, bearing a huge Neptune, and satellites with gaping fish heads, paraded the street, drawing a hot fire. In a balcony opposite us was a little lady in blue, who amused us greatly. She flung confetti incessantly without once flagging, and with an expression of intense amusement on her pretty face, rushing about to catch the bouquets that were thrown to her, and laughing and jabbering—a perfect incarnation of the Carnival. Three Britishers in another balcony nigh at hand were a strange contrast, shovelling out tons of confetti in tin trowels without changing a muscle of their countenances.

"At 11.30 went to the *bal masqué* at the Opera. The whole pit and stage are boarded over, and the shopkeepers of Rome, their wives and daughters, promenade about to the strains of music. The 'upper-crust' take boxes, and the gentlemen in evening dress and their ladies in masks and dominoes descend from time to time into the throng. There were a good many fancy dresses, harlequins, fools, and Highlanders. The latter attire is rather a favourite one, and is wonderful to behold. The garments are mostly coloured in large red and black squares, the lower limbs are clad in tight drawers, with loose leggings of red and black, dependent from the knees, while over all is a marvellous bonnet, generally bound with yellow. There was an incessant jabber on all sides, and great chaff seemed to be going on between the natives."

I have hitherto said little of the more serious part of my life at Rome, I mean that part of it which was

related to the art treasures and the classical and mediæval remains.

I had always been very susceptible to all impressions coming through the eyesight, and had a fondness for the classics, and a tolerable smattering of ancient history. It may, therefore, be easily imagined with what enthusiasm I found myself in a place which combines, perhaps, more objects of interest in art and history than any other in the world; and where, as Gray says, you see not with the eye of the body only, but with the eye of the mind.

From the moment of my arrival I began a course of sightseeing with my cousins and various parties of friends, and made and listened to all the usual speeches about S. Peter's and the Colosseum, which pass between intelligent tourists. It was not, however, till the arrival of my friend Franco Charteris, who joined us at the Hôtel de Londres, that an enthusiasm for Art, and especially for painting, was aroused in me, which was to be an abiding interest for the rest of my life. As the reader will remember, I had always been fond of drawing, and I had been brought up in old-fashioned artistic tastes to admire Salvator, Carlo Dolce, and water-colour sketches with a grey distance and a brown foreground—a species of art which the whirligig of time seems bringing again into fashion. But I had never been to the National Gallery, and had never even heard of Botticelli. Charteris, besides having an excellent eye for anything good, had lived among his father's pictures, and brought to the galleries a love of the old Italian Masters, with which he soon inspired me. An Oxford friend, to whom I shall ever be indebted, had lent me Layard's "Kugler," upon which I set to

work, getting from the book much help in forming my taste, and also an idea of the characteristics of each school and their relations to each other, which greatly increased the interest of the pictures themselves.

I have now given the reader a sufficient account of our life at Rome, tourist and social, during our six weeks' sojourn. I will conclude by a few extracts from the Diary which do not come under any particular heading.

"Played in a game of Eton football in the gardens of the Borghese Villa. Under what strange circumstances was this game played, which bears such different associations. A motley crew of about fifteen at first, which a few more afterwards joined, in every costume conceivable, from a Neapolitan fisher cap to an Eton house-shirt. Many of the fair sex came to patronise the sport, and strangers might be seen ransacking their guide-books for an explanation. The arena was an oblong amphitheatre of large extent, surrounded by steps. The rules were cosmopolitan, being confined to efforts to thrusting the ball, by hook or by crook, through the goal posts.

"To the Baths of Caracalla. The piles of masonry covered with shrubs and plants are more like 'tumbled fragments of the hills' than any work of man's. The ruins of Rome are not, as one expected, blocks of stone, so much as of brick, or rather of rubble cemented together in huge masses, the corners of which are rounded by age and weather, and which strew the floors of the vast halls just as they fell from the roofs and walls, when the mediævals took away the columns for churches or palaces. We were much amused by an officer of the Antibes Legion who came and asked us, 'which was the Bath of Caracalla.' On our pointing to some acres of ruins, he was much puzzled, and kept reiterating plaintively, 'Mais ou est donc le bain de Caracalle?' A small chamber paved with mosaic seemed more to correspond with his idea of the Emperor's tub. But he could not get over the difficulty that there was no water in it.

"Let me say that next to S. Peter's there is no place

in Rome so impressive as the Pantheon. The whole of the building, with the exception, of course, of the fittings, is Pagan; its peculiar feature being the large opening in the dome. The effect of looking up through this eye into the 'great temple not made with hands' is exceedingly impressive and solemn.

"Mr. and Mrs. R.—— and son are Americans at our hotel. R. père sometimes talks to me at breakfast. His questions about the price of land per acre in St. John's Wood, arising from my telling him of the purchase of Lords' by the Marylebone Club, exposed in me a lamentable ignorance of the price of land in London. Finding this, he begged me in a pitying way to give him some notion of what 75 feet of frontage would cost in Pall Mall, as if such information must be at the fingers' ends of the most ignorant, and when I failed lamentably, he triumphantly told me how many million dollars 15 feet would cost in Broadway. R. is doubtless a good man of business, but he has the defects of his qualities, as he tells me that, after booking himself for dinner at *table d'hôte*, he suffers the anxiety of a person who has entered into a contract. His mind is very analytic. For instance, he describes the voyage from America as made up of 'an element of tedium, an element of danger, and an element of expense.' He likes London as well as any town he knows. 'I like your damp climate, I like your theatres, your living, your fogs, your old, smoky streets, your parks and your hansom cabs. I like my own country, but I would as soon live in London as anywhere.'

"R. takes the itinerary at the end of Murray for persons who can only spend three weeks in Rome, and works off two days of it *per diem*, carrying a brown plaid and two or three guide-books. We met him one day in the Vatican with a large account book in which he was marking the values of the statues."

On March 4th, Charteris and I left Rome, and after a few days at Perugia and Assisi went on to Florence, where we took up our quarters at the Hôtel de Ville. Charteris had been suffering for some days from bad headaches, and when we got to our journey's end took

to his bed with an attack of malaria. I will give one or two notes from the diary relating to this period.

"Ticket-taking in Italy is the most intolerable nuisance. The officials are the slowest of the slow. As to the takers, directly an Italian comes in sight of a ticket office, even if it is half an hour before the starting of the train, he goes wild with excitement, and shouts and pushes, however many persons are before him. Thus the impassive Britisher is inevitably cut out, and even when he arrives at the counter many dirty brown hands, flourishing 'dirty white notes, come stealing under his arms and over his shoulders, and his ears are deafened by volleys of the names of small Italian towns.

"My ardour in viewing Thrasimene was rather damped by an American fellow-passenger calling it 'a remarkably fine piece of water,' so I passed it in silence."

"We were attracted by the word 'marionettes,' and strolled into a room filled with people of the lower class, all expectant. There was a small stage, in front of which was an orchestra composed of soldiers and others. The performance shortly began, and though we could not understand a word, it was decidedly interesting. The puppets were all suspended by their heads, and gesticulated with their hands exactly like the natives. The most absurd were a smart young lady and a swell in tight trousers. My attention was divided between the marionettes and a little lass sitting near me, whose face was most attractive, so completely was her soul in her eyes, which were riveted on the dolls, while her tightly clasped hands showed the intensity of her interest.

"A professor of the Italian tongue came for an hour. His name is Barbanera, and his English a perpetual joy. He gives me short English sentences to turn into Italian. Of one of these he is evidently very proud, repeating it every day, *viz.*, 'When I shall have considered my affairs, I shall go to Boboli's gardens, and take a walk wiz the beeootifoal young lay-dee.' The gusto with which he rolls out the last three words and the waggish leer which lights up his wizened old face are indescribable.

"To dinner at the British Embassy. The party consisted of Sir and Lady—— and two secretaries. Lady—— was very pretty, though she looked ill, as she has only just recovered from one of these Italian fevers. She was dressed in a picturesque gown covered with coins, and wore her hair in a long pigtail à la Marguerite. Her conversation was very amusing, delivered in a quaint broken English. The chief secretary told some absurd stories about the returns furnished to him by the officials here and at Naples, which makes one rather sceptical as to the modern statistical philosophy.

"At 6. 30 to dinner at the Jockey Club. There was a long table surrounded by Italians of various tints of yellow and brown, and many adaptations of the Victor Emmanuel coiffure. At the head of the table was an old swell of seventy, who was said to have been the handsomest man in Europe in his day, though I should not have given him so high a rating. A gloomy-looking person sat next to me, and there was a blank chair on the other side, so I did not get much talk. The dinner was good, and you would not know the *vin du pays* to be the same stuff as is served at the hotels. After dinner they handed round candles decorated with large branches of wire, the use of which I was at a loss to conjecture. Presently, however, cigars were brought in, which the guests seized and laid along these branches, with one end in the flame, the thing taking about five minutes to light, so hard and woody was it.

To-day I went to the Senate, which is held in a fine hall, the roof decorated with a symbolic representation of Italia, and the walls with a hideous picture of the King. At the further end of the room was a raised platform supporting a chair, on which was a yellow-faced President. Around him were the Ministers writing and reading the newspapers. In the body of the hall a snuffy old senator was making a report, to which no one even pretended to listen, except the President. Waiters darted about, refreshing the senators with sugar and water. After a while the reader ceased, and the senators all got up and stood in knots conversing with violent gesticulations. But as far as I could see nothing happened till the President rang his bell and the reading began again.

"There is a large influx of Americans at *table d'hôte* from a United States man-of-war at Leghorn. One of them gave us his views on Rome and Florence in a loud voice. 'He would not go to Rome, that city of dead men's bones, for 1,000 dollars. But if in Florence a man did not recover his health, he should advise him to say 'good-bye' to his friends, go to the swamps at once, and get it over.'

"A long conversation with the Professor. He is a man of liberal mind, and though a Catholic, hates the Pope and the priests. The latter, according to him, care for nothing but money. Brigands, he admits, are a disgrace to Italy, but he says they are maintained by the Pope and the King of Naples. Every brigand carries a Madonna in his hat, to whom he prays before the commission of any crime, and when they kill or capture anyone, they consider they are doing a good action in the cause of God, and His Viceroy on earth. In Tuscany there are no brigands, as the landlords there are humane, and only exact half the fruits of the harvest from the tenants, who, consequently, have enough to live on, whereas in Naples they squeeze them to absolute starvation. When a family is on the verge of dying of hunger, down come the brigands and give them food. Hence, when the soldiers arrive and say, ''Ave you seen de brigand?' they say, 'No brigand here.'

"Pisa. While I was looking at the frescoes in the Campo Santo, a British family came up, and the father asked me if I found the guide-book of much use for the pictures. 'Decidedly so,' I answered. 'Oh,' said he in rather a patronising way, 'We have made them all out ourselves. That one, of course, is Christ stilling the storm at sea.' 'No, sir,' I replied humbly, 'that is S. Dominic conveying the relics of S. Buffo from Jerusalem to Pisa.' At which he passed on."

At the end of March, as Charteris was making good progress, I left him and went to Naples.

The spring had been a very bad one in Italy. We had heard of men clearing away the snow from the streets of Bologna on March 28th, and even in Naples

it was very cold and wintry. However, in spite of the weather, I greatly enjoyed myself, finding in the museum more objects of interest than in any one collection I had yet visited. The classical drawings were quite a revelation to me, for in all of them, however rough, from a bunny pawing some grapes to the three Graces, there was a lack of that stiffness seen in second-rate modern art, and a graceful life and motion everywhere noticeable.

After doing all the sights of Naples, I visited Pompeii, and I shall never forget the strange feeling which comes over the mind when standing in the street of that town at seeing the ruts made in the pavement by the Roman vehicles 1,800 years ago. I do not think I remember any place in my travels which interested me more than Pompeii, but as it is familiar to everyone, I shall say no more about it, but pass on to an ascent of Vesuvius, which I made in company with two young Englishmen called Martin. I well remember how the first sight of the lava impressed me, rising in a brown mass on each side of the path, and twisted into the strangest shapes. It reminded me of the ideas I had formed of a plague pit, from reading "Old St. Paul's." One could have fancied it a seething mass of giant carcasses, with trunks and limbs twisted together in the confusion of decay. Having reached the foot of the cone, which was smoking like a great bonfire, we got off the horses which had hitherto carried us, and ascended a steep path covered with small fragments of lava most fatal to shoe leather. At last we stood on the edge of the crater, and looked into an abyss filled with steam, down which, when the wind lifted the vapour, it was possible occasionally to see about thirty feet. The

wind and cold were such that we soon had to retire. The rest of the journey is thus described in a letter home:—

"The descent from here to the bottom of the cone was the greatest sport I have had for a long time. Your path lies through small hollows filled with cinders and dust, and is at the same time very steep. You just let yourself go, the ashes slipping with your feet, so that you clear from twelve to fourteen feet at each bound. The rapid motion is most exhilarating, and at the same time there is the excitement of steering clear of the many reefs of lava jutting out of the ashes. So we all voted that it was worth while coming to Naples merely to go down Vesuvius."

After about ten days at Naples, I went back to Florence, where I found Charteris much better for his quinine treatment, and we resumed our pursuit of art, being accompanied at times by C. A. Fyffe, a Balliol man, who had turned up there.

A few days after this time I made an expedition with Fyffe to Siena, a place which I thought singularly attractive from a sort of atmosphere of charm, which I have not quite matched before or since. Possibly a good deal was due to the beauty of the early spring days in Italy.

Spending a week at Siena we returned to Florence, and then went on to Bologna. The plunge from the Florentines to the Caracci was a sudden one, and I find, on looking at my journal, that we were very critical of the later school. I shall not, however, trouble the reader with our theories, but will relate the following incident from real life which took place on the journey from Parma to Verona:—

"While waiting for the train, some Americans came into the pound into which passengers are shut. Enter to them the porter of the hotel seeking a tip. One of

the Yankees replied, as usual, in our own tongue: 'Porterage paid in the account.' His friend, more prompt, went up to the guardian of the 'pound' and said, 'Questo homo non ha billietty,' which masterly stroke routed the porter instanter."

We arrived at Milan on April 23rd, and had a good time there, as the weather was beautiful, and Charteris, being now practically recovered, we were able to do as much sight-seeing as we wished. Indeed, for the first few days we seem to have suffered from an artistic surfeit, brought on by the rich feasts of Florence being followed by the indigestible fare offered by the "Naturalisti." From this melancholy condition we were eventually restored by the genius of Leonardo, as shown in the "Cenacolo" and the drawings in the Ambrosian Library. Our impression of the former work was that, on the whole it must have been, when new, the finest picture ever painted, combining in a wonderful degree the highest qualities of unity, simplicity, and animation.

The presence of a French company enabled us to patronise the theatre with some hopes of understanding the piece, which was not the case in most Italian towns. Besides enjoying the drama, we both lost our hearts to the Princess Margherita, now the ex-Queen of Italy, who frequented a box opposite to us.

"The Principessa was at the theatre looking very pretty and *espiègle*. It was great fun to watch her dancing about in the box between the acts and gesticulating before the looking-glass. She apparently had, in conjunction with a large paternal Count in waiting, some joke against her lady, which caused tremendous skippings and gesticulations, and at one time, when some great secret had to be whispered, she flung her arm almost round the Count's neck, without causing

any surprise in the recipient of this favour or in the audience."

On April 29th we went to the lakes, and after a few days there on to Verona, where Charteris left me, to my great sorrow, on his way home, and I accompanied Mrs. Gunning and my cousin, Victoria Liddell, with whom we had fallen in at Verona, to Venice. As may be supposed, I was greatly interested and impressed on arriving at this ancient city, so famous in story, and so different from any other town in the world.

But I shall not inflict any rhapsodies as to Venice on my readers, who have doubtless, most of them, gone through the same experience, but will content myself with one extract on a more mundane subject:—

"Went to the English Church. The sermon, or rather lecture, was preached by an American, and was uncommonly interesting. The speaker had been sent by the American Church to investigate the state of feeling in Italy as to Protestantism, with a view to the Transatlantic Church giving help if any was needed. He gave a curious description of the state of things in Italy at present. Religion and patriotism were now, he said, in direct opposition to each other, as the only form of Christianity known to the majority of the nation was Romanism, which was hostile to a united Italy, in which all the aspirations of the Italians are centred. Hence it is a case of no Christianity at all with most of them, as they find such a religion incompatible with their most cherished hopes. The great struggle of the earnest Christians among them is to reconcile the two hostile elements by modifying the existing faith. All help directly from without was hopeless, as the excessive pride of the natives would only follow a lead that was Italian, and even within combination was difficult, as those holding liberal ideas were extremely reserved, looking with distrust on all advances. However, by the medium of a certain paper in Florence called the *Examinatore*, the commencement of an organisation had been formed. The history of the

paper was one of great struggles. A very capable man had started it, and kept it going with great difficulty till his death. His place could not be supplied, so his eldest son took it on, and his eyesight failing, the next brother, who being compelled to abandon it by professional duties, a third brother took his post, and has kept the paper afloat with good results."

From Venice I went by Trieste to Vienna, where I was to stay at the Embassy with my uncle, Lord Bloomfield. He and my cousin, Mrs. Lytton (now the Dowager Lady Lytton), met me at the station, accompanied by a magnificent being in uniform, called a Leib-jäger, who got my luggage in the twinkling of an eye. I still remember how delightful this welcome was after some months of hotel omnibuses, and am grateful for the kind thought which suggested it.

And now began a very different life from the wandering one I had been leading for the last six months, a life of black coat and tall hat, of dinners and society.

I do not know that there is any more enjoyable form of existence than living in a friendly English home in a foreign country. Within there is the comfort and repose that comes from the familiar ordering of every-day things, a congenial companionship and converse, while without and around is the bright foreign setting with all its stimulus and novelty. My uncle, Lord Bloomfield, was a very kindly person, with the polished manners of the old school; my aunt was a good deal younger, and though somewhat of a *malade imaginaire*, was a clever, agreeable woman, well versed in the society of foreign capitals. Robert Lytton, who had married my cousin, Edith Villiers, was first Secretary of the Legation; my cousin, W. Barrington, was an attaché. I think that the Lyttons left for England just after I arrived, as I do not recall seeing them,

except on the first day of my visit. The other members of the Embassy staff whom I remember were a Mr. St. John, Colonel Conolly, and a Mr. Smythe, all of whom were very kind and civil.

The following extracts from my diary will give some glimpses of my life at Vienna.

"Started for Schönbrunn, where some of us went to call on a Miss T——, an English lady, who is governess to the little Archduchess. The ante-chamber of her apartment is the playroom of the little girl, who is about two years old. There were dolls' houses filled with miniature furniture, and small models of men and women seated at table therein, or stiffly disposed on sofas, with their legs in most uncomfortable, not to say indelicate, attitudes. Before the house, on the floor, were two toy bears and a nice little red damask arm-chair. Such are the surroundings of young Queens!

"In the Embassy stable-yard live two little bear cubs brought back by St. John, one of the attachés, from a hunting expedition. They are funny, plump little creatures, with huge heads and stiff, bolster-like legs. It is great sport to watch them with a black poodle, who is their neighbour. They try to play with him, but the dog doesn't see it, being rather frightened at their uncouth gestures. While we were at dinner, one of them climbed up into a window and stood there snarling, and defying all the efforts of the servants to get him down."

At subsequent dates I find it recorded:

"The bears have so increased in size and ferocity that they weigh like a nightmare on St. John, who don't know what on earth to do with them, but expects them daily to rise up and rend him. Bears being at a discount here, no zoological societies want them; and bear's grease is unknown.

"At last it occurred to him that he should offer them to the Empress, (who is very gracious to all Englishmen), for her collection of animals at Schönbrunn. The offer was accepted, and I remember, early one

morning, on going to the station, bound for some expedition, seeing St. John in evening clothes and a white tie being dragged up and down the platform by his unruly charges, whom he was ordered to present in person to Her Majesty. We heard that his reception was most favourable.

"There was a large dinner to-night for the Queen's birthday. The staircase was lined with splendid menials, through whom I repaired to the large hall, which was filled with cloth of gold, variously disposed on the human form, much on the great, less on the lower officials. There was the gallant Austrian warrior, poker-backed, throttle-stocked, with blanket tunic and light-blue lower man. Hungarians also in fur great-coats and top-boots. A satire, surely, on uniform is a great-coat at dinner with the thermometer at 80, even though the coat be hung on your back. After considerable waiting, we paced into the dining-room to the strains of slow music. The Austrians all edge up together, so as to prevent one another taking the precedence, except in the case of undoubted grandees. One man had refused this morning, as he thought another was coming who would be above him, but on being told that his rival could not appear, he withdrew his refusal at once. However, far the most brilliant and majestic of all was my friend the 'Leib-jäger,' who handed dishes blazing like a meteor. The English butler quite kept up the tradition of Castlereagh at the Conference. Though outwardly adorned only by black tights and swallow-tail coat, his look would have quelled any two Prime Ministers. The heat was fearful, and I think many of the grandees must have envied the American Minister and myself, who were the only persons comfortably dressed. These torments were also enhanced by the delay in serving out the champagne, which was kept for the Queen's health, proposed just before the asparagus. This was accompanied by a few bars of 'God save the Queen,' a song of Sion in a strange land, which raised our loyalty, hitherto depressed by the Embassy portrait of Her Majesty, which hung over the Ambassador's head. St. John says that they are served out to all the Embassies by the Office of Works. The one in China when he was there was

greatly admired by the Chinese, who asked if it was his Goddess, and on learning that it was his sovereign, could not understand why her neck was uncovered.

"We all went to the Vienna races. These take place in the Prater, where there is a grand stand of the usual type, with partitions for Royalty. There was a large sprinkling of fashionable Vienna, but no crowd at all, or any representation of the lower orders, except the stable boys. Racing in Austria is not a pursuit that creates general enthusiasm, but society goes in for it, as 'Anglomania' is just now prevalent. The English names of the horses and the slang English racing terms appearing in the German land were amusing. There was one animal called 'All my eye,' and another 'Lady Mordaunt.' The last-named was especially popular, and while she was running you heard cries of 'Ladee Mordaunt' in all varieties of pronunciation. The actual racing was very dull, one horse being always a long way the favourite, and going away from the others immediately at the start. In the Kaiser's pagoda were the Empress and the Queen of Naples. I borrowed a glass and went down into the ring to inspect these celebrated beauties. Both very pink and white, the Empress with lovely eyes and hair, but a somewhat expressionless face. The Queen of Naples was a most determined-looking lady, with a broad, massive chin. They were draped in white jackets and had green parasols."

CHAPTER VII

1870—1876

First London Ball—Lady Elcho—Old Lord Wemyss—Lord Elcho—Dancing Lessons—Death of F. Charteris—Franco-Prussian War—Stobhall—Gordon Castle—Drumlanrig—A. B. Dixon's Chambers—Thomas Carlyle—Barons Martin and Bramwell—My Duties as Marshal—Visit to John Day—The Western Circuit—Adventure on the Dart—Bodmin—Bristol—Go Marshal on Oxford Circuit—Quain and Grove, JJ.—To Oxford by Water—The Oxford Circuit—Dresden—Bowen's Chambers—The Tichborne Case—Eslington—Durham Sessions—My First Brief—R. G. Williams—My First Assizes—Life at the Bar—Visits on Circuit—Unfitness for the Law—Dockers—First Important Case—Holly Grove—Life in London—Devilling—Reporting for *The Times*—Stobhall—My Shooting—Dresden—Division of the Circuit—Grand Court—Constance Lawley—My Drawing—Tennyson.

AT the end of May I left my kind hosts at the Englischer Botschaft, and after a few days in Paris arrived in London, where a newly-acquired beard was the subject of much criticism on the part of my sisters. The very first night of my arrival my father insisted, much to my disgust, on my going to a ball at Montagu House, where he introduced me to many of his numerous friends. Among these were Lady Elcho and her daughter Evelyn, who was one of the beauties of the season. Her mother was still very handsome, pale, with heavy dark hair, but had a stateliness of manner which was somewhat alarming to a raw youth. These are the only two figures which stand out plainly to me in recalling my first evening in London society, and it is fitting that they should do so, as Lady Elcho afterwards was a second mother to

me, and her daughter and I have been close friends through life. Lady Elcho was one of the truest instances of an English great lady that I have ever met. The simplicity and nobility of her nature made themselves felt by all about her, and attracted great and small alike, though her intellectual gifts were only those of an ordinary clever person. A thorough woman, she combined the unselfishness of her sex with a courage and straightforwardness which made her the most genuine of human beings. Indeed, she seemed to live in a sort of mountain atmosphere which was above all the small conventionalities and fictions of society, which she somehow disregarded without giving any offence. By the world she was thought alarming, as her majestic and rather impassive carriage concealed the warmth of her heart, not for her own friends only, but for anyone who was in sorrow or trouble; while her direct and sensible criticisms on matters of literature and art, in which she took a keen interest, made her talk often instructive and always worth hearing. Though she had lived all her life in fashionable society, there was no one more alive to the truth of Goethe's words, "Earnestness alone makes life eternity."

Some days after the ball I lunched at the Elchos' house in St. James' Place, and met my friend, Franco Charteris, who had by this time returned from Italy. The house had belonged to the poet Rogers, and was filled with pictures and objects of *virtu* which Lord Elcho had collected. One of the guests at this luncheon was the old Lord Wemyss, Lord Elcho's father, a stalwart and very Scottish-looking old gentleman of over seventy. I am always glad to have seen this fine specimen of an older generation, who had

been one of the best-known sportsmen of his time, and specially celebrated as a Master of Hounds. I remember to have read in Nimrod's sporting tour that Lord Elcho, as he then was, keeping his hounds at Dunse, several times rode over from Edinburgh, a distance of forty miles, before breakfast, and back again in the evening.

His son, the present Lord Wemyss, was in some ways a still more remarkable man than his father, and as he has long been a public character, I hope that I shall not be doing wrong if I endeavour to give a rough sketch of him, as I did of the Dons at Balliol. His mother had been a Bingham, a sister of Lord Lucan, of Crimean fame, a clever and beautiful woman, but small, with finely-cut features. Lord Elcho himself was a curious combination of his two parents. He had the stalwart figure and large bony structure of his father, but on the top of it a rather thin, delicately-shaped face, reproducing in large his mother's beautiful outlines and richness of colour. I have always heard that when a young man, his *tout-ensemble* was very remarkable, especially from the brightness and animation which seemed to radiate from his presence, and to lighten up any company into which he entered; a statement which is borne out by Ruskin in his "Præterita," saying that when at Christ Church Lord Elcho was the finest specimen of the Caucasian he had ever met. He had also inherited his father's sporting gifts, being a first-rate rider and shot; indeed, even when I knew him, he could do most things better than other people. All his life he had had a genuine devotion to art and an instinctive appreciation of anything which was good. As he began to collect pictures and objects of *virtu*

from a young man, he had brought together a number of beautiful things in his home in St. James' Place, especially old masters, many of which he had picked up at low prices before the rage for such things set in. He was himself an amateur artist of considerable skill, having an unusual power of drawing likeness from memory, and a keen eye for the picturesque in nature, especially of effects of light on the sea and clouds. To show how versatile were his gifts, I may mention that, at a later time, when eighty years old, he was completing at the same moment a nude statue of Venus life-sized, and a patent spade to be carried by soldiers, which could be used also as a saw, a frying-pan or a hatchet. Like everyone, doubtless he had the defects of his qualities, but I shall not "lay hands on my father Parmenides." There are not many men, and certainly not many Scotsmen, who possess the rare and indefinable gift of charm which was undoubtedly his.

From the time of my arrival in London to the end of the season, I gave myself up to society, as my father had determined that I was to have a year's holiday before starting to work at the Bar. In this pursuit I found myself considerably handicapped by my want of skill in dancing. It was therefore arranged that I should attend at M. D'Egville's house in Conduit Street and have some private lessons. This was a very trying performance. I was turned into a room with two active young women, who in turn played the piano and whirled me round on a stretched crumb-cloth. As luck would have it, the house was being painted outside, and the time of my lesson corresponded with the dinner hour of the painters, who sat in a row watching my efforts and making sarcastic

remarks, which were perhaps the more telling because they could not be heard through the glass.

In July this year my friend, Franco Charteris, who has been so often mentioned in these pages, died from an accident with a revolver in his father's house. I shall not dwell on this tragedy, one of the greatest sorrows of my life. The ball lodged in his brain, and he remained for some days in an unconscious state. I was allowed to see him not long before his death, and found his mother by his side clothed in white, and with her marble face and her long black hair looking like a denizen of another world, who had come to end his sufferings and bear away his soul.

At the close of the summer the French war broke out, and a startling series of surprises followed in quick succession. Few persons in English society had any idea that the Germans would win. Indeed, I remember Colonel Reilly, who had accompanied the Austrian army as Military Attaché in the disastrous campaign of 1866, and who ought, therefore, to have known something of Prussian efficiency, declaring that the French would be in Berlin in six weeks. Accustomed as our minds soon became to wonderful events, I still recall the astonished doubt with which I saw one fine September day, as I was walking across Oxford Circus, a newspaper placard announcing the surrender of the French Emperor and his army at Sedan.

About the middle of September I went to Scotland and paid various visits, beginning with the Grahams at Urrard, a place which I have mentioned in my Oxford chapter.

While there I caught my first salmon, an epoch in everyone's existence, as T. H. Green used to say of the first reading of "Faust."

Mr. Graham, my host at Urrard, rented also a place on the Tay called Stobhall, a curious little old Scottish house with a quaint garden, perched on a ledge above the river. It belonged to Lady Willoughby de Eresby, and chairs, curtains, and table-cloths were all of Drummond tartan, which was quite in keeping with the spirit of the place. One of Fred Walker's most beautiful drawings was done in the old garden, and "Mr. Briggs" caught his first salmon in a stream a little way below the house, both Walker and Leech having been friends of my host. In those days the fishing on the Tay was mostly what is called "harling," *i.e.*, the fisher sits in a boat rowed backwards and forwards across the water by two fishermen with a rod fixed in front of him, which tows a fly some distance off down the stream. To an expert this method is comparatively poor sport, as the boat catches the fish, and the angler merely plays it when hooked. But to a novice like myself it was exciting enough, and I remember that no rain or wind could keep me indoors if the water was fishable.

On leaving Urrard I went to Gordon Castle, where I found as good salmon fishing as the island affords, and was instructed in the art of "casting," which by a person accustomed to trout-fishing is easily acquired up to a certain point. My arrival at this angler's paradise was of rather an alarming character to a shy youth. I had met my old Eton acquaintance, March, at the Blair games, and was by him asked to visit his father's place. Accordingly I fired off a letter a few days before, but as March had gone to a shooting-lodge up in the hills, he did not get the letter in time to communicate with the Castle. It was dressing-time when I arrived, and I was rather disturbed by

the look of surprise which the groom of the chambers was unable to conceal, and at his saying that he "would tell His Grace," instead of showing me to my room. My horror may be conceived when, on turning down the counterpane, I saw that the bed was not prepared. I dressed with all speed, but they had gone into dinner when I got down, and I had to march into the middle of a smart party, few of whom were known to me. Though I was received with kindness, my position was rather a trying one till March came back, and a day or two later my father and sisters appeared. Gordon Castle was unique in its way. Thirty years before, when my father used to go there as a young man, no one ever thought of fishing in the Spey but the butler. In 1870 there were, I should think, some ten or twelve miles of river abounding in fish, and nearly all fishable from the bank. This was divided into beats of two or three pools each, and to each beat a fisherman was attached, and a boat kept on most of the pools. All these myrmidons used to assemble in a court at the back of the Castle after breakfast, and the would-be anglers, who generally comprised all the men in the Castle, waited for orders in a paved room surrounded with models of exceptional fish and other trophies. About 10 o'clock the orders came down written in the Duke's hand, specifying the beat each guest was to have, and the fisherman who was to attend him. A pool near the house was always kept for the ladies, though in those days, except the daughters of the house, fisherwomen were not numerous. As soon as he had got his orders, everyone rushed out, taking a sandwich which he had constructed at breakfast, and either walked to a near beat, or was driven to a far one, returning mostly just in

time for dinner. It was a grand life for the men, though not a specially social one, as the evenings were short and the sportsmen sleepy.

On leaving Gordon Castle, I went to another house where the sport, though of a different sort, was equally enjoyable. This was Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, an almost princely possession, and the more imposing because approached through no park wall or definite "policy," although some miles from the house you became aware that you were in the demesne from the well-clipped hedges which bordered the roads. The house itself, an imposing structure built of red granite, square, with corner turrets, stood upon rising ground, dominating the valley of the Nith. In the autumn there was excellent wild shooting four or five days a week, consisting of grouse or blackcock driving, or beating small coverts in the glens and valleys. The shooting party of some eight to twelve guns started after an early breakfast in an omnibus with four horses and postilions, driving often many miles into the hills, and only getting back in time for dinner. I remember one day during my first visit seeing seventy-two blackcock laid out at lunch, and on another occasion, when I disgraced myself by my bad shooting, the bag was over two hundred brace of grouse. In those days Walter Francis, the old Duke, used sometimes to accompany us. He seldom handled a gun, but generally took a walking-stick and stood on the flank of the drive watching the shooting, and commenting afterwards on the performance. Though not more than twelve years older than my father, he had all the flavour of an older generation. His great position and vast estates made him something of a grand seigneur, though his habits were simple and his appearance

rather that of an Elder of the Kirk. He always wore a dark grey cutaway coat, shepherd's plaid trousers, and a cap with a large peak, and out of doors carried a plaid over his shoulder. His manner was abrupt, and he was fond of a brusque sort of chaff, but no one had a kinder heart.

The year's holiday, which my father had prescribed after Oxford, having come to an end, and it being the fashion in those days for a would-be barrister to read six months with a conveyancer, I entered at the beginning of the Epiphany Term, 1871, in the chambers of A. B. Dixon. This was at first somewhat of an ordeal after the life of amusement I had been leading. The scene of my studies was a dark poky room on the ground floor of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, lit by a reflector and looking into a dusty little yard. This den was tenanted by three other pupils and myself, while A. B. lived in a dog-kennel opening out of our room and warmed only by an old stove. Each pupil had a small table, and there was another large one under the window covered with stacks of dusty papers, tied up in tape, which had once been red.

Our day began at 10 a.m., when A. B. read with us for an hour in an exhilarating work called "Williams on Real Property," which he expounded with great gusto. A. B. himself was not quite what one would expect from his profession and surroundings, though he always looked as if he would have been the better for a good dusting. He was a broad, cheery little man, with good features, a shock of hair inclined to curl, and a twinkling eye. I believe that he loved his profession, and thought an "Abstract of Title" the finest achievement of human intelligence—a point of view in which I eventually came to share more than

could have been expected. My fondness for handling words and for work requiring ingenuity rather than thought, gave me considerable interest in "Conveyancing," while the amount of history and occasional picturesqueness in the law relating to land made it more attractive to my taste than the more modern and business-like commercial law.

Accordingly, for the first few months in New Square I worked with vigour, and attended with regularity for all the six months of my apprenticeship; but after Easter I am afraid that the claims of Terpsichore interfered considerably with my studies. My father always held strongly to the view that it was part of a young man's education to take his fill of society during the early years of his life. I think that perhaps he was justified by his own experience, as the great number of his friends and his knowledge of persons in influential positions had often been of use to him. But, on the whole, I have serious doubts whether this regime should be generally recommended, from the point of view of efficiency. It is not merely that it prevents regularity of work, leads to desultory habits, and accustoms its votary to a mode of life which renders discomfort difficult. Its great drawback is that it softens a young man's whole fibre, surrounding him with shallow standards in morals and taste, and, substituting persiflage for earnestness, prevents him taking things seriously till it is too late.

In the winter of this year I met Thomas Carlyle. Lady Taylor, who had been one of our Sheen friends, knowing that I, in common with most of my generation, was an admirer of the Sage of Chelsea, very kindly asked me to dinner to meet him. He was then old

and shrunken, with a great shock head of grey hair and bright eyes. At dinner I was too far off to hear his talk. But when the ladies had gone I managed to get nearer, and listened to his vivid and picturesque stories, which came out one after another, quite silencing Sir John Coleridge, who had a great reputation as a raconteur. I remember that he told the story of his being a juror in a civil action, when after a protracted trial, the jury were shut up without food or fire, as was then the custom, and failed to come to an agreement after some hours' disputing. Eleven of them were of one way of thinking, but the twelfth held out. Carlyle gave a vivid presentment of this individual; a ponderous man with a face like an egg, whose pockets were filled with sandwiches and biscuits, on which he from time to time regaled himself. As long as these stores lasted he would listen to no argument. But at last when his stock was exhausted Carlyle tackled him, pointing out that the party whom he favoured must necessarily be put to the expense of a new trial, when, as every one must admit, the odds would be eleven to one against his getting a verdict. This argument, backed by the want of sandwiches, eventually prevailed over the egg-faced man, and Carlyle led the jury back to the Court in triumph. After we joined the ladies, the story-teller merged in the prophet, a much less interesting phase. He sat in an arm-chair surrounded by all the women of the party, some literally sitting at his feet, and poured forth a monotonous chant of denunciation of the manners, minds and morals of the present generation, "a tale of little meaning, though the words were strong."

In the following spring I went as Marshal to Baron

Martin on the Western Circuit, Baron Bramwell being the other Judge. Both Judges were friends of my father, and it was certainly a great piece of good luck being thrown into intimate relations with two such curious and individual characters, representing types which were rapidly passing away. Baron Martin, like many other legal lights, came from the north of Ireland, and spoke in a strong dialect, not unlike that used in Lancashire. He was more or less master of two subjects, law and racing, whilst on most others he was as ignorant as a boy. Racing was not in my line, but I believe he had a prodigious acquaintance with racing history, and knew the winners of all the chief events for many years back. As a lawyer, without being in any way a pundit or philosophic jurist, he had a sound knowledge of ordinary and commercial law, and a strong common sense in the application of this knowledge. In history, literature and art, he seemed to take no interest whatever, and if ever he had had any education in these subjects he had discarded, one can hardly say forgotten it, as his memory for law and racing was very retentive. Many stories were current illustrative of this peculiar condition of his mind, such as his remark "That Shakespeare is an enormously over-rated man." On one occasion he said to my father, "Mr. Liddell, neither Minos nor Rhadamanthus, nor any other angel from heaven, could try an election petition," and to myself once, when we were walking about Plymouth waiting for a train, he pointed to a chimney near the station to which we were returning, and remarked, "Yonder is our Ultima Thule." One long vacation he was at Folkestone and much enjoying himself, sitting on the beach and reading the new

Bankruptcy Act, when he announced to his family that he was going to Canterbury. They felt some surprise, and on his return asked him what he thought of the Cathedral. "What Cathedral?" replied the Baron. "Why, didn't you go to Canterbury to see the Cathedral?" said Lady Martin. "Cathedral," answered old Sam, "what should I want with a Cathedral? I went to see the Cattle Show of course." These utterances of his were conveyed with a pronunciation and emphasis peculiar to the speaker, which cannot be reproduced in writing.

Real property law being the Baron's weakest point, he had a great admiration for masters of this learning, like Mr. Justice Willes, and Baron Cleasby, and was fond of assuring us that these pundits were the greatest lights that the human race had ever seen. Occasionally he used to add to this distinguished couple "a young man of the name of Gerard, who was at Trinity College, Dublin, with me, and I am not sure that he was not the cleverest of the three. But having taken an out of the way living, he so vexed himself over the question of Regeneration by Baptism that he went off his head."

Baron (afterwards Lord) Bramwell was quite as great a character, though not such an oddity as Martin. He was a large man with a massive head, a deep voice and well-shaped hands. He was much more of a man of the world than Martin, and had none of the childlike simplicity and ignorance of things in general which formed such a strange feature in the nature of that worthy. Bramwell had a commanding character and a power of insight, which made it a pleasure to hear him try a case. I should not say that he was a man of literary or artistic tastes, but he was certainly fond of

music, and often used to play on the old pianos which decorated our lodgings.

On looking back to the time of that Western Circuit, I have often wished that I had been able to take down verbatim the conversations which took place between the two Judges, as it may be conceived that two such originals, both having complete confidence in their own views, handled topics in a thoroughly novel manner, quite unlike anything I have heard before or since.

The duties of a Marshal were not severe, though my desire to learn my profession kept me in Court most of the day. When the Judge was in the Civil Court, the Marshal had to abstract the record. The record was a long roll of parchment containing the pleas in all the cases to be tried. The abstraction consisted in writing out on a separate piece of paper the names of the case and the titles of the pleas, such as "non-assumpsit"; or where the plea was a special one, giving a précis of its contents. Our other duties were ordering the carriage, writing and answering invitations, and generally acting as sort of A. D. C.'s to the Judge.

One afternoon, at Winchester, Martin rose early, and we drove across the downs to ——, where a well-known trainer called John Day had his stables. The Baron was *persona gratissima* with all the racing world, and Mr. Day and his son received us with great honour. After seeing the stables we witnessed a trial between "Sir Amyas," who was one of the crack horses of that year, and another animal. While this was going on, some figures were espied in the distance crouching behind gorse bushes. These were touts who had come to spy upon "Sir Amyas." They were immediately pursued by some of the stablemen, but

managed to effect their escape. At 3 o'clock we sat down to a thoroughly British dinner of boiled salmon, roast pork, and apple-tart. I vainly endeavoured to shake off the repletion caused by this meal by walking back to Winchester across the downs, but found that I was quite incapable when the Judges' dinner to the Bar took place at seven o'clock. However, as one of our duties was to carve at this entertainment, I had not much time for my own wants.

The spring of 1871 was exceptionally mild, and I enjoyed the time at Dorchester, Exeter and Bodmin, where we went on leaving Winchester.

The business at these places was not onerous, and was mainly in the hands of two leaders, Cole, Q. C., and Lopes, Q. C. (afterwards Lord Justice). These two were at daggers drawn, and their quarrellings at times became unpleasant. Cole was a quick, shrill, eager man with a sharp voice, a beaky nose and a bright eye. Lopes was a slow, steady, careful advocate, solidly built, with a general stoniness of appearance. He was at times exasperating from his phlegm and imperturbability, driving his antagonist quite wild, and even rubbing up occasionally the good-natured Sam Martin.

At Exeter there was a great debate on an important point of law and custom, *viz.* whether the Judge could go to an oyster supper with the High Sheriff. It was well established that the Sheriff, as the Judge's servant, could not ask them to dinner, but someone started the idea that after 12 o'clock the Sheriff's service terminated till the next day. A solemn consultation was held, and this specious doctrine was decided to be fallacious. A compromise, however, was effected by its being arranged that the banquet should be given by the High Sheriff's wife.

After the Assizes at Exeter, Baron Martin and I went to spend Saturday and Sunday with a friend of his near Totnes. The grounds of the house ran down to the Dart, and on Sunday afternoon I embarked in an old dinghy, which I picked up, on a voyage down the river. I was tempted to round point after point, and eventually found myself late in the afternoon stuck on a sand bank. I had to take off my shoes and stockings and jump overboard in order to get off, which I succeeded in doing, though I got very muddy in the process, and in my struggles broke one of the sculls. I was now in a pretty plight, being several miles from home, and with only one scull to propel the boat. However, I started rowing like a gondolier from the after-thwart, which lifted the boat's bow and enabled me to use the wind to prevent the rowing from one side bringing her round. In this way I arrived at home just in time to dress, feeling after my feat of seamanship quite a second Admiral Rous.

At Bodmin the Judge's lodgings were in a girl's school, which turned out when the Assizes came on. I had a large four-post bed, evidently occupied by several girls, as it was all in ridge and furrow, and was like sleeping on a gridiron.

Bristol was the last town on the Circuit. The Corporation, who were our hosts, had taken a good house for us at Clifton, not far from the Suspension Bridge, and entertained us very well. When we arrived, I was told by the butler that the Corporation did not allow each marshal more than six whiskies-and-sodas *per diem*. This seemed a liberal allowance, but it was explained to me that the restriction arose because a former marshal, who had been in the army, had given an entertainment to his friends from the

Bristol barracks, who consumed a fabulous number of these refreshers at the expense of the Municipality.

On my return from Circuit I resumed work with A. B. Dixon, and spent the summer in conveyancing by day and dancing by night. At the end of June I went as marshal to Mr. Justice Quain, on the Oxford Circuit. The other Judge was Mr. Justice Grove, Coleridge Grove (now General Sir Coleridge Grove, K.C.B.), a captain in the army, being his marshal.

Quain was an odd man outwardly and inwardly. He was very short and round, with a large forehead, protruding eyes, and no chin. Owing to his having been brought up in Germany, he was more of a philosopher than most English lawyers of eminence, and he was excellent company when in a good humour, though this condition did not always obtain, as he was of an irritable temperament, and much inclined to be huffy if he thought his dignity was not sufficiently recognised. Mr. Justice Grove was quite as much of a character in his way. He was a most likeable man, though rather difficult, as his bad health made him fanciful, and full of odd habits which nothing would induce him to modify. As a man of science he had a European reputation, and his education and tastes in this direction gave a bent to his mind most unlike that of the ordinary legal luminary. His talk was full of wisdom and interest, and all that he said bore the stamp of an original intellect.

The Circuit began at Reading, and as when the work there was over we had a day to spare, I arranged, with the assistance of a waterman, to row my Judge up the Thames to Oxford. We were taken down to the boathouse in the Sheriff's carriage with great pomp, and started amid the cheers of a crowd, little

Quain, attired in a frock-coat and tall hat, taking the helm with great gravity. It soon became clear that the Judge was no seaman, as our course was of a zig-zag character, taking us from bank to bank, amid redoubled cheers from the spectators, till I persuaded his Lordship to abandon his office, and steered the boat by the oars. At first he was much on his high horse, but after a time he began to thaw under the beauty of the day and the surroundings, and produced a wideawake from his pocket, which he substituted for the tall hat, and by the time that lunch was laid under a tree, and I was breaking up the ice for the claret cup with the boat-hook, he was in high good humour and called me "Doll."

The Oxford Circuit had a lot of good men on it in those days. Huddleston was the leader, and after him came Powell, Q.C., Henry Matthews, Henry James and Motteram, while among the juniors were J. O. Griffits, Bosanquet and H. Young, all sound men. The celebrated Dr. Kenealy also appeared occasionally, and had rows with the Judge and the other counsel. Coleridge Grove, my brother marshal, was older than I, but he was a clever and agreeable companion, so that I enjoyed the Oxford Circuit almost as much as I had done the Western, though nothing quite made up for the piquancy of Martin and Bramwell. Now and then, of course, with two such marked characters as Quain and Grove, things did not go quite smoothly. Quain would be furious at some fancied slight on the part of the High Sheriff, or because the Chaplain of that dignitary came to dinner in a flannel shirt; Grove would declare that he could not sleep, and would insist on having a garret made ready as his bed-room, so that there might be nobody above him, or on

dining at six, in order to secure a better night. He even carried these requirements into private houses where we stayed, and I remember that at Pitchford, a beautiful old timbered house belonging to Mr. Cotes, all the housemaids had to be turned out of the attics in order to lodge the Judge.

When the legal vacation began I went abroad with Raper (who has been mentioned before in these annals) to Dresden, where we had taken lodgings at a house much frequented by Oxonians, kept by one Fraulein Kretchmer. There we found excellent rooms, and settled down in them to the study of German and the various art collections. The opera house had lately been burnt down, but a commodious wooden theatre had been erected, where a series of Shakespeare's plays was being given. These we read in Schlegel's translation, and then went to hear them acted. At the same time I thought it would be a good opportunity to improve my dancing, and we engaged the wife of the ballet master of the opera to give us lessons. The Ballet-Meisterinn was a dashing lady with a huge fringe and very high heels. After she had taught us the steps of the valse, she introduced various female pupils to put us through our facings.

The next event of importance that I shall mention was my becoming, on the recommendation of Jowett, a pupil of Charles Bowen's, who had chambers with Sir John Coleridge in Brick Court. The other pupils were Edward Marjoribanks, the late Lord Tweedmouth, M. Mackenzie, now the Official Referee, and a Mr. Fussell.

Bowen was an interesting character. He was a man of exceptional ability, and full of spirits and energy, but I cannot say that when I left his chambers

at the end of the year with him I had the least notion of what the real Bowen was. He seemed too busy to care very much for anything or anybody in the world, though he devoted the most conscientious labour to his work. He had that almost exaggerated suavity and politeness which characterised Oxford men in the fifties, as I have remarked in my Oxford chapter. This led occasionally into over-praise, but I always felt that he was aloof and apart, and gave our efforts the sort of benign, half-amused encouragement that Gulliver gave to those of the Lilliputians. I remember that during my time with him, I had once for about three weeks some trouble with one of my eyes. For twenty years Bowen, whenever he met me, after a warm greeting used to reflect a little, and then say in his dulcet tones, "How is your eye?" I expect this appreciation is very superficial, as I had little opportunity of knowing the man, and from some fragments of his poetry which I have seen since his death, I should say that he felt profoundly the riddle of the painful earth, and the incapacity of even his unusual powers to set the crooked straight.

As our master, we did not get much instruction from him. He was occupied all day attending the Courts, and used only to appear at chambers late in the evening, and on Saturdays when the Court did not sit, put his head into the pupils' room and say, "Read 'Elton on Commons' and I will talk to you about it next Saturday." We used, however, to draw pleadings and interrogatories which Bowen corrected, or rather scratched out from beginning to end. On the whole it was not a good school for a beginner. The Tichborne case absorbed most of Bowen's time, he having set out the facts in a series of note-books for

Sir John Coleridge's speech in a masterly fashion—and while this lasted the cases in chambers were few and not of the smaller kind which are useful to a beginner, but great stacks of papers for opinion, involving complicated points of law. One of them I remember well was connected with fishing rights in the Avon, and went back to Domesday Book.

Besides this lack of legal pabulum, our interests were naturally absorbed mainly by the excitement and romance of the Tichborne case, the fortunes of which we followed with the deepest interest. I remember Coleridge's head clerk putting his head into our room one day, and saying in a voice of dignified delight, "'E 'ave a Ha Ho on his right-arm," (he has an A. O.—Arthur Orton—on his right arm).

One evening Bowen rushed into chambers just as I was leaving, and asked me if I would like to come with him and hear the examination of a dying man, which was to be taken on commission. I assented, and we drove off in a cab to the docks. There we were taken up to a small room, where on a bed lay a fine-looking man with a large beard. He was terribly thin, and his eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. A solitary candle lit up the apartment. Charles Hall, afterwards Recorder of London, was the examiner, and Pollard attended on behalf of the Claimant. The sick man was then examined by Bowen, and related how he was the son of a farmer in Essex to whose house Arthur Orton had been sent for his health. The witness told us how he used to have to throw buckets of cold water over Orton every morning, and described his physical peculiarities, which agreed with those of the Claimant.

I continued in Bowen's chambers till the Long

Vacation, working hard, and going into society in the evenings.

When the Long Vacation arrived I took the works of the immortal Blackstone, and started off to my uncle's house in Northumberland, where I proposed to assimilate the Common Law of England, in the quiet of the country. Eslington was an attractive place—a long, low, grey stone house situated in a wild open country in the foot-hills of Cheviot. The property, which had originally belonged to a branch of the Collingwoods who were attainted after '45, was bought from the Government by George Liddell, the member for Berwick in the middle of the eighteenth century. It stretched on the east up into the whinstone hills of the Cheviots, and on the west as far as the sandstone formation which traverses Northumberland, which there broke out in a picturesque region of crags, Scotch firs and heather, in marked contrast to the bare uplands of the granite. A little trout stream ran through the park, flowing under a pretty old grey stone bridge of one high arch, of the kind portrayed in Bewick's vignettes. In this pleasant abode I devoted myself to the wisdom of the learned commentator, taking an occasional day after partridges or grouse, when I got the chance, or trying the burn in the afternoons. After a month of this mixture of *utile dulci* I paid several visits in Scotland.

The time was now approaching when I was to take the first plunge into life on my own account by joining the Durham Sessions. I had had no practice in speaking in public, and on the few occasions when I had been called upon to make a speech at dinners or weddings, I had been painfully conscious of making a fool of myself, and of complete inability to think on

my legs. Consequently I naturally, being of nervous temperament, felt most apprehensive of my first attempt to speak in Court, and as the time drew nearer the shadow of the approaching ordeal never left me. Seldom have I felt more forlorn and miserable than when I arrived at Durham at midnight on October 19th, 1872. Fate too was spiteful. The hotel, where my father had been wont to put up when he attended the Sessions, had gone to the bad, and was, when I reached it, bankrupt. The bedroom assigned to me was comfortless, the food was of the worst kind, and I spent the next day in great dejection. In the afternoon a letter came from the head of the Sessions mess saying that I had gone to the wrong house, and asking me to come in after dinner. I went accordingly, and found a room thick with smoke, in which some learned gentlemen were playing whist, others were reading. Upon the sofa was stretched the figure of a very fat counsellor, sunk in a stertorous slumber. Two others of his brethren were pouring water from a kettle into the bowl of a churchwarden pipe, the end of which was inserted into the sleeper's collar. In a few minutes this treatment roused the patient from his slumbers. He leapt to his feet, said "Raining again, by Jove," and staggered off to bed.

In spite of this somewhat inauspicious introduction, I found a warm welcome, and special kindness was shown me by all for my father's sake. On the following day I moved to the hotel where the mess was put up, and attended the Quarter Sessions Court, then and long after presided over by John Wharton, the best of chairmen. The Court sat in two parts, the second Court being assigned to a clergyman of the name of Wilkinson. As a barrister with many briefs

might have one of them called on in each Court at the same time, it was the custom for these fortunate persons to ask a junior to read through some of the smaller cases, so that he might take charge of them if they came on in the one Court, when the holder was engaged in the other. This juniors were quite willing to do for nothing, on account of the practice it afforded, and the consequent chance of getting known. A solemn barrister of the name of A—— gave me a case to look after for him. It was some simple theft or other, of which I remember nothing except that the prisoner's name was "Mary Ann." I don't suppose any story was ever put in so many different ways as poor Mary Ann's crime. I wrote it out in three or four different versions, I learned one of them by heart, and repeated it to myself over and over again in the solitary walks I took at night, changing every sentence, and polishing and perfecting like a poet composing an ode to his mistress. I thought of every conceivable disaster which might happen, and what its effect would be upon the trial. I broke out into a cold perspiration when it occurred to me that my voice might refuse to come out at all. Finally, after two days' indescribable suffering, the case was called on, and the owner of the brief came at once and did it himself. At the following winter Sessions I got my first brief on my own account. It was an extremely simple case and came on in the second Court. As I rose to make my opening, Greenhow, the leader of the Sessions, came in from the first Court, and sat down beside me. He did this from regard for my father, and I have never forgotten it, and shall not forget it. The prisoner was duly convicted.

On my return to London after the Sessions I went

into the chambers of R. G. Williams, a leading junior on the Lancashire side of the Northern Circuit. He was a good-natured Welshman, with a gift for pleading and practice, but of no remarkable powers in other directions, and I learnt little under him, as he had no gift of teaching. I used to read all Williams' briefs at Assizes, and listen to them when they came on, which was to some extent an advantage, but he never took any trouble to explain the points to us, unless we asked him, which, as he was very busy at these times, we did not like to do.

In the winter of 1873, I attended my first Assizes. I had been staying at Ravensworth, and went into Newcastle in the beginning of January, with all the feelings of a small boy going to school for the first time. That night I dined at the Bar Mess, Edward Ridley introducing me to some of the leaders of the Circuit, who received me with many kind allusions to my father.

From this date a large portion of my life consisted in attending Circuit and Sessions, which occupied rather more than three months in each year. For fifteen years I went round this treadmill, one step of which was very like another. I do not, therefore propose to chronicle my many journeys, but will try to give a general idea of this part of my life and my attitude towards it, recording any special incidents in the order of time.

When I first joined the Sessions it was usual to come the night before the Court sat, or if the first day was a Monday, to appear on the Saturday. Most of us stayed till it was time to go on to the next town. We therefore lived together, generally at the same hotel, for the whole week, and became a kind of family

on friendly terms with each other. As time went on the fashions changed, and after a few years briefs were seldom delivered till the morning on which the Court sat, and many barristers, if they did not get work, left after the first day. Except at Durham, where I had good lodgings, we were badly housed, and often went through a good deal of discomfort in winter. When at Durham and Newcastle, I generally got a few days at Ravensworth before and after the times of business. Indeed, all round the Circuit the "wind was tempered" by visits in the intervals of attending the Courts to the houses of friends and relations, or by going on fishing or walking excursions.

These visits were of no special interest, with one or two exceptions, the first of which was a Saturday to Monday at Knowsley in the time of Edward Henry, Lord Derby. Several of the barristers on the Circuit were bidden, among whom was the late Lord Herschell, who had not then declared himself a Liberal, and whom the Conservatives, it was rumoured, hoped to annex. I remember that we arrived at tea-time, and that Lord Derby discoursed about Ashanti, it being the time of the Ashanti War, in a way which struck us all by its information and originality. Instead of finding, as I had expected from his appearance, a rather stolid, ungracious man, I was surprised all through the visit at the trouble he took to make himself agreeable as a host.

Among the many places where I sojourned in the intervals of work, there was none where I had a kinder welcome than at Whitburn Hall. Whitburn was a pretty little fishing village between Shields and Sunderland, and my cousin, Hedworth Williamson lived at the Hall. On his cricket ground there was

every year a great match between the Bar, captained by A. J. Wilkinson, who had played for Gentlemen, and a Whitburn team. A few of the barristers were fair cricketers, but the majority of the team was composed of what Wilkinson called "corpses." This did not matter much at Whitburn, where the local talent was mild, but led to fearful massacres of our eleven at Manchester and York, where talent abounded.

These interludes were often very enjoyable, and certainly helped me to endure the weary work of attending Court. Except a prosecution now and then on my own side of the Circuit, or an occasional "docker," I got little or nothing to do, and only had one civil brief at Assizes during my time at the Bar. There can be no doubt that I was not well fitted by nature for the legal profession, and only my father's partiality for it and myself could have blinded him to that fact. What mental powers I had were a long way from the tip of my tongue, and I was hopelessly deficient in readiness and repartee. Also, my natural nervousness, increased by two or three early failures, made life a perpetual struggle between the desire to succeed in my profession, and the longing to shirk the pain and humiliation of a task which I did badly, though I managed generally to stand to my guns pretty well. But, on the whole, I think I should have done better if I had declined such things as dockers before I had had some experience of Court work. A "docker" is a most upsetting form of practice for a beginner. When a case is called on, custom allows the prisoner to hand down to any counsel he may choose the sum of £1 3*s.* 6*d.*, generally made up of various small coins wrapt in a dirty piece of paper. The unfortunate advocate, if he is lucky, may have time to

glance through the "depositions," or he may have to pick up the facts as the case proceeds, with faculties benumbed with the apprehension of making a fool of himself. Unfortunately, I got one of these doubtful mercies shortly after I joined the Sessions. The case was a hopeless one, and after I had made a rambling speech, my client was promptly sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. The effects of this performance on my nerves were disastrous, and were not improved by my subsequent experience. In 1873, hardly a year after I joined the Assizes, I had my first important case. A solicitor who had known my father gave me a junior brief in a trial for murder. The case was a bad one. The delinquents, however, were acquitted of murder, but the Judge decided that they should be tried again on a charge of "wounding with intent." The money of the prisoners being exhausted, they were unable to retain a leader for their second defence, but it was arranged that I should have a "docker" in the case. I got on well enough with the cross-examination by merely following, where I could, the line which had been taken by my leader in the murder trial. But when the time for my speech drew near, which was about six o'clock in the evening, after two long days in Court, I was in a desperate state of terror. Shortly before the moment came for getting on to my legs I went into the robing room, and with difficulty refrained from taking refuge in flight. However, I managed to pull myself together and began a lame and faltering oration. After a while I improved, and except once or twice, when I tried to be sarcastic, I think my speech was just passable, though I was rather disturbed by seeing that all the newspapers made of my defence next day was to say

that Mr. Liddell "contended that it was extremely unlikely that the prisoners had committed the offence."

Shortly after these events I was taken ill with a fever. When I got better I was sent down to Holly Grove in Windsor Park, a house which my uncle Augustus and his family had lately occupied in his capacity of Deputy Ranger. It was beautifully situated near the Ascot Road, on a high ridge, looking away for miles over the flat country towards Harrow, and having the towers of Windsor visible in the middle distance. Many pleasant days have I spent at Holly Grove, sitting on the lawn or rambling in the park and forest. I remember on one of these occasions I thought for a moment that I had really seen a ghost. It was in the summer, when, being unable to sleep, I let myself out just before dawn and started for a stroll. All of a sudden I looked up and saw in the dim light a colossal figure on horseback riding across the grass towards me. For a moment I was petrified with astonishment, but quickly recognised my old friend the statue at the end of the "Long Walk," the pedestal of which was hidden by an intervening rise in the ground, so as to give the figure the appearance of riding on the level.

My life in London was a happy one during these years, *i.e.*, when I could forget my profession. We had a cheerful home in Rutland Gate, and I went out with my sisters into society, my father often going with them, so that we knew all about each others' doings, and had plenty of common subjects for talk and jokes. In the morning I visited the Courts at Westminster, and after sitting in Court for a time proceeded to chambers, where I endeavoured to improve myself by text-books and reports.

Occasionally I was asked by a friend to take a note, and once or twice to hold a brief. I fear that I did not make the most of these opportunities. Two of them I remember with humiliation. My friend, Bob Reid, wishing to do me a turn, handed me one of his briefs to hold in the Common Pleas. The action was for payment of a bill for coals, and we had to prove delivery. This we proposed to do by putting in the plaintiff's books, to which the defendant naturally objected. I was quite nonplussed at this breakdown, but fortunately dear old Grove was the Judge, who kindly came to my rescue by adjourning the trial till the next day, so that we might call the carman who had left the coal. The solicitor, I believe, pitched into Reid, and insisted that he should attend in person at the adjourned hearing, which he did, and our case was easily established.

My next performance of the kind was before Baron Huddleston in one of the little attics where *nisi prius* cases were sometimes tried. I was sitting there twiddling my thumbs when C. Crompton rushed in, threw a brief at me, and ran off again before I could remonstrate. I began to read it, and found to my horror that it was an action on a bill of exchange, an invention of the devil round which is gathered a mass of learning that I never could and never shall understand. I was simply petrified and at my wits' end to know what to do, when the case was called on. Darling (now the Judge) was for the plaintiff, I was for the defendant, a black man and a Parsee. Darling proved the bill, and the defendant had then to go into the box, when a long controversy was started as to how he was to be sworn. Huddleston, most fortunately, was known to me, and he took the case into his

own hands, seeing how much I was at sea. After a fierce debate between him and Darling it was settled that the Parsee was to unbutton his waistcoat and take the oath with his hand thrust inside a coloured thread which encircled his waist. "The thread of the Parcae," said Darling, giving promise of his future distinction (laughter). In the skilful hands of Huddleston the case did not last long, and after about half-an-hour's indescribable agony the affair ended by a verdict for the defendant, which the delighted and astonished Crompton was just in time to receive. I fear that his warmly-expressed opinion of my powers was not shared by the solicitor who had heard all that happened.

In 1875 I began to do occasional reporting for the *Times* in the London Courts as deputy for Alfred Hardy, and when C. Coleman was made a stipendiary at Easter in the following year, I got his place as second reporter in the Common Pleas. This work necessitated my being at my place on most mornings at ten o'clock, and was useful in causing attendance at the Courts, and forcing me to listen to the causes being tried. I was entirely my own master, and could report a case or not as I liked, but was liable to instant dismissal for neglect or bad work. Sometimes, when cases of no public interest were before the Court, or if the Court happened not to be sitting, there was nothing to do except, in the first case, to look in occasionally to see how things were going. On the other hand, an important case which had to be reported at length, was hard work, and might entail two or three hours at Chambers after the Court rose, spent in putting the report into shape.

When the Long Vacation began I generally joined

the family at Wilderneese, and afterwards went to Eslington and to the Grahams in Scotland, finishing up with Drumlanrig before the October Sessions.

Mr. Graham continued to rent Stob Hall, and we had many pleasant expeditions to that attractive little house, where I went on with my education as a fisherman. In those days I had not any rods or tackle of my own, but was dependent on the rather cumbrous rods and much-used tackle provided by my host for the "harling." On one occasion, towards evening, I was lashing the pool where Mr. Briggs carried his salmon to land in his arms, and had a most disastrous experience. I rose eighteen fish in the course of about an hour, of which I only landed two. I do not think I ever had a more depressing time in all my fishing days, due, no doubt, largely to my own want of skill.

It will have been gathered from former passages of this history that I was devoted to shooting, and though none of the places I visited preserved on at all a modern scale, there was still plenty of sport to be had. Till 1873 I was an exceptionally bad shot, and suffered much annoyance and humiliation in consequence; indeed I had determined, after assisting in a covert-shooting at Drumlanrig, where the bag was 402 head, in which I was responsible for the two, to give up shooting altogether. But in 1873 my good friend, the Duke of Buccleuch, told me to go to Purdey and get measured for a gun. The first day that I tried my new weapon was on the moors at Eslington, when, to my great joy, I found that I killed all average shots, and from that day became a moderate performer of the normal type. It is difficult to say how much the change added to the enjoyment

of my holidays, and to my well-being in every way, leading to long tramps in the hills and fields, and to many pleasant parties, which I should have missed had I given up being a "gun."

In the vacation of 1875 I and two of my sisters went to Dresden in September, having got rooms at Fraulein Kretchmer's, where I had been in 1871. There we set to work at our various pursuits. My sisters hired for a trifling sum the services of one of the first violins at the opera, who used to accompany their piano. In his absence an old Italian, who was staying at Kretchmer's, would join in the performance on his 'cello. When we had been at Dresden some little time Villiers-Stanford and Arthur Coleridge appeared, a great addition to our musical forces, and we had frequent concerts in our sitting-room. In the intervals an elderly lady used to come and talk to us volubly in the German tongue. For my own private delectation I got leave to copy in the gallery, where I reproduced with immense pains, in water-colour, various figures from the Feast of Cana in that collection. The way that my countrymen and Americans used to look over my shoulder and criticise my mild attempts was rather trying, but I soon became thick-skinned in that respect. After enjoying ourselves for about six weeks we visited Prague for a couple of days, and came home by Brunswick.

In 1876 the old Northern Circuit was divided, a new Circuit being formed for Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire called the North-Eastern, and admitting members of the old Northern and Midland Circuits. I became a member of this Circuit, a change which was beneficial to me in many ways, as I had no chance

of work in Lancashire, and the new Circuit occupying less time, the expense was less.

The fusion of the two Circuits was not effected without some friction, which showed itself in squabbles over the rites and ceremonies to be adopted for the new Circuit, and especially over Grand Court.

The institution of Grand Court here alluded to was one of the most deeply rooted of the Circuit customs. It took place twice on a Circuit, and everyone was expected to attend. Regular officers presided over it, called the Attorney and Solicitor-General of the Court. Another officer styled the "Crier" called persons into the Court who were absent, and the doors were kept by a "Messenger." It was the duty of the officers to make speeches, mentioning in a ludicrous or satirical way the names of the men who got business. Sometimes these orations were very clever and ingenious, at others they verged on being insulting, especially in the cases of the less popular of the persons dealt with. Everyone who was mentioned in them was fined so many bottles of claret according to his means and position. At the beginning of the proceedings the Crier called all absentees into Court, finding descriptive adjectives which he affixed to their names, *e.g.*, "Lengthy Liddell, come into the Court!" "Lollopping Liddell, come into the Court!" "Lengthy, lollopping, lady-like Liddell, come into the Court!"

I had more friends in Yorkshire than in the County Palatine, and after the Circuit came to York used to stay at Bramham and Middlethorpe, but, above all, at the villa at Escrick, which was only six miles from York, and no great distance from Leeds. Beilby Lawley,

now Lord Wenlock, inhabited this dwelling. I had known him since he was a small boy at Warre's, but only made the acquaintance of his wife Constance, when I began to visit at their house. She quickly became an intimate friend, and I will attempt to draw her portrait as she then appeared. She was very unlike the standard girl bred in a fox-hunting aristocracy, and where she could have acquired her elfin grace and originality I could never understand, inclining at times to the theory that she had come as an Undine into the nursery at Harewood from the lake. All her qualities seemed to belong to that sort of being rather than to the race of common men. She was slightly but well built, and capable of much bodily exertion if necessary, though, unless there was some special attraction to tempt her out of doors, she would rarely leave the house. Her colour and complexion were delicate, and there was a far-away look in her face as if she belonged to another world. She was quite uninfluenced by authority and convention, but had a genuine reverence for beauty, which she worshipped in all its forms. Gifted with vivid imagination, she lived in an ideal world, by no means bound by qualities of things or persons as they really existed. Still, she had a distinct appreciation of the logical side of an argument, though indifferent to its conclusions if they did not suit her own tastes. With almost a touch of genius for landscape drawing, in spite of her shortness of sight, she showed a magnificent audacity in her attempts; and had, though her drawing was sometimes faulty, a remarkable gift for reproducing the spirit of a landscape. Her natural taste was true, and, combined with her power of seeing things with the eye of the mind, made her

judgment in all matters of decoration most reliable, and wherever she was, an improvement in the arrangement of the surroundings was sure to follow. In spite of her somewhat dreamy nature, she was keenly interested in philosophical and social questions, and ready to argue on such topics at any moment. One of the almost comic contrasts of her character was that she advocated the grimmest utilitarian views, though more, I think, because they were the first she had happened to light on in her desultory reading than from any special enthusiasm on their behalf. It may be imagined that after some weeks of life in lodgings, and of talk consisting mainly of legal shop, I found the lively hospitality of the villa very refreshing.

Perhaps this would be a suitable place to say something about my own drawing. I had never attempted landscape since I was at Loch Eil, but had done caricatures in pen and ink pretty constantly both for my own album and the game-books at places where I stayed, and I had made a practice of sketching heads in Court when I was Marshal and afterwards at Sessions and Assizes. After a year or two at the Bar I turned again to art as a comforter, and began by copying a Sir Joshua in the gallery at Harewood. I also worked daily at Harding's trees for half an hour after breakfast in the winter, and gradually, though with difficulty, mastered tree-drawing enough to embark on landscapes, which I did when I got a chance, and found the occupation of great help in dispelling the melancholy which was settling down on me. After a year or two of this sort of work, my prospects at the Bar not improving, and the task of prosecuting my fellow creatures for small offences at Sessions becoming more and more hateful, I entertained

the idea of giving up the law and going in for art. Under the auspices of Edward Poynter, whose acquaintance I had lately made, I was entered at the South Kensington, and whenever I could do so without interfering with my other work, I used to attend there from ten to twelve.

During these years I used to go with my friend, H. M. Lindsell, for a walking tour in the Isle of Wight at Whitsuntide. We always ended by a stay at Freshwater, where my old friend, Mrs. Cameron, was still living. On one of these visits she took us to a dance, at Mr. Tennyson's, at Farringford, where I remember seeing the Poet Laureate joining vigorously in the revels. He even condescended to "take the floor" by dancing in a stately, almost elephantine way, with a young damsel in a polka. It was, no doubt, an interesting spectacle, to see an Olympian in white kid gloves partaking of the amusements of mankind. But I am not sure that I did not regret having gone to that dance, which had much the same effect upon me that the scenes in Lucian's "Dialogues of the Gods" must have had upon a worshipper of Zeus.

I think it was during this visit to Freshwater that I was much impressed by Miss Annie Thackeray (now Lady Ritchie) describing to us with enthusiasm the musings of the Laureate called forth by the sight of an old boot which had been washed up on to the beach by the waves.

CHAPTER VIII

1876—1879

The Municipal Corporations Commission — My Diary — Varied Occupations — Matthew Arnold — Opening of Parliament — Archie Wortley—All Souls' Chapel—George Eliot—Balliol Club —Norway—Copenhagen—Legros—Abbey Leix—Mr. Gladstone —Chillingham — Gosford — Lord Ravensworth—Fitz's—Rockingham—A Trying Moment.

In the early part of 1876 I was appointed, through my father's influence, to be secretary of the Royal Commission on Municipal Corporations. The commission had been obtained by the efforts of Sir C. Dilke, and was to enquire into the existing state, jurisdiction and revenues of over a hundred small corporations in England and Wales, which had been omitted from the Municipal Corporations Act, 1833.

Sir Lewis Cave was the chairman, Sir Montagu Smith, Mr. Justice Archibald, Sir John Karslake, Mr. Overend, Q.C., and on the death of Archibald, Maule, Q.C., were the Commissioners. We had an office in Victoria Street. The duties of the secretary were to send out notices of meetings, to summon witnesses and pay their expenses, to keep the minutes, to forward proofs of the evidence to the witnesses for correction, and to keep the accounts. Notices were posted in the towns, advertisements inserted in the local papers inviting anyone who wished to give evidence to communicate with the Commissioners, and a day was fixed for each enquiry, which began by the examination of the Mayor and Town Clerk. The examination in chief was mainly conducted by Sir

John Karslake, who, though blind, was, when the Commission began, apparently of unabated mental and bodily vigour, though towards the end of the time this was far from being the case. Doubtless we were fortunate in having a man of such capacity to take up the work, but his condition added greatly to the duties of the secretary, as I had to attend him before every meeting, and coach him up in what each witness was going to state, and afterwards to be with him when he dictated the reports on the various places. The enquiry was an interesting one, as many strange customs still lingered in the small municipalities among the "jurats," "ale-tasters," "swine drivers," and other old-world officials. Their revenues were mostly small. On the whole there was little corruption, though in one or two places the lands were let at a low rate to members of the corporations, and dinners and small salaries to the officials were paid for out of the income. The most serious blot that was brought to light was the magisterial jurisdiction with which many of these officials were invested ex-officio, and which amounted in many cases to power of life and death. But in practice all cases of importance were sent before the ordinary tribunals.

In 1877 I began to keep a regular diary, from which I propose to select so much as may perhaps have some interest for others: events, stories, or recollections of conspicuous or peculiar persons. Here and there, it is true, the reader will find a bit of description, as I feel that no autobiography of mine would be complete without some hint of the worship I have always had for things seen, which have brought to me that study and solace which so many persons find in music.

My story will, accordingly, consist henceforth to a great extent of extracts from this record. There are disadvantages and advantages in such a process, the advantages being the greater accuracy and freshness of the story, and the disadvantages the somewhat jerky form of narrative compared with the continuous flow of a narrative written from memory. I do not propose always to preface these extracts by introductory remarks, or to connect them together, unless where some introduction or explanation seems necessary. I shall in most cases simply put down the passages which I think of any interest in their order of time.

For the ten years following this period until I left the Bar, I had a good many small irons in the fire. I was secretary to three Royal Commissions, and for the last three years of the time a revising barrister. I regularly went circuit and sessions, and did my *Times* reporting in London so far as the demands of other work permitted. I was also made an Examiner of the Supreme Court, and counsel to the Mint on the Durham and Northern Sessions. In addition to these duties I worked a good deal at drawing, attending first at the South Kensington and afterwards at the studio of one Fitz, an American artist, of whom more anon.

I will now proceed to the extracts.

"*Jan.* 16, 1877. To Oxford, where there was a large banquet given in the new hall at Balliol. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley and others spoke. I think Arnold's speech interested me the most. It was delivered with great self-confidence, one might almost say self-enjoyment; but his superior air was so natural and unaffected, and he seemed altogether such a '*brave garçon*,' to say nothing of the excellence of the matter, that there was no offence.

"Lunched at T. H. Green's, where was J. A. Symonds, the author, a bright, agreeable man, a great contrast in his manner to the grim, taciturn T. H.

"*Jan.* 24. Interviewed Poynter at the South Kensington Museum, where I was admitted as a student."

There was in those days a capital professor at the South Kensington called Moody, who gave lectures on figure drawing, which I found interesting. The method of drawing employed was charcoal and stump, with which we copied casts from the antique, or occasionally the living model.

"*Feb.* 8. From the Home Office saw the Queen go by to open Parliament. She rode in the glass coach. There was no cheering or hissing. When she had passed, Dr. Kenealy walked up the cleared space in a proud manner, but only got a few derisive cheers.

"*Feb.* 11. Walked down to Wimbledon to see old Stephenson (nephew of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive). He said that the prosperity of England compared with that of other nations would soon decline, as railways were opening up other countries, which would enjoy all the advantages in that respect which have hitherto belonged to us alone."

About this time, when in London, I used generally to go on Sunday mornings to Archie Wortley's studio in King William Street. I had known Archie ever since Sheen days, and he was in my house at Eton. I think he was sufficiently out of the ordinary line for me to attempt a sketch. Perhaps the most remarkable part of him was his eye, which made him one of the best shots in England, and a sort of amateur Millais in painting. I do not suppose that anyone ever became as good an artist as he was with so little preliminary training. There seemed to be no interval between his production of pen-and-ink caricatures, not particularly well done, and an oil painting of decided

merit, which I think was hung on the line by the Academy. And even afterwards when he was painting pictures, some of which showed considerable talent, he never seemed to study at all, though his works were in no sense "impressionist," but were remarkable for fidelity and modelling. The success to which he attained with so little effort gave him great confidence in himself, and a proportionate disregard for authority. Many a dispute did we have on the Old Masters, for whom he had a scant respect. As a man he was very attractive, and his cheerful, sunny disposition, combined with a good deal of character, resulted in his getting his own way with everybody, and being one of the most popular of men in the circles where he was known. These were limited, as he soon gave up, except for shooting parties, what is called general society, and lived mainly with artists and actors, and the more Bohemian men about London. I think his knack of getting everything he wanted without trouble, combined with his natural love of ease, rather took the edge off his energy, and prevented his going as far as he might have done, inclining him too much to be content with the homage of his own clique. He was always in bed when I went to King William Street about twelve o'clock, and I used to pace up and down his bedroom in interminable discussions on art.

"*May* 20. Inspected All Souls' Chapel, which pleased me. It is severe but not poor. At one end the fine reredos restored on the old pattern prevents baldness, without the over-decoration which offends in so many modern churches. The old Puritan spirit is the right English spirit, and when joined to a love of beauty, gives a satisfying religious symbol, which this chapel appeared to be.

"To dinner at Jowett's; among the company were Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Sir C. Trevelyan and Bradley (head of University).

"A hot discussion between Sir C. Trevelyan on the one side and Jowett and Bradley on the other, as to the Schliemann discoveries. Sir C. Trevelyan maintained that Schliemann quite agreed with immemorial tradition both as to persons and places. Jowett and Bradley were vague, but were not sure that Agamemnon ever existed, or was ever buried, or that the burial wasn't a myth. They also maintained that while leading facts of Homer might be founded on true tradition, the architectural details must be purely imaginary.

"I was determined to have a talk with 'George Eliot,' so taking advantage of the male hesitation in leaving the dining-room, I bolted upstairs, not looking back till I had landed myself beside her. She has a noble face of the equine type, with fine grey eyes, not large but deep-set thoughtful and kind. She asked if I was a north countryman, saying that my stature agreed with my being a Northumbrian, who were all tall men. I felt flattered, but was afraid of showing my weakness before such an analyst. She then asked for a specimen of the dialect, which I gave her. The talk next passed to circuit, which she said must be interesting from the opportunity of hearing such a variety of cases, and seeing so many types of humanity. I answered that there was too much sameness about the cases, and then went on to tell her how from my habit of sketching in Court I was struck with the constant reproduction of similar types of face and figure. She said that the forms of Nature were really few. I remarked how similarity of form was often accompanied by similarity of voice, movement and character. We then got on to the effect of a peculiarity of speech in conversation, and the part it played in arresting the attention. She said that some men's talk always seemed worth listening to, while others, who really talked better, could obtain no hearing, and that one reason why Scotsmen's talk often seemed more intellectual, was in a great measure due to the effect of their dialect in arresting attention, giving Carlyle as an example. She remembered a ludicrous effect in

the conversation of the late Lord Lytton, who was deaf, and who would go on murmuring for a time, and then suddenly burst out for a sentence or two in a very loud key. The English always dropped their voices at the end of a sentence, and were much averse to any other form of talk than a *tête-à-tête*, and in illustration she pointed out all the various persons *tête-à-têting* around us. Frenchmen had none of the English shyness, which did not arise from superior mental endowments, but from a peculiar sensibility to outward surroundings, which an Englishman had not. A Frenchman in conversation almost always reproduced in words the scene before him, or remarked upon it, even to its most trivial details.

"I continued that I had not met many good talkers, but thought Professor Owen the best I had heard. She said he was a particularly charming talker, and excelled greatly in narrative and description.

"We talked a good deal about the Professor, and she asked if I was the son of a Mrs. Liddell, whom she remembered Owen mentioning as a beautiful woman. This shows she must have a good memory, as it must have been said a long time ago.

"In talking about the Professor, I remarked what a good reader he was and how (illustrating what she had said a few moments before), his Lancashire accent helped him. She said that Tennyson's reading was greatly improved by his Lincolnshire pronunciation, which had the good effect of making his vowels very sonorous, the reverse of which was the usual defect of English reading. I quoted 'mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,' as to what Tennyson's own notion of good reading was, which she seemed to think apposite. She then spoke of the difference of Owen's son to his father. I said he was a complete contrast. She said that often was the case, and was going on to talk of the connection between parents and children, when her husband came up with Mr. Spottiswoode, and I thought I ought to retire. I felt that she had been very good-natured to talk so much to an 'ordinary mortal,' and to look so kindly out of her grey eyes. Spottiswoode began to talk to her of a Frenchman who had solved theoretically the problem of turning up and down motion into circular, the usual

method in vogue being only an approximation to the theoretically perfect way. I could only hear now and then scraps of the talk. They got on to 'spiral vortices,' and then 'imaginary geometry,' after which I understood not one word. George Eliot said she supposed that this science consisted in a system of reasoning from abstractions still purer than the ordinary geometrical ones."

Shortly after leaving Oxford, as a good many of our Balliol set were living in London, we formed a dining society which met twice a year at the "Cheshire Cheese." There we partook of a substantial meal and venerated Dr. Johnson's tobacco-box, which was always placed on the table after dinner. At one of these dinners I remember rebuking the waiter for giving us cold plates with our apple tart, and being completely closed by his answering that "in good society sweets were never served on hot plates." All told, our society consisted of some thirteen or fourteen souls, of whom a remarkable number attained to eminence in the Civil Service. Arthur Godley became head of the India Office, Henry Primrose of the Inland Revenue, Kenneth Mackenzie of the Lord Chancellor's office, and Henry Lindsell was second secretary in the Education Department. Of the non-civilians Farwell became a Lord Justice, Theobald a Master in Lunacy, Lord Jersey Governor of New South Wales and Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, Reid Lord Chancellor of Great Britain—not a bad record for a small group of friends.

"*July* 21. To a party at Holland House. The Prince of Wales there with his second son, a nice-looking boy, dressed in a short jacket and broad collar, like an Eton boy.

"*July* 24. Professor Owen dined. He told me that they had found fish in the Challenger expedition

living in the very deep sea, whose eyes had become modified into a phosphorescent apparatus on the top of their heads, which gave out light on excitement, and attracted other creatures, on which they fed—a curious instance of adaptation."

On July 28 I went with Edward Ridley to Norway, where we had taken a fishing on the Nord Fjord. After a stormy passage we arrived at Olden, which we found was a little village at the mouth of a river, which came down from a lake some five or six miles up the valley. This valley was practically our kingdom, as we had the fishing in the river and the lake, and beyond a few small farms there were no inhabitants, nor was it ever visited by the tourist. High hills shut us in on both sides, one of which rose into a snow peak. The lower parts of these were wooded, and between them and the river were terraces and flats of grass, strewn with boulders, or having crags of grey rock emerging here and there. At the head of the valley was a large glacier which bred the river. The village of Olden was clustered round the church, and contained no house of any size but the one we inhabited, which was built entirely of timber painted white, with a red roof. All the interior fittings were of deal, and the beds were like large wooden troughs.

Our fishing was on some two miles of river from a waterfall to the sea, and was mostly carried on by casting from the bank. The best part of the salmon fishing was over when we arrived. On the other hand, it was the season for the sea-trout in the two pools near the sea, a fish which occasionally ran as large as 12 or 13 lbs. We generally took the field about three o'clock, when the sun got behind the western hills,

and often went on till nine or ten in the evening. In this sport we were attended by two natives, "Anders," the head fisherman, an excellent, steady man, though nervous with the gaff; and a rather disreputable shoemaker called "Halsten," who was taken on for the season, and was a very capable person when sober. The usual flies were Butcher, Jew, Durham Ranger, Jock Scott, and Stevenson.

Another form of sport in which we occasionally indulged was ryper shooting, the ryper being a bird half grouse, half ptarmigan, which lived at high altitudes in the sallow scrub. Ridley had brought a dog out with us, but on the first occasion of our taking the field we met a calf, which so frightened the animal that he fled home as hard as he could go, and I do not think we ever made much use of him.

Ryper shooting was far the hardest form of exercise I have ever indulged in, no stalking coming near it in the way of toil. To begin with, you had to ascend to an altitude of three or four thousand feet before there was a chance of seeing a bird, and when you got to your ground the walking was of the roughest, over huge stones and boulders, or often in woods where most of the trees were lying on the ground smothered in a tangle of undergrowth. Against these labours was to be set the delight of lunching under the shadow of some great boulder with an unlimited view over the fjords winding among the wooded hills to the sea, and the fjeld stretching inland, a vast waste of granite covered with patches of snow and glacier. With a bag of five or six birds we were quite content, and they formed a most agreeable variety to our diet of tinned meats and bacon.

Our establishment was a simple one. It consisted

of a red-cheeked, fair-haired native called "Anna," who was cook and housemaid. Anna was a very sensitive young person, and on one occasion when I found some fault with her cooking was so upset that she was unable to attend the yearly Communion, which took place a day or two after. I need hardly say that I had been far from contemplating any such result; but as it was, I incurred a good deal of reproach for my cruelty from Ridley.

Once in every three weeks a clergyman came to do the service at the village church, and we always entertained him afterwards, concocting a special feast in his honour. The language of this reverend gentleman was polyglot, consisting of a few words of English and a few of German, which cropped up now and then in a rapid flow of Norwegian—like baulks in a flood.

After about a month at Olden the weather showed signs of breaking, so we dismissed our establishment and proceeded southwards in carrioles through the splendid Romsdal Pass.

The carriole is a somewhat tedious method of travelling, as it only holds one person, and it is necessary to keep on smacking your lips for the whole journey, or else the horse stands still; a most fatiguing process to those unaccustomed to it.

After a day or two at Christiania we went on to Copenhagen. At the circus in that capital we saw a piece called "A Night in Calcutta," supposed to represent the Prince of Wales' recent visit to India. They had made up a caricature of H.R.H. with a beard and stomach, who went about touching his hat with great solemnity. He was accompanied by two "Lords" with Dundreary whiskers, dressed in red coats and hunting caps. He interviewed native princes, beheld

native dances, and finally pursued some lions with a long spear. The lions were made up of two boys each, whose movements were not always harmonious, so that one expected to hear the hind legs say to the fore "Damn it, can't you get on?" as in Byron's stage elephant.

For the rest of this year there is a hiatus in the diary, and I find nothing further to record until

"*Jan.* 31, 1878. Went to the Court of Appeal to see Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. She is rather sleek-looking, goodish brow and eyes, but a common face. I listened for some time to her argument, which was distinctly good both in matter and manner. Bradlaugh has a fine head and looks a very powerful man, rather of the cut of a great Roman Catholic priest.

"*Feb.* 8. With the Grahams to Legros' studio at London University. A sombre landscape and some other pictures in a very naturalistic style, all dark, strong and sad. Saw him take a print off an etching."

I had made the acquaintance of Legros at Strathallan, a shooting rented by William Graham, in the autumn of this year, and had found him an original and interesting man. He expressed a wish, when staying there, to take the opportunity of being initiated into the mysteries of English field sports. Accordingly one morning he descended the stairs in his usual black clothes and wide-awake finished off by a pair of his host's gaiters, snapping his fingers, and shouting "Tous les petits oiseaux auront peur de moi." When we took the field he began by carrying his gun muzzle downwards as if it were a walking-stick. Mr. Graham explained to him how the weapon was to be used and carried, and he took his station in the line next to his preceptor. There was not much competition for the

place on the other side of the enterprising novice, but my curiosity led me to occupy it. And it turned out to be perfectly safe, as he carried his gun at half-cock and held it in front of him, the muzzle at an angle of 45 degrees from the ground. After a time a capercailzie was seen, and our host led the would-be sportsman towards him. The bird seemed quite to understand the situation, as he allowed us to get within 50 yards of him, when Mr Graham directed Legros to fire. The artist cocked his gun and, presenting arms, discharged it with great care at the same angle at which he had been carrying it, and, needless to say, produced no effect on the capercailzie. Afterwards until lunch, when he left us, he was too cautious to open fire again.

Not content with his gunning experience, Legros insisted the next day on being taken out fishing. He was accordingly set down in the stern of one of the harling-boats opposite to a rod. After a time a fish took his fly. Remembering the instructions of yesterday, he jumped up, and pressing the butt of the rod to his shoulder, held it in the position of a gun. The boatmen were paralysed with astonishment, but on recovering themselves exhorted him with shouts of "Row mon," "Row," "Gie him the butt," hastily translated for the sportsman's benefit by Miss Graham. "Roulez Monsieur, roulez," "Il faut toujours presenter le bout de la machine au poisson." I need hardly say that after a few moments of the wildest confusion the fly came back.

The same ardour which led the French artist into these adventures induced him on another occasion, to accompany me in the ascent of one of the hills in the neighbourhood. His own account of the venture was,

that after superhuman efforts he sat down and called out to me "J'y renonce," to which all I said was "Je vais continuer," and went on in my upward career. But I think this must have been a story framed on an *à priori* view of the English character.

On June 8th of this year I paid my first visit to Ireland, going to Abbey Leix House in Queen's County, the home of Lady De Vesci, the sister of my friend Franco Charteris. It was a very wet Whitsuntide in Ireland, which, together with the natural and moral *tristesse* of the island, produced a depression in me which I have never quite succeeded in shaking off when I cross the St. George's Channel.

"*June* 9. Ireland strikes one chiefly from its rankness and generally unkempt look, as if Nature were getting the better of man, though the actual demesne of Abbey Leix is pretty and well kept, and the house very comfortable. But the country between the 'seats' of the gentry is bare and forlorn, with few trees; and the seats themselves often show evidence of poverty. For instance, it is not uncommon to see the ploughed land running close up to a house, or a pair of fine stone gateposts with a gate between them constructed of hurdles and string.

"*June* 20. Dined at W. Graham's. Mr. Gladstone there. As it was a hot night, the windows were open, and his presence soon became known to the 'man in the street,' resulting in a crowd of admirers hanging on to the area railings, and staring into the room.

"After dinner he talked on the drink question. I was much disappointed at first in the absence of that charm of speech and manner which I had expected, also his accent was provincial. But in a minute or two he warmed up, and was like a thunderclap, ἤστραπτ' ἐβρόντησσ'. He said that drunkards were often the best sort of men in a place, and that free trade in drink was the only thing. I am not quite sure as to this expression, but I understood him to mean abolition of licenses. He thought that the Gothenburg plan might be worked

in Birmingham, where intelligence was high, but not in most places; that the present system in England, supported by the influence of the brewers, who were all large capitalists, might have been 'devised' by the devil himself."

This autumn I paid the first of many visits to Chillingham, a beautiful old castle finely situated above the vale of the Till, looking on to the range of the Cheviot. It was the type of an old border castle of rugged grey stone, some of its buildings being said to date from King John's time. Part of the garden was in a great walled enclosure into which cattle used to be driven when the Scots made a raid. In the park were the celebrated wild cattle, the remains of a race which at one time peopled the whole of the north of our islands.

This month was also memorable as the date of my first visit to the Gosford country in Haddingtonshire, destined to be a sort of second home and happy playground for so many years. My first introduction to Gosford was from Luffness, where I was staying with old Mrs. Hope, the mother of my friend, Edward Hope.

At Gosford there were in those days two houses, one an old-fashioned Scottish building in which they lived, the other a huge shell, the walls of which had been completed in 1800. The owner for some reason took a dislike to it, and persuading himself that dry rot had got into the stone pulled down the wings, leaving a centre consisting of three enormous rooms, with offices below and bedrooms above. This gloomy pile stood between the old house and the Firth of Forth, shutting out one of the finest views in Great Britain, comprising the Pentlands, Arthur's Seat, the

smoke and buildings of Edinburgh and its suburbs, and the whole length of the coast of Fife. Lord Wemyss was then about 80, but his massive frame still had traces of the powers which had brought him renown. He took me to see Lady Wemyss, who to keep off the draughts was seated in a sort of pen made of glass screens, one side of which was opened in order to allow me to pay my respects. She was very small, but had a finely-cut face, a feminine likeness of her eldest son.

After the Northumberland Sessions I resumed my visits to Ravensworth for the first time since the death of my Uncle Henry. His successor was "Harry"; who, though my first cousin, really belonged to my father's generation and had been brought up with him. Nature, though she had given him a marked individuality, had not endowed him with the genial temperament of his father's family. He was a hard-working man who had got together a good deal of information from blue books and literature of that type, but he had no wide outlook on life or knowledge, and though he prided himself on being practical, had many somewhat archaic prejudices. Thus he never would open a telegram, but always sent it to his agent. As an instance of his industry, he used generally to retire to his room after tea and translate a passage of Scott's novels into French. I do not think that he had many intimate friends of his own class, but he was popular with the classes below him, and got on specially well with aldermen and persons of that type, who abounded in Newcastle, where he was a well-known figure. He did not devote himself to county work in any special degree, but was a most industrious M.P., never failing to answer a letter, and had a good

reputation in Parliament, where he was looked upon as an authority in North Country matters, specially shipping. Though he had few guests at Ravensworth, he always received me kindly when I proposed myself, and we only once had a quarrel, which he made up handsomely.

However, I do not think that I should have gone to Ravensworth so often had it not been for Lady Ravensworth, a clever and accomplished woman, whose society made even that grim dwelling attractive.

"1879. Skated at Richmond Park. When we left off heard that Ham Common was on fire. Went to the ridge above the Ham Gate and looked down on it. A most splendid sight, as it was now dark, like looking down into the Inferno."

In March this year I joined a drawing-class at Fitz's, an American artist who had been educated in Munich, and whose studio I attended, whenever I could get the time, for some two years. He had an accurate eye, but was not a real artist, and set more importance on "valeurs" than on beauty or character. I do not think that he had a good influence on my drawing, as he led me to distrust my instincts, and think more of lights and half-tones than the general distribution of chiaroscuro or the beauty of line, all of which impaired my natural power of catching likeness.

"*July* 23. To Rockingham Castle, a fine old building on a low hill looking over the rolling grass lands of Northants. Part of the House built in King John's time. The garden full of splendid yew hedges, cut into shapes of birds and beasts. Visited Kirby, a place belonging to the Winchelseas, but all falling into ruins. It is said to be the ὄμφαλος of England, and that it was intended, in the event of Napoleon effecting a landing in 1802, that George III. should have been taken there for safety.

"*Aug.* 15. To Beckenham. Miss Graham drove us all behind a somewhat spirited pair of horses to Shirley Common. While the tea was preparing a rug was thrown over the steeds, and I mounted on the box of the carriage and began to sketch, Miss Graham standing at the heads of the animals, when, suddenly, her shawl flapped in the wind. They were frightened and bolted, knocking her over, going right through the fire which had been lit, and sending the kettle flying. I fell into the box, and for a moment lost my head. But coming to myself, I got up and, clutching the reins, contrived to turn the horses, who were rushing down hill towards a gravel pit, and managed after a time to stop them. No harm was done, except that Miss Graham was bruised, and the kettle, being spilt, we had no tea."

CHAPTER IX

1879

Braunfels—The Förstmeister — Social life — German Dignity — Education—Fashions—Billetting—A "Bier" at the Schloss—Sedan Dinner — An Ober-Punch — Sketching — The Chase—Deer—Partridge Shooting—Our Dogs.

1879. As the Commission was to resume its sittings at an early date, I was not able to take a long holiday this year, so bethought me of an offer which I had had the year before of an introduction which would give me a glimpse of German life and sport. The introduction was to be to the Förstmeister of a German prince who had a large estate in the country. Accordingly I was put into communication with this gentleman, and it was arranged that I should become an inmate of his house at Braunfels. Braunfels was a small town clustered round a fine old castle which crowned a hill in the valley of the Lahn, looking like the background of an Albert Dürer. The owner of the castle and some 20,000 acres of the surrounding territory was Prince Solms of Braunfels, whose ancestors had been independent princes, but had been mediatised at the beginning of the present century.

Accordingly, towards the end of August I found myself at the little station of Braunfels. The Förstmeister met me, and turned out to be a tall, gentlemanlike looking man, clothed in the universal suit that does duty in Germany for our endless sporting attires, short grey cloth jacket with a strap at the back, green collar and buckshorn buttons, waistcoat and trousers

to match. His house was within the enceinte of the castle, between the inner citadel which was inhabited by the princely family, and the town. Round the highest side of the hill was a wide terrace, commanding a view of the rolling forest country, into which the cultivated valleys ran like fjords. Here dwelt in dignified ease a row of fine old brass cannons, their barrels crowned with garlands of flowers, leaves and heraldic devices, and bearing inscriptions such as: "I am the mouse," "I am the hedge-sparrow," "Let the good cause triumph."

Society at Braunfels was mainly composed of members of the prince's "Ministerium," a relic of the days when the principality was an independent state. These worthies, headed by the Hof-Marschal, who was President, all had little whitewashed bureaus in a small house standing in the precincts of the Schloss. There were also certain other officials with recognised positions, but not bureaus, such as the Fürstlicher-Ober-Medicinal Rath, and the Hof-Apotheker. My Förstmeister presided over the "woods and forests," with the assistance of several Ober-Försters, each of whom had a district of his own within which he looked after the timber and game, and a staff of Försters under him, half-keepers, half-woodmen. I do not think that I ever met with an "Unter" of any kind in the flesh, though I did hear one day of an "Under-hedgehog-hunter" in a remote part of the Wald, who was supposed to have seen a covey of partridges.

These dignitaries all addressed each other by their titles rather than by their ordinary names. The use of a surname was consequently rare in Braunfels, and still more the familiar employment of the Christian

name. This was of a piece with the prevailing formality, shown in the severity of the laws relating to the wearing of black coats, and the incessant taking off of hats.

It is no doubt easy to cast a good deal of ridicule on the formal side of German life, but I am not sure that it is not closely bound up with that earnestness which is the secret of German success. A man with a definite status and title, the recognition of which is not confined to business hours, feels that he has an honourable position to keep up, however small his salary; and although he may be pompous in his work, he is not slovenly. The gulf that separates a "Fürstlicher-Ober-Medicinal-rath" from a country doctor may not be without benefit to the patients of the former.

Another feature of Braunfels society that was equally striking and more admirable was the high standard of education prevailing among the men. As an instance of this diffusion of knowledge, I may say that the waiter at the inn on Saturday afternoons gave lessons in arithmetic. Nearly all the men I met in society could talk French and Latin, and many of them English. On the other hand, I sometimes doubted whether the education of the rising generation was not being overdone. Such pale tadpoles as many of them were, with listless ways and few games, they looked as if the stalwart Teutonic physique of their fathers was being sacrificed in the cause of knowledge.

I very soon made the acquaintance of the notables of Braunfels, owing to its being the custom for all the male society of the town who had any recognised position to attend in a large shed attached to the principal inn every morning for the purpose of consuming beer, and discussing things in general. This assembly

met every day about 11.30, and disclosed a capacity for swallowing malt liquor quite astonishing to an Englishman, especially as it was a preface to the chief meal of the day, which took place at 12.

Of the ladies of the place I saw but little, there being no dances in the summer, and the fair sex seeming to confine themselves to a sort of female soirée, called a "Frauen-Geschellschaft." They most of them had fine hair, but few other outward attractions. As to the standard of taste and dress, there was a considerable likeness between the fashions and those prevailing in England at the beginning of the late Queen's reign. In support of this view I would instance the black coat ceremonies, the fondness for that horrible form of clothing called white ducks, the absence of tweed stuffs and loose garments like shooting jackets and knickerbockers, the prevalence among the ladies of large bonnets and sausage curls, and a simplicity almost amounting to childishness in matters of taste and art.

It is true that our connection with the outside world was not in those days extensive. The old Kingly-Imperial post-wagon deposited occasional tourists, and now and then there was an invasion of the military in the shape of an "Einquartierung," or billeting. One of these took place a day or two after my arrival, the invaders consisting of forty or fifty officers on a staff ride under a scientific colonel. These armed students rode into the market place one morning about ten, having started at daybreak from their last halting place. Before 5 p.m. they were expected to show up a paper treating their day's route and its surroundings from a military point of view. The officer quartered in our house was a stout, commonplace

looking young fellow, with a tight waist. He at once entered his bedroom, and ordered two "beef steaks and potatoes" in succession, after which, I was informed, he divided his time between sleeping and writing till the dinner hour, when he joined his comrades at the large room at the inn. On another occasion we had a corporal from a light cavalry regiment and two horses on their way from the manœuvres. These last visitors came in from their day's march about four, and in a short space of time all the men had off their duty uniforms, and in their nankeen fatigue dresses were grooming their horses outside their billets. Later on they might be seen striding about the town and Schloss, with clusters of little Braunfelsers hanging on to their great hands, and piloting them about the place. Uncouth fellows with good, kindly faces, they looked thoroughly a *proles mascula, versare glebas docta ligonibus.*

When I had been at Braunfels a few days the Fürst returned from the "Orionhaus," his shooting-lodge in the forest, and the same night bade us to a "Bier" at the castle.

On arriving there we were received by a servitor in a coat of Frederick the Great's cut, who led the way up a winding stone staircase. The dusty old walls were covered with antlers of every size and shape, from the branching antlers of the "hoch wild," or great game, to the tiny forks of the roe-deer fawns. Antlers followed us off the staircase, through an antechamber and into a long room with rough oak rafters crossing the ceiling, and small windows like embrasures for cannon piercing the thick walls. Here the forest of horns took some order, being arranged in various patterns round several pictures of the chase,

the largest of which represented the late Fürst's favourite retriever bringing in a fox. A fox holds something of the same position in the German world of sport as a woodcock does with us, and I was often told with pride that the owner of the retriever had slain 1,700 of these animals during his life on earth. But to go back to our banqueting hall. On one of two large tables appeared wine and meats, while round the other were gathered the Fürst and his guests.

Our host sat at the head of the board in a colossal chair of faded leather studded with nails. By his side was a bucket containing some half dozen bottles of beer in ice, which were passed when wanted to the guests who sat round the table, all smoking cigars or long cherry-stick pipes. After the usual interchange of courtesies, I found myself seated by the colossal chair, while a Dachshund of great size and comeliness lay watching me with suspicion. The conversation was lively among the guests themselves, though they did not often volunteer remarks to "Durchlaucht" at the head of the table. However, the great man was good-natured enough, cracking his jokes with, and often upon, the various officers; and talking with the foreign guest about England, to which land he was most partial. He told me that in his youth he had served in the Hanoverian army, where many traces of the old connection with us still existed. His regimental mess possessed several tankards and other mementoes given them by English regiments with whom they had served. It was also the custom to call the officer who in Germany is styled "Hauptmann" by the British title of "Captain." These feasts always terminated when the bell on the battlements struck ten.

During the night the passage of time was recorded in a pleasingly mediæval fashion by a watchman, who called out every hour "Meine Herrn—ist geschlagen," at the same time giving three whistles—a custom somewhat destructive of slumber to a stranger.

A few days after the entertainment described above the anniversary of Sedan occurred, and I was bidden to a feast in the town. There, at 5 o'clock, I found all the notables assembled in the large room attached to the inn. About twenty were present besides ourselves including both the Kreis-Richter and the Ober-Pfarrer (clergyman). Most of these, as regards their outward man, fell readily into the Crown Prince or Bismarck type. They looked, as a rule, alarmingly learned, had tremendous physiques, though rather fleshy, and mostly wore double eyeglasses.

I sat between my host and Kreis-Richter No. 2 (the Deputy County Court Judge), a young gentleman of about twenty-eight, who had lately passed his examination for a judgeship, and made many enquiries about legal affairs in England. He was mainly struck with the amount of advocates' fees, and the practice of appointing judges only from among barristers in good practice.

Although the room in which we dined was far better than it would have been in England, I do not think the dinner was. By 8 o'clock I was wearied, chiefly from the great mental strain of attempting to explain our legal procedure to the Kreis-Richter in limited German, helped by adaptations from Justinian, pronounced as if they were French, so I was not sorry when we took our leave.

On my way home I soon forgot the "perfection of common sense" in the contemplation of a Puppen-

Theater (Marionettes) that was performing for the benefit of the children of Braunfels. There a sort of large Punch (an Ober-Punch ?) was hammering Judy with an animus that had not changed by crossing the sea. His ferocity apparently rather awed the timid little spectators, for the showman was obliged to beg them to laugh oftener, in order to attract the public, which they did at intervals, in volleys, with a very strange effect. I doubted whether our rising generation could have been so easily organised.

My time at Braunfels was mainly given to reading German, sketching and sport. The place abounded in "bits" among the picturesque old walls, gates and houses within the enceinte of the Schloss. In consequence of my efforts sketching became quite the fashion among the youthful population, who might be seen seated on stools with the little wooden colour boxes supplied in the schools, and pieces of paper of the most various kinds, endeavouring to imitate the Englander.

No account of Braunfels would be complete without some mention of sport, which played a large part in the life of the place. With the Lord of the Schloss it amounted almost to a profession. The princely hunting ground was the "Wald" that surrounded Braunfels on three sides, consisting of woods of beech, oak, and fir, intersected by a few roads, and grass rides innumerable.

At the time of year (September) when I was at Braunfels, the Fürst confined his efforts almost entirely to the deer forest *par excellence*, a tract of wood measuring some twelve miles round, fenced with a high paling of split timber. Here dwelt the "Hoch-wild," a red deer much like our Scottish stag, only somewhat

more developed. The chase of the Hoch-wild is surrounded with a good deal of pomp, no one being allowed to follow it but the great man himself, or persons specially invited. The difficulties and discomforts, also, are lessened as much as possible. Every glade of any size has one or more curious timber structures called Hoch-sitze, consisting of a small chamber raised some 20 feet from the ground. These erections usually stand near the edges of the glades, but the approach to them is always carefully masked by bushes or hedges contrived for the purpose. Passing between these screens, the adventurous Jäger reaches the Hoch-sitze by mounting a covered staircase lined with thick felt. His exertions are now over, as he has nothing more to do but pot the beasts when they come out to feed. Besides these receptacles, various other facilities are offered to the sportsman, such as masked paths leading to likely openings, loopholed ramparts, or small embrasures of horn-beam commanding the ordinary haunts of the game.

The less strictly preserved "Wald" only held game of a lower order such as roes, hares and foxes. It did, however, occasionally produce a wild boar, and one was shot during my stay. The fierce corpse was laid out on the old stone steps leading to the Fürst's apartments, and was as fat as butter, weighing just sixteen stone, though considerably mauled about the hind-quarters by the bullets of his destroyer.

Outside the "Wald" the cultivated ground descended in broad slopes unbroken by hedge or copse to the water-meadows which filled the bottoms, vast expanses of stubble and plough, varied by strips and

patches of turnips, beans, and vetches. This territory was the haunt of the "Hühner," as the German style the partridge, much as we call them "birds." Acting on the advice of my host I had brought my gun, causing much concern to the Custom-house officials, who passed on the various parts from hand to hand, evidently doubting whether, when united, they would form an ordinary fowling-piece or a weapon destined for political purposes. I had also ordered two hundred cartridges in Coblentz, but the horror and wonder of the shopman as he gasped out "Zwei hundert" so opened my eyes to the prospects of sport that I came down at once to fifty. Having stowed these in a yellow leather bag lined with pink and white stripes, and showing a large patch of hair on the outside, I felt fully equipped for the "Hühner-jagd."

During my stay at Braunfels I went out shooting on several occasions with varying and sometimes with no success. It will be enough if I give the reader a description of one of the most typical of these hunts, which was also the first in which I participated.

Our rendezvous was a large farm called "Kloster-berg." As our "Einspänner" turned into the farm-yard, I was struck by the amount of work going on within its limits.

In the whole scene the only idle persons were two men in grey and green, and a sturdy youth leaning against a low wall in an attitude, with a dead partridge arranged on his arm, as if he were going to be photographed. The men in grey were Försters, the youth was a student, a son of the pastor of the place, who, having had the luck to shed blood on his way to

the rendezvous, was determined that his skill should not pass unnoticed by the English stranger. The Försters as well as the youth carried light, roughly-made muzzleloaders, fastened over the shoulder by a strap, and game bags with a strip of network on the outer side. The party was completed by two astonishing dogs. One of these went by the name of "Lambo," the German equivalent to "Ponto."

Emerging from the farmyard we found ourselves launched on one of those vast districts of tilth which I have described above. Meanwhile "Lambo" and his companion set to work at quasi-military words of command, and though slow, manœuvred with great precision, wheeling or standing at ease in corn or turnips as became well-drilled German dogs. I confess I should have been glad to see them cover more ground, even at the risk of a little wildness, the vastness of our field of operations and the scarcity of the quarry giving our quest something of the "needle-in-the-stack-of-hay" character.

Time, however φύει τ'ἄδηλα, and will discover even a German partridge, and at length, during a temporary separation from the student, my arm was jogged by one of the Försters, and I saw two Hühner scuttling up a little mound before us. Not yet broken to do at Rome as the Romans do, I was quite unable to massacre these innocents, and, to the disgust and anger of my companions, the pair disappeared in safety over the ridge. I must say that by the time I left Braunfels I should as soon have thought of sparing a running partridge as a standing stag in the Highlands.

However, I was soon able to clear my character. Out of a small strip of corn rose a small covey within easy distance, two of which dropped. The effect was

an instantaneous reaction in my favour. The student leapt about, shouting "Donner und Wetter," and laughing wildly. The two Försters talked at the top of their voices, employing the universal German adjuration, while they hung the quarry to the little strips of net on their game bags.

When quiet was in some degree restored we proceeded on our course, and following up the covey, I got another, and the student blew a fourth unfortunate from the muzzle of his "flinte."

This great success, for we had not been walking more than two hours, apparently exhausted the fauna of the country and our own luck, for we did not see another feather. "Lambo" at one time raised our hopes by standing at ease without the word of command, but the game turned out to be a butterfly. In answer to my smile, his master remarked that he "had an all-embracing intelligence, but was young and fervid."

At mid-day we came to an anchor under some cherry trees, an oasis, though without water, in our Sahara. The Försters had previously procured a very large pitcher of beer from the next village, for which I offered to pay, but this suggestion was indignantly refused. I afterwards found that no Förster would accept a tip except with the greatest reluctance, a bit of independence that contrasted well with the habits of English keepers in that respect.

On the conclusion of our repast the student informed me that the younger Förster was a poet of great repute, and suggested that I should ask for a recitation. This I did, and this sporting Amyntas proceeded to recite a long ballad of an irregular metre, which described the successes of a gay young Förster in the

chase and in love, the first being connected with a "colossal bock," and the second with divers fair damsels.

After an unsuccessful afternoon we got back to Klosterberg, where we were received by the farmer, who seemed a sort of squireen. As soon as we appeared all the party adjourned into the house for coffee, which was handed round by our host's daughters. At length our "Einspänner" was announced, and after the inevitable glass of wine, we drove off amid a prodigious amount of removing of hats and polite speeches from our kind host and his friends.

Perhaps sporting readers may like to know my best day after the Hühner. It happened on another part of the Klosterberg farm, when six or seven guns destroyed seventeen "Stück." (Hühner are not counted by the brace in Germany—a significant circumstance.) My worst "Jagd" was one Wachtel-König (a sort of quail), two guns; on another occasion we got one hare with the same strength.

Before quitting this part of the subject I must say a word about the dogs at Braunfels. The animals who accompanied us on the "jagd" were generally the property of the Försters or Ober-Försters, and were to the English eye referable to the "genus heraldic" rather than to any extant class. I say to the English eye, because after a short residence at Braunfels I became aware that many types of the animal which I considered purely decorative had a recognised existence on the Continent. The fact was that the Fürst was a great dog-fancier, and possessed a kennel containing 120 inmates. A most elaborate affair it was, a terrace of rustic-looking little huts on the edge

of the forest, each with its enclosed patch of grass in front, through which ran a stream of water in a stone gutter. This collection comprised every variety of dog—from such unfamiliar shapes as the great spotted Austrian boarhounds and the French griffons, to the common Gordon setter and Irish spaniel. Besides the collection at the kennels, a colony of "dachs" lived at the Schloss, black-and-tan, liver-coloured, or dappled like fox-hounds. These last were beautiful, and I believe rare. They were said to have an hereditary feud with the black species, and I have often seen them sweeping round the old courts in full cry after my host's terrified pet "Teufel." There was also an aged veteran of the genus "griffon," an unfinished woolly shape, with a head like a gargoyle, who frequented the kitchen court, and occasionally took the field, being, in spite of his age and slowness, the best nose on the estate.

CHAPTER X

1879—1881

Return home—Sir J. Karslake—The Hardwicke—The Bar again—Curious Cases—Greek Play—Bowen's Politeness—Stanway—Lochinch—Scott-Russell—Sandringham—Matthew Arnold—Abolition of old Courts—Burton on Carlyle—A. Barratt—A Murder Defence—The Glamis Ghost—The British Association-Affaric—Arndilly—Access to Mountains—Wilton—G. Pembroke.

FATE did not allow me a long stay in these new surroundings, for at the end of September I received a telegram from Sir John Karslake which made it necessary to return home, which I did, at once. Sir John's health had greatly deteriorated in the last two years, and he had now become very irritable and difficult. It can be easily understood what it must have been for a man of his mental powers to feel that he was failing, and how natural it was for one who had always dominated his fellows by his capacity to endeavour to keep up his position by violence as his powers gradually weakened. For the rest of the year I had to witness some painful scenes at his house or at the Commission, when he endeavoured to make himself intelligible and had to be humoured as much as possible in order to get on with our report.

Between my return from my holiday and Christmas I had a good deal on my hands. The Commissioners were preparing their general report, and the numerous special reports on the different boroughs, under the difficulties I have mentioned. When I could get

away from these duties I did my reporting for the *Times*, or went to the drawing class at Fitz's.

I had also joined the Hardwicke Debating Society about a year before this, whose meetings I constrained myself to attend now and then, always going through tortures beforehand. My first oration had been in favour of abolition of the action of "Breach of Promise," and was a very wild and rambling affair. The society was at that time dominated to a great extent by some able Irishmen practising at the Old Bailey, whose taste and general tone were uncongenial to me, though I could not deny their ability. After abandoning this hateful pursuit for some months, I took it up again this autumn, attending pretty regularly. I remember speaking in favour of Protection, and of the "Disestablishment of the English Church," but my feeling on both the subjects was purely academic, and my reasoning torn to rags by one of the orators above mentioned.

The Commissioners signed their report early in the New Year, 1879, and I arranged to take chambers with Maule, Q.C., in Crown Office Row, leaving sorrowfully No. 6, Old Palace Yard, where I had spent two pleasant years. After the occupation and interest of the Commission I found the wearisome idleness of the Bar very distasteful, and had serious thoughts of giving up the profession, where I felt I should never succeed, and of taking to Art. Indeed, I think I should certainly have done so had I felt sure that I was properly qualified. About my love for Art I had no doubt, but I knew enough to be aware that, although I could reproduce fairly what I saw, I had really no power of ensuring artistic effect, which I only got at rare intervals and by accident. My

father was very good to me, when I told him how I felt, and to my surprise discussed the project of taking to Art quite calmly, though he was opposed to it.

I had taken up my *Times* reporting again on the cessation of the Commission, and I remember in this Spring reporting rather a curious case. There was a well-known dancing man in society, without whom no ball was complete. One morning I saw him appear as a defendant in an action which turned out to have been brought against him by his tailor for the price of a Court dress. The defence was that the price was excessive, the bill for the coat having amounted to £120, and the cost price being about £80. In answer to this the tailor said that the gold oak leaves and other ornamental work on the garment required especially skilled workmen, who were not easy to get, and whom it was therefore necessary for him to retain in his employ, whether he had work for them or not. He also by way of prejudice maintained that the defendant had ordered a coat of one class higher than he was entitled to wear. When the time came to go to the jury, the counsel for the exquisite, who was an Irishman endowed with a most fluent tongue, made a moving speech. His client happened also to be an amateur artist, and had attained some celebrity in those Philistine days by having a picture in the Royal Academy. The counsel, owing to some mistake, or because he had nothing else to say, chose to depict this child of luxury as a "paur struggling artist," to the astonishment of his friends, and rather to the disgust of the defendant himself, whose face was a study when he found himself so unexpectedly lowered in the social scale. I need hardly say that

the jury were not taken in by this view, and found for the tailor in spite of the largeness of his bill.

As a general rule there was not much colour or picturesqueness in the cases which I had to report, but now and then the law unveiled strange corners of human affairs.

I remember about this time an instance of this in a case which was tried before Hawkins, who had lately been made a Judge.

The action was by a blind man, a collector of curios, against a watchmaker for the recovery of a watch said to be of great value, the work of some celebrated French maker of the 18th century. On the back of this article being opened a couple were discovered making love in a very pronounced fashion, an abbé looking in at them through a window and taking off his hat at each embrace. The plaintiff had sent the watch for repair, and could not get it back from the defendant. Hawkins, rather to the surprise of everyone, refused to try the case, on the ground that it was *contra bonos mores* for the Courts to assist in the recovery of such an indelicate piece of goods, so the plaintiff lost his property.

While on legal topics I may say that in February this year I received the first of several briefs to appear in the Divorce Court on behalf of the Queen's Proctor. As may be supposed, I was rather alarmed at the first plunge into a new Court and a new line of business. The cases as a rule were of a most unromantic character, the parties being mostly commercial travellers and barmaids.

About this time the acting of a Greek play, with the chorus set to modern music, which has since become so popular, was started by some Oxford amateurs.

"*June* 11. Went with Lady Elcho to Eton to see the Agamemnon acted by an Oxford company. Dined at Warre's. The play in the College Hall, very interesting. The chorus chanted in a sort of Gregorian strain. The scene of the murder very dramatic, stage a little narrow, but on the whole well done, specially the part of Clytemnestra, by one of the Bensons.

"*July* 12. Newcastle Assizes. Bowen in the Crown Court. The Oxford politeness occasionally a little comic. A man was being tried for murdering his wife, and was defending himself. He kept on cross-examining the witnesses as to what they had had for breakfast on the day of the crime. Bowen at last stopped him in his gentlest Oxonian tones and said, 'Prisoner, you must allow me to remind you that the question which we are trying is not whether you or any of your friends had red herrings or even smelts for breakfast, but whether you beat your wife's head to pieces with that poker.'"

On September 7th in this year my youngest sister, Marcia, was married to North Dalrymple, after which I paid the first of many visits to Stanway, then inhabited by the Elchos.

Stanway was a beautiful old Jacobean house, situated in a hollow at the very foot of the Cotswolds, which went up behind it in a succession of terraces. Approaching through an arched gateway built by Inigo Jones, you found yourself in a courtyard, which was bounded on one side by the parish church, and on the other by the hall of the house, ending in a beautiful oriel window, the whole being more like a collegiate or monastic establishment than a private residence. Nor would such an impression be incorrect, as it had originally been a retreat attached to the monastery in Tewkesbury.

Later in the month I went north to Lochinch, in Wigtonshire, which was in many ways a unique place,

and deserves some mention. The house was modern, and was built upon a tongue of land which ran between two fresh-water lochs. The whole of this territory had been carved into terraces and bastions by an army under the command of one of the former Lords Stair, which was put into winter quarters in the neighbourhood. These were now covered with splendid turf, and planted with ornamental shrubs, forming a pleasaunce of more than half a mile in length, which ended in the ivy-covered ruins of Castle Kennedy. For a mile or two on each side of the house the country was flat, and contained several curious fresh-water lochs, like large pools in the middle of grass fields, with no banks or rocks on their margins. Some miles away were endless stretches of low hills covered with heather, and intersected by small valleys containing hill farms, each surrounded by its patch of tilth. This country had a great charm, both from the beauty of line in its long, straight ridges, and the variety of its vesture, heather and fern, golden grass and bog myrtle, clustering about the grey rocks. The sport was, to a sportsman of the old-fashioned sort, the best and most varied I ever enjoyed. The flat country provided excellent partridge and pheasant shooting, and there were plenty of trout in the lochs. The mixture of cultivation with moor in the higher lands was very favourable to grouse and black game, and permitted of a combination of driving and walking, and a variety in the bag which is to be met with nowhere to such an extent as in these Southern Highlands.

Our host, Lord Stair, was an admirable specimen of a Scottish potentate. When I first visited at Lochinch he was in full health and vigour, and used always to

come out with the shooters, adding much to the enjoyment of the day by his fun and spirits.

"*Nov.* 26. Dined at . . . . Huxley and Lord Lytton there. Lord Lytton very agreeable, if one can get over the prejudice which the cut of his trousers produces in the mind of the ordinary British male. He and Huxley held excellent discourse on the family life of the oyster, Huxley supplying the facts and Lord Lytton the fancy. Later in the evening Huxley talked well on Ireland, being very strong against the 'Disturbance Bill.'"

While staying at Ravensworth for the autumn Assizes this year I met Scott-Russell, the celebrated engineer. He was very conversational, and I made a few notes in my diary of his "table talk," which I will give, without, of course, guaranteeing the accuracy of his statements.

"In my opinion the Pyramids were built by cutting down solid rock to a particular slope and then facing it with the stone so obtained. In proof of this there are no joinings in the stones after you get a certain distance in.

"At the time of the Crimean War I had large contracts for ships which were to be finished at high speed, and was employing 2,000 workmen. They took advantage of the situation to ask a rise of wages, till they made from 5*s.* to 13*s.* a day. I, however, had got information that hostilities were nearly over, and on the men claiming a further rise to 15*s.*, refused. When they had been out a month they came back on my own terms. I always paid each workman what I thought his labour was worth. When on one occasion there was a dispute with the men over this system, they burnt a ship I had on the stocks to the loss of £25,000. I have lost £55,000 in my life in this way.

"When I was thinking of going into Parliament, Lord Palmerston said to me, 'Say nothing for two

years, but study the character of those about you; for twenty years after that only speak on your own special subject.'"

On my return to London I found a note at my chambers from the Attorney-General (Sir Henry James) giving me the Mint and Post Office prosecutions at Sessions. I was pleased with this small windfall, as, though the takings were not large, it gave one a certain status, and lessened the chance of going to a place and finding absolutely no work.

"*Dec.* 3. Went to Sandringham Rectory to stay with Hervey. The Prince of Wales's house close to Rectory, pretty park and grounds. Tenants' ball at Sandringham—a great crowd. I didn't know many people, and didn't dance much. The Prince and Princess dancing vigorously. The tenants at first all huddled together like sheep at one end of the room, but afterwards took courage and danced gaily.

"*Dec.* 7. Went to see old Baron Martin; found him very deaf. We talked on Irish affairs. He said 'Mr. Liddell, it does not take a Sir William Follett to persuade a man not to pay his rent.'

"*Feb.* 13, 1881. I met Matthew Arnold in Piccadilly and walked with him to St. James's Place. His talk was interesting, but his 'Dundreary' manner is curious in a man of such austere intellectual taste. He said that Carlyle had never satisfied him. George Eliot's books he did not like, though he recognised her power of drawing character. He had no great opinion of Lowell as a poet, better as a critic. Thought Benjamin Franklin's autobiography very poor, 'Richard's Maxims' the best American book. He had not been able to care much yet for Bret Harte, but thought he might do so; was going to read him to his daughters. Had lately re-read 'David Copperfield,' and had liked it much more than he had ever done before, being struck with its vigorous talent. He had been more thanked for his last poem (on the death of the dog Geist) than for anything he ever wrote. He

supposed it was because few persons liked verses, and many liked dogs."

I find noted in my diary under Feb. 25th of this year:

"At 12 this night Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer breathed their last."

This change, which saved a few thousands a year, has not, in my opinion, been followed with the good results expected by its authors. It has substituted for these Courts, each under the immediate control of its chief, an unwieldy body of Judges supposed to be kept in order by a *divisum imperium* consisting of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice. It has abolished the two chiefships which attracted the best men at the Bar, who are now often unwilling to take judgeships, a state of things which has the double evil of diminishing the supply of good men for the Bench, and giving an undue prominence to the Bar, it being not uncommon now for a Judge to have before him an advocate whose pupil he has been.

"*March* 31. Dined at Poynter's. Sir Frederic Burton, the Curator of the National Gallery, told us stories of Carlyle, imitating his voice, a slow, impressive Scottish drawl. I will put down some notes of his talk. 'At a breakfast of the Fellows of the Zoological Society the Secretary, after making some remarks laudatory of that body, said "Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" Carlyle: "I hate Zoological Gardens since I went to the Regent's Park and there saw a beast walking round and round everlastingly, till it had made a white track round its cage, and it glared at me through the bars." (Carlyle, who was eating a chop, then showed his great teeth and glared with his eyes).' Carlyle's power of graphic description was wonderful. He used to sit in his drawing-room on the floor

near the fire, with his back against the pillars of the chimney-piece, smoking a long pipe and stretched across the fender. In this position he would pour forth endless talk. Burton especially remembers that once someone expressed ignorance on the subject of golf. Carlyle then took up his parable and gave a complete picture of the game, links and all, putting in all the little events which might occur, so that Burton almost saw the whole game before his eyes. The narrative ended thus: 'And then they all go to a public-house, and have a dinner of corned beef and cabbage. The Scots are a grave people.' Once Carlyle got hold of a picture of a Scottish divine in a Puritan dress with a large white collar, which corresponded entirely with his idea of Knox. Burton pointed out to him that the dress was of a date considerably later than Knox. This detail, however, had no effect on him. He still stuck to his Knox.

"*May* 20. Heard of Alfred Barratt's death. He had been the cleverest man at Oxford of my day. He got five 'Firsts,' yet never seemed to do anything but smoke and play cards. After he left he brought out a book called 'Physical Ethics,' quite unintelligible to ordinary mortals. He was a very good fellow, and the sudden loss of one who seemed no less strong in body than in mind has been a painful shock to all his friends.

"*July* 8. We have got one of the Chancery Judges sitting as Criminal Judge at the Assizes under the new system. He seems rather a square man in a round hole. He began by lecturing the Grand Jury about 'Education,' 'Electric Light' and other fancy topics. Then he threatened to commit a man for 'contempt' who called out to a prisoner, 'Keep up your heart, Bob,' and lectured him priggishly.

"*July* 16. Durham Assizes. Hawkins asked me to defend a murder case which is on for trial next week. Read the depositions—it seems an awkward case. Did not feel much frightened."

I passed three rather uneasy days, and the case came on upon the 19th. The prisoner was a negro, who had quarrelled with his wife. On the day of the

crime he had, according to his own account, gone to the house where she was staying, with a plate of bacon in his hand, which he asked her to cook for him. She dashed it out of his hand, and the man snatched up a poker from the fireplace and battered her head to pieces. One curious feature of the case was that it came out that the prisoner was a great favourite with children, and that he actually had two children hanging on to his hand when he paid the fatal visit. I spoke for about twenty minutes, dwelling on the provocation and the generally aggravating character of the female sex. Hawkins summed up dead against me, and the jury, after an absence of about thirty minutes, convicted the prisoner, though with a recommendation to mercy.

"*Aug.* 21. A foreign lady here is lively and amusing. She pretends to a belief that she has lived several previous lives, which enables her to make astonishing statements as to what she has done, and whom she had met in her former existence, *e.g.*, it comes with great effect into a conversation on astronomy to say 'As Galileo once told me.'

"Spiritualism is another of her topics. Being herself a wonderful medium, male spirits were always falling in love with her. At one time she was persecuted by an aged spirit who showed his attentions by knocking about the furniture of her boudoir, and who at last became so importunate as actually to rock the chair on which she sat. She could only get rid of him by directing the governess to make overtures to him, when he desisted from his attentions, with what result to the governess she did not say.

"Among her other marvels was the best account of the Glamis ghost which I have yet heard. As she was sitting in her room there the wall became transparent, and she saw through it into the secret chamber illumined with a lurid light. There lay in chains a

fearful object, half-man, half-toad, who was Lord Strathmore in 1330. The dash of the toad in his structure had given him longevity, the amount of man in him was such that they dare not knock him on the head; so there he remains, fed on raw flesh by Lord Strathmore, the factor and the eldest son.

"*Aug.* 31. Escrick. British Association party. Rayleighs, Francis Galton, Herbert Spencer, Henry Bradshaw, Edmund Gurney."

This was an interesting party, the talk ranging over a great variety of topics.

"*Sept.* 1. Hostess to Herbert Spencer: 'I shall always believe that flowers have consciousness.' Herbert Spencer: 'If you are determined to adhere to the proposition that it is possible to dissociate the existence of consciousness from the physiological processes of nervous organisation, I must differ from you entirely.'"

Francis Galton told us of a plan of generalising faces by throwing a number of impressions of different faces in the same position on to a plate and then taking a print. The result is a kind of compound face, in which all the more salient characteristics are supposed to appear. He showed us types of the military officer, and of the Welsh dissenting minister. He thinks that by extending the process to persons suffering from a particular disease, it might be possible to connect particular types with particular diseases, and so take precautionary measures with persons displaying those types in early life.

Galton also stated that in the *Challenger* expedition all soundings had brought up meteoric dust, and that the earth was receiving this addition day and night. Organic remains of the lowest orders of life, such as sponges, had been found in the dust.

Herbert Spencer, on being asked why he ate

strawberry jam at breakfast, said that the beneficial effects of happiness upon mankind have been much underrated, owing to the over-respect paid to asceticism. He considered pleasure an excellent digestive. He himself could not digest the same food for many days, simply from the effect that monotony would have upon his mind, and had heard of a man who went into a decline from eating nothing but mutton chops.

After leaving Escrick I paid my first visit to Glen Affaric, a shooting-lodge in Inverness-shire occupied by my friends the Matthew Ridleys. It was one of the most beautiful places in the Highlands, the lodge being built on a promontory between two lochs, looking down Loch Affaric to the hills at its western end. I went out stalking for the first time, and thoroughly enjoyed the walking in the glens and corries, but did not get a shot till I assisted at a deer-drive at Guisachan, where I killed my first stag.

My next stay was at Arndilly, on the Spey, with William Graham. Nothing worthy of note happened except an expedition to ascend Ben Mac Dhui, said to be the highest mountain in Scotland. After attaining the summit, we were leisurely descending when we became aware of a loud shouting proceeding from some rocks on the other side of a deep ravine. The shouts came from the owner of the forest, Lord A——, who had been crawling after a stag for about three-quarters of an hour, when his quarry had been disturbed by our party just as he was getting within range. His lordship was naturally much disturbed at this disappointment, and sent his keeper across to us, laden with denunciations. However, when the man approached and got out of his master's sphere of

influence, either because he scented a tip or because he was impressed by Mr. Graham's appearance, his language was extremely mild. The result was a rather absurd situation. The day being very still, the master on the other side of a deep ravine could hear all that was said, and the result was something of this kind. Keeper: "His lordship bade me tell ye that ye have nae business here, as the hull is in the forest." Lord A. (shouting across the gulley): "No, no, tell 'em they're a d——d set of Cockney tourists, trespassing on my land, and I'll put every b——y soul of 'em into prison." *Und so weiter*, until he ceased from exhaustion, and the keeper had beat a retreat with a furtive half-crown, while we fled down the mountain as fast as our legs would carry us. I must confess that the doctrine of "access to mountains" not having been then propounded, I thought that the noble lord had some cause for his annoyance.

In November of this year I paid a visit to Wilton, the first of many pleasant sojournings, as one was always sure of meeting an agreeable and friendly company. For this reason, and because the place is a remarkable one with, if one may say so, a strong individuality of its own, I shall put down a few words about it.

The house is built in different styles, so does not compare externally with Longleat or Blickling in harmonious beauty. The interior, however, is very fine, the rooms being of noble proportion and ornamented with wood-carving of a rich and massive design by Gibbons. The best of these apartments, indeed one of the finest in England, is a room in the shape of a double-cube, at one end of which was a superb Vandyke covering the whole width of the wall.

The double-cube was specially built for music, and some of the completest moments of my life have been passed listening to Hubert Parry playing to a company of friends in those rich and dignified surroundings.

The grounds are worthy of the house, in summer time approaching our idea of Eden. Two clear chalk streams, the Nadder and the Wyllie, run through the gardens in three channels, the main stream being crossed by a Palladian bridge of beautiful design. Between this and the house is a lawn shaded with glorious cedars, and on the other side the ground rises into a wooded hill. Everywhere are murmuring waters, rustling trees and sylvan walks.—George Pembroke ruled over this fair demesne, one of the few men I have known who had charm in addition to his other gifts. He was a big, rather unwieldy man, with a richly-coloured picturesque head, a philosopher as well as a grand seigneur, and had a mind deeply interested in all the problems of the time, as well as keenly appreciative of all that was best in literature and art. Had his health or temperament been suited to hard work, he would have been known in the world.

CHAPTER XI

1882—1883

Professor Owen—Snapshots—Abbey Leix—The Old Home—Fiji—Odette—Visit to French Schools—A French Government Office—French Schools compared with English—A "Cellule"—The Skeleton at the Feast—A Portent—A Deer-drive—Loch Luichart—The "Ajax"—Reformatory School Commission in Ireland—English and Irish Schools compared—Foundation Stone of Gosford—A Brief from Freshfields—The Pre-Raphaelites at Oxford—The "Souls"—Lord Cowper—Wrest.

1882. Early in this year I heard that Lord Aberdare was going to offer me the Secretaryship of the Royal Commission on Reformatory and Industrial Schools. I was much rejoiced at the prospect of regular work again, and on so important and interesting a subject.

"*Feb.* 8. Went with my father to see Professor Owen at the new Natural History Museum. He showed us round with his usual charming exposition. Among other beasts we saw the head of a mastodon with tusks about twenty feet long, which had been found embedded in a sandstone quarry in India. The blocks of sandstone were cut out and sent over to the museum, where it took the workmen two years to free the several portions of the specimen by chipping away the stone all round. Owen thinks that the huge tusks of the mastodon, horns of early deer, etc., are simply the result of the abundance of food in those uncompetitive times. He expounded to us the wonderful adaptation of the big tree-sloth to pulling down trees, who used his tail and hind legs as a tripod, from which he got a purchase to pull the tree down with his fore-paws. One of these beasts had been found with his skull cracked by a tree which had fallen on him. This crack, though evidently the ultimate cause of death, was partially healed, which showed that it

could not have been caused by a blow from another beast, as the sloth would then have been eaten up on being stunned, and there would have been no time for healing.

"*March* 10. First meeting of the Reformatory and Industrial School Commission. Lord Aberdare, the Chairman, was half an hour late, which caused a dreadful time, all the Commissioners standly stiffly about making desultory remarks, Broadhurst grumbling at the loss of twenty minutes in the afternoon.

"*March* 14. With Poynter to a lecture at the R.A. by a Californian on the movements of men and animals. He had contrived that a horse in passing a line of cameras produced a series of photos of himself, representing his position at every twelve inches in his line of going. In the case of the horse, modern artists seemed to have got hold of no position at all like those in the photographs. The Greeks and Egyptians had depicted one or two which the Californian thought correct, and it looked to me as if some of his positions might have been found in old French books on the manège. The figure of a galloping horse, to which we are accustomed, was more like the going of a deer. There were also some photos of birds, though they were a bit hazy. With these there is a common position where both wings are below the body, which the Egyptians and Japanese alone have reproduced.

At Easter this year I went again to Abbey Leix.

"*April* 10. Riding through Abbey Leix town, one lot of children jeered, but most people looked at us in silence, and some took their hats off. In the country many did this. At night we went up to the top of the house. It was pitch dark, and the southern horizon was blazing with bonfires kindled for the release of Parnell from Kilmainham. It was a curious sight, and reminded me of the beginning of the Agamemnon. From the neighbouring town came the sound of continuous shouting, blowing of horns, etc.

"*April* 29. Met Seymour Haden, who said he had caught forty trout, amounting to seventy pound weight, at Chenies a few days ago in two and a half hours.

"*April* 30. Walked with my father to Professor Owen's cottage at Sheen. Went into our old garden; strange, sad feeling of 'the days that are no more.' Everything grown, all the shrubs looked bigger and the ground less, making it strangely confined. Professor Owen spoke of his recent journey in Egypt—of a visit to Lesseps, who looked from his drawing-room window on a sea of his own creation six or seven miles long; also of a visit to the Khedive's harem where, amidst all the Oriental surroundings, a French governess played a quadrille on the piano, and the little Khedives went through the dance clad in Eastern garb. He afterwards discoursed on the names along the Thames, showing what a thoroughfare it had been for invaders. First Wandsworth—'Woden's worth' or 'Woden's property,' Wandle, 'Woden's Vale'—spoke to the presence of the Danes, just as Mortlake, 'Mort lac,' did to that of the Normans."

"*May* 6. Victor Williamson dined, just back from Fiji, where he has been for the Government settling the land question. He says that they are doing their utmost to destroy, as fatal to progress, the system of Communism which the Socialists wish to set up in England. At present, if a Fijian envies any property belonging to a fellow tribesman he asks for it, and the person asked has to give, but may demand what he likes in return. Under this system no fruit of labour is secure, so no one will work. If you want anything belonging to a member of another tribe you send him a whale's tooth, which means that if he don't shell out you'll make him. This is effected by forwarding on the whale's tooth to a third party, with a request for him to help you to wallop No. 1.

"*May* 13. To the Haymarket to see *Odette*—a thrilling drama; sobs all round. I had difficulty in preventing tears. Bancroft in the most moving scene stands most of the time with his back to the audience. This is much commented on, but is effective. Left with the feeling I always have after being thoroughly harrowed at a play, that I have been doing what is not quite right, playing with my best emotions. Yet this feeling never follows on reading a stirring book."

All this spring I had been working hard as secre-

tary to the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Commission, which had taken evidence in London, and visited several schools in the Home Counties.

In the Whitsun holiday I thought it would be interesting to go and see one or two French institutions of this kind. As my friend Edward Poynter was going to Paris, I accompanied him.

My father gave me a letter of introduction to Lord Lyons, who asked me to dinner, and presented me with credentials to the French Minister of the Interior. As to what followed I cannot do better than give the reader some extracts from an article in "Blackwood," which I wrote on my return home.

"Armed with a large envelope I called on the Minister of the Interior, and was shown into a waiting room that formed a pleasant contrast to its English counterpart with its cheerful decorations of cocoa-nut matting, pewter inkstands and dirty blotting-paper. Here to begin with were busts of Diana and Apollo, chairs and a sofa (as comfortable as such things ever are in France) and an imposing picture of a naval action on the wall. At last I was shown to the Minister's room. This was a very smart apartment, ormolu clocks, gilt candelabra, heavy curtains, Utrecht velvet chairs, and what looked like a good copy of a large Venetian picture. I thought how the office keepers at the Home Office would stare if they saw this large undraped lady among the Home Secretary's solemn bookcases. Presently, with quick steps, like a man of business on the stage, enter a little man, who looked as if he had sat up very late the night before. Giving me a hasty bow, he mastered the contents of the official letter, and in a few jerky sentences recapitulated my wants. I said 'oui.' He ran off in a similar mechanical style what he would do for me. I said 'Merci.' Thereupon M. le Ministre dashes off a letter and some sand on to it. I said 'Merci' again, and also 'Bon jour.' At the last moment the statesman relaxes a little, and says 'he hopes I can find my way

out.' I assure him that I can, and do so with a large brown dispatch addressed to the Director of Prisons.

"On reaching the abode of that official it appeared that he was out. So I was left with a wreathed bust of 'La République Française' and *Le Journal Officiel.* Fortunately the journal contained some good reading. Firstly, a scene in the Chamber on the question of secular education, a 'Reactionary' objecting to the children in some department being taught a song, the refrain of which was:

Let us make pâtés
Of all the Curés.

Secondly, an official letter from the Minister of Agriculture to the Director of Woods and Forests, setting forth in eloquent language how forests could not possibly do well of themselves, or be of any service to humanity except under a Republic.

"At last the Director of Prisons returned, and was politeness itself. It was arranged that I should see a 'Colonie Pénitentiaire' at Douaires, and a 'Quartier Correctionnel' at Rouen, which would give me a sight of the two principal species corresponding to some extent to our reformatory and industrial schools."

I do not propose to give the details of the visits I paid to these schools, which would not be interesting to the general reader; I shall merely mention one or two points of comparison between them and our own institutions for like purposes.

On the vexed question of detention, the policy of our neighbours was a much bolder one than ours, the usual term of detention in both schools being up to twenty years of age. This gets rid of one of the chief blots on our system, viz., the power of the parents to resume control of the boy, often for vicious purposes, after he has been maintained and educated at the expense of the State. On the other hand it makes management and discipline much more difficult. An attempt was

made to obviate this in the "Quartiers," where there were many more older boys, by dividing the inmates into three classes, according to age, who lived separate as far as possible, and occupied separate dormitories. Corporal punishment was not allowed in France, which necessitated a much larger use of the *cellule* (solitary confinement) than with us.

I remember in the "Quartier" at Rouen we visited a *cellule*, wherein was a culprit with a low forehead, sunken eyes, and a most evil countenance. "What are you in for, 26?" said the Director. "Bavardises in the Refectory, but I'll never do it again." "Ah, that's what they all say!" cried the Director, beginning to work himself up in true French fashion. "I'm very sorry," growled the offender. "Ah, *malheureux*," shouted his superior, putting his face down close to the boy's and shaking his forefinger in front of his nose, "Why didn't you think of that before?" With which reflection the door was shut upon the half-human creature and we passed on.

Discipline in the French schools was on the whole stricter, and there was closer supervision, especially in the dormitories.

The French buildings being entirely supported by the State were finer, and the arrangements more elaborate than in most of our schools, and the order and cleanliness were admirable, though I saw no attempt at cheerful ornaments in the way of pictures, etc., so usual with us. The type of boy was much the same. Also owing to the difficulties placed in the way of the parents getting their children again under their control, they did not desert them or connive at offences in order to get them into the school originally. The influence of parents over "boarded out"

children was obviated in France by a wise system of committing them to institutions at a distance from the home of the offenders.

"*July* 29. On this day my friend Edward Ridley, now the judge, was married to Alice Bromley Davenport, and I filled the office of 'best man.' The ceremony was a large affair, and took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and was doubtless much like any other wedding, except for the following circumstances:— Considerable excitement was raised among the spectators of the presents when it was rumoured that a tall oak box placed against the wall contained a skeleton, and all sorts of stories were rife as to the significance of such a curious wedding gift. The real explanation was simple. An eccentric old gentleman had once found the bride, who was fond of drawing, making a study from a skull, and had vowed that he would give her a whole skeleton when she married. The result was that after protracted negotiation he secured the framework of an Austrian grenadier, which, I believe, it was found most difficult to import. This was not the sole trouble connected with the gift, as when the young couple set up house the servants shied at this strange inmate of the establishment, and he had to be presented to a hospital."

After the season I went to Scotland, and the following day was dropped by the steamer in Armadale Bay, on the southern end of Skye. A boat met me from the shore, and the steamer was soon out of sight. Suddenly I was amazed by a deep, melodious sound, which seemed to come from nowhere in particular, and to fill the whole air above the lonely loch. I was quite staggered with astonishment, we being a distance from the shore, and nothing whatever visible on the smooth surface of the water. Doubts whether kelpies, mermaids, etc., might not after all exist in those regions began to cross my mind. On landing I walked up to the house, and while talking to my host in front of the

door my luggage arrived on a barrow from the shore. My host went up to it, and pointing to a large parcel wrapped in matting said, "Is that the clock, Sandy?" The mystery was now explained. A large chiming clock had been stowed away under the forward thwarts of the boat. This position, and the many wraps in which it was enveloped, had so muffled the sound as to give it the effect of coming from a distance. If it had not happened that the matter was so soon explained, I should all my life have felt absolutely convinced that there were more things in earth than were dreamt of by my philosophy.

"*Sept.* 18. Affaric. Started at four for a drive of deer. It was quite dark, but the sky to the east had a lighter, somewhat greenish look, though the stars were still quite bright in it. Rowing up the loch into the misty west, the clouds came gradually down, leaving but this one faintly luminous strip astern of us. It felt like being in Charon's boat. On landing we could hardly see to walk, but crossing a meadow heard a clatter of feet, and saw dim forms fleeing before us. Shortly after the shepherds and dogs passed us who were going up the pass to 'gather' the sheep. It was eight o'clock when we took our stations, where we waited, hearing first the voices of the men and dogs coming down the wind. Then the sheep began to move along the hill-sides like strings of maggots, and finally dots crossed the sky-line, and men and dogs appeared. I only saw one stag."

On leaving Affaric I went to Loch Luichart, belonging to Lady Ashburton, a well-known figure in society, and centre of myths. Though stout, she had a commanding presence, with fine eyes and an aquiline face like a Roman empress.

Loch Luichart was a beautiful place, but I went there with some trepidation, as there were all kinds of stories afloat as to the peculiarity of the domestic

arrangements and the uncertain tenure of one's bedroom, a state of things which was brought about by her ladyship's habit of constantly changing her servants, and her hospitality, which led her to ask more persons than the house would hold, and to visitors being quartered in summer-houses or other unsuitable abodes. These rumours were to some extent confirmed by my experience, as the male establishment had been reduced to one footman, and was presided over by a retired gamekeeper, said to be also the steward of the yacht. He certainly bore no resemblance in dress or appearance to a butler, and served what wine there was in black bottles.

I was not favoured by being sent upon "the hill," the only call on my energies being to partake of the intellectual games which were then coming into fashion. I remember in connection with these an amusing instance of the "irritabile genus." One of the games consisted in answering questions in rhyme, it being necessary to incorporate certain words in the answer. The performances were, when written, folded up and read aloud by one of the party, the name of the writer being kept secret. Our hostess took upon herself the part of reader, and either from short sight or impetuosity, usually made a great hash of the poems. We ordinary mortals, though chafing at the metre and rhyme of our exercises being destroyed, suffered in silence. Not so Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. Hamilton Aïdé. They became very restless at the way their productions were massacred, and eventually burst out in loud remonstrances.

After Loch Luichart I went to Aberdeen, where ten members of the Commission had assembled with a

view of inspecting specimens of the Scottish schools and taking evidence. Life in Aberdeen was rather stern, as befitted that chilly, if imposing, city. We had to undergo a hospitable but ponderous lunch in the Guildhall, and our sole recreation was serious rubbers of whist after dinner in the rather stuffy hotel; so, on the whole, I was not sorry when we left for Edinburgh, though the task of looking after the luggage and despatch boxes of ten Commissioners was no joke.

"*Dec.* 4. Eton. To see the Ajax. Dined at the Cornishes, a large gathering of sages and æsthetic people. FitzJames Stephen there. Reminded me much of Johnson. A young man offered to help him on with his great-coat, upon which Stephen roared out with great contempt, 'I hope I haven't come to that yet.' Young man crushed and frightened. At 10.30 to the College Hall, where 'Ajax' was played. The hero was Stephen's second son, a big, powerful fellow, rather too 'Gothic' for Ajax, but looked most ferocious when insane. Tecmessa good and rather pretty, of a 'Magdalen type,' as Lord Aberdare would say. I liked the performance, but not so well as the 'Agamemnon'; the acting was not so good, and the fine effect of the chorus, which is a much more prominent feature in the 'Agamemnon,' is here missing."

Towards the end of January, 1883, the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Commission started for a tour in Ireland. We began at Belfast. As I found that writing to hotels on Government paper resulted in overcharging, I had ordered our rooms on paper bearing the address of an hotel in Newcastle. The number bespoke being eleven, the hotel at Belfast assumed that we were a football team, and when old G. —— and one or two other Commissioners arrived, they found that they had been placed in garrets, to

their great astonishment and fury. However, this was soon remedied, and I found the Irish hotels better than I expected, as though tidiness was lacking, the food and attendance were good. From Belfast we went to Dublin.

"*Jan.* 30. The Commission dined with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Messrs. Healy, O'Brien and many unknown Nationalists there. I sat between the senior Alderman and the French Consul. Things got a little nervous now and then during the speeches. The dinner was long and crowded, and we did not get away till 11.30.

"*Jan.* 31. A demoniacal-looking man cursed Lord Aberdare and myself, as we were walking in the streets, for no apparent reason. I suppose he was a politician.

"*Feb.* 3. Kilkenny. A characteristic scene at the railway station. Our train for Waterford refused to start, in spite of a crowd of men putting logs behind the wheels and cheering the engine on. Apparently the only chance of getting her off was for the train to go backwards first—a very Irish way of proceeding. It was not till we had gone about 200 yards directly away from our goal that a start was at last effected, amid the loud cheers of all the loafers of Kilkenny. But we were an hour late into Waterford."

Our tour in Ireland was very interesting, as we found, especially in the case of the industrial schools, that the operation of various causes had produced an institution of quite a different type to that existing in Great Britain.

In Ireland, for various reasons, the industrial schools had come to be looked upon as State-aided homes for destitute children, instead of institutions for reforming children of criminal habits and surroundings. The curious part of this state of things was that it had been brought about in the teeth of the law. Clergy-

men, philanthropists and magistrates united in getting into the schools children whose cases did not strictly come under the Industrial School Acts.

This view of the case naturally resulted in a large number of committals, which were at the time we visited Ireland about in proportion of 3 to 2 to the committals in Great Britain. In consequence of this run upon the institutions, the Chief Secretary had had to limit the Treasury grant, and in some counties the Grand Jury had refused to contribute to the maintenance of the children committed.

In order to meet this state of things my Commission made various recommendations, the most important of which was the putting of the charge for the children on the Guardians instead of the County Councils.

As regards the structure and conditions of the schools, the power of organisation of the Roman Church and her energy in collecting money made the Catholic schools in the larger towns the best found, and apparently the best disciplined, of any we had seen. Probably the traditional respect for the priesthood makes it easier for them to manage boys than it is for mere laymen, while their position as pastors, rather than gaolers, results in a greater kindness of manner and treatment.

"*April* 10. Gosford. The first stone was laid of the new house. A portion of the central wall of the existing building had been pulled down, and large props of rough timber held up the parts dependent on it. In the shadowy central passage a small group was assembled, consisting of the chief craftsmen and one or two masons, Lord and Lady Wemyss, two sons, myself, and the old black retriever. A hollow had been made in a large stone, and fitted in it was a

leaden box, holding an almanack, the papers of the day, and a guinea belonging to the Lord Wemyss who began the house eighty-three years ago. A plumber soldered up the box and placed it in the stone. As he rose the master-mason advanced, laid a flat slab over the hollow, and plastered round its edges with mortar. He then handed to Lady Wemyss a trowel, a square, and a hammer. Kneeling down she struck the slab with the hammer and placed the square upon it. The weight hung from the centre straight and true, a good omen for the work. Smoothing the edge of the plaster with the trowel, she said 'God bless this house and those that live in it hereafter.'

"*April* 17. A brief left from Freshfield's for Leeds Assizes, my first civil case. It was a claim by a contractor for money due for 'warping' some land in Lincolnshire. 'Warping' is a kind of irrigation whereby the tidal waters are let in upon the fields through sluice-gates, leaving a slimy deposit on the land. I was rather anxious about this brief, as it was of great importance to do a case well for such a firm as Freshfields, and I had an uneasy time until the 25th, when it came on before North, J. I was for the defendant, the owner of the land, and my leader was a well-known Q.C. on the Circuit. He cross-examined the plaintiff, and then said that he must go to the Crown Court. A mill-wheel went round in my head when I was left in this unexpected way, as I had prepared no speeches or cross-examination. However, there was no help for it, and I got on fairly with the cross-examination, but was rather overcome when it came to opening the case for the defence. About five my leader came back for an hour. On the next day he was again away. Our witnesses were very lame, and it was up-hill work. Just as I was in despair, the leader appeared and summed up our case; but from having heard so little evidence he was not very forcible, and did not carry the jury with him, as they gave the plaintiff £250. I never got another brief from Freshfields.

"*May* 10. To dine with William Richmond at Hammersmith. When the rest of the party were gone, Val Prinsep discoursed about the days of the painting of he Union at Oxford by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Morris

and himself. A wonderful, disorderly, innocently-foolish, conceited, Bohemian lot they seem to have been, using fearful language, and living in a purposely inhuman style. They always declined all invitations, but on one occasion Burne-Jones was driven into a promise that they would dine with a local magnate, with the result that they all had to leave for London the same afternoon as the only way of escape.

"*June* 10. Oxford. Went over one of the new ladies' colleges, Miss Shaw Lefevre, the Principal, giving us tea. We were afterwards shown round by a student. The quarters are pleasant. They have one room each, like an Eton room, only larger. The bed is covered up with a coloured rug.

"When I was in Trinity Gardens, was introduced to Professor Fawcett, and walked up and down with him and Davey, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Davey). They talked about fishing. Fawcett very merry and pleasant."

At the summer Sessions this year I was feeling very unwell, and as Fate willed it had more briefs than I had ever had before. These comprised two rating appeals, a class of case quite new to me, one of them involving rather complicated questions. The first was a hopeless case, but in the second there was something to be said for our point of view, and the Court consulted for some time before deciding against me. I was holding the brief for a counsel who could not attend, and the client was very angry at not winning. What with these failures and my depressed spirits, my prospects at this time seemed to me very dark. But the dawn of better times soon came from another quarter. In this month Hawkins (afterwards Lord Brampton) who was the senior Judge of Assize on our Circuit, offered me the post of "Revising Barrister" for the West Riding of Yorkshire; and Lord Dalhousie the secretaryship of the "Trawling Commission."

I paid my first visit to the Cowpers at Wrest in the beginning of August this year. This was the first of many delightful sojourns at Wrest and Panshanger, where in later years I generally met the same lot of friends who frequented Wilton and the Glen, though the parties were not consciously confined to this set.

These gatherings were the origin of the "Souls," who a few years later were talked of in society as if they were a definitely organised association. In reality they were nothing more than a set of friends, the nucleus of which had been brought together by the social gifts of the Tennant family. Even as a set they had no definite limits, as some of them were, so to speak, only occasional "Souls," though there was a certain group who generally were to be found together. However, my Wrest visit has led me rather to forestall events, as I did not then know any of the Tennants or their friends. Lord Cowper, our host, was a very attractive man. He had a fine head and figure, though there was a certain softness in both, born, I expect, from a rather indolent character, aggravated by the bad health from which he was beginning to suffer, which prevented him being as large a man as he would have been if he had been a struggler. He had courteous manners, rather of the old school, a capable intellect, with a good deal of historical knowledge, and an interest in literature which made him a very pleasant companion. Besides these qualities there was in him a sort of stately kindliness, which produced, certainly as far as I was concerned, a feeling which was more like affection than the ordinary liking for an acquaintance and entertainer of distinguished social position.

Wrest is the beau-ideal of a grand seigneur's villa.

You approach through a trim village of detached cottages standing in their own gardens. Then come lodges, and a great avenue of elms and limes leads you to the portico. The house is built in the fashion of a French or Italian villa, long windows and a high roof. At the back of the house is a broad terrace looking on to a formal garden, beyond which is a great pleasaunce, like a sylvan Versailles. These sylvan shades are the charm of Wrest, and I never saw anything quite like them in our islands. Beginning as a formal pleasaunce, Nature has been allowed to have her way, and the great trees now tower above the yew hedges, and the grass and undergrowth run riot in the glades. Round all the enchanted land a river, widened into a lake, cuts off the outer world, with its dark waters barred here and there with belts of pale green weed or islands of water lilies.

"*August* 7. Wildernesse. Arthur Balfour here. Talked on various books. He praised F. Myers' essays—liked his poems better than Matthew Arnold's, though he thought as a poet Arnold would live longer than any other of this generation. He admired Clough greatly, but did not like the 'Bothy' or 'Amours de Voyage' because of the metre. He thought highly of D. G. Rossetti and Christina, reckoning 'Sister Helen' in some respects the best ballad ever written. The 'Sonnets' seemed to him too difficult."

CHAPTER XII

1883—1885

Queen Victoria's Travelling—Revising Barristership—*Priestman* v. *Thomas*—The Trawling Commission—Examinership—Royal Academy Lectures—Tableaux Vivants—Mells—Huxley—Laura Tennant—The *Grantully Castle*—The Glen—Explosion at the House of Commons—Mr. Goschen—My Father's Death—Tynemouth Wards—Watts—Mr. Tomline—Rodono—Revision—The Admiralty—St. George's.

As the Trawling Commission was to take evidence at Aberdeen in September about the time I began my Revision work, it was arranged that I should send a deputy to act as secretary till I should be able to join. After a delightful time at Affaric I went up to London to get my traps ready for my circuit as Revising Barrister.

"*Sept.* 17, 1883. Perth. Had to share a sleeping berth with Sir W. Harcourt, the Home Secretary. He was conversational. *Inter alia* he told me that the Queen's two journeys to Balmoral cost £5,000 per annum. That she has a man stationed on every half mile of the line from London to Braemar. Her whole travelling expenses for a year are about £10,000, which is more than George III.'s came to in the old posting days."

On the 19th I went to Leeds and started the next day with one of my fellow Revisers to see how the thing was done. But I think the rapidity of the proceedings in the hands of experts confused rather than helped my comprehension of the practice.

Ever since my appointment I had been in a smouldering state of apprehension about the Revising,

and this last day or two it broke out into a flame which consumed me with alarm. There certainly was some justification, as the work was entirely new, sometimes involving points of considerable difficulty, and had to be carried on in the light that beats upon a public official, which was not diminished by the local press being a good deal dependent on the Revision Courts for pabulum at that dull time of year. In one way I was most fortunate, I had a delightful basis of operations in the shape of Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, one of the most comfortable of houses, and well fitted by its pleasant society and good cheer to restore the worker after a hard day.

On Monday September 24th, a wet, dismal morning, I began my sittings at the Town Hall, Sheffield, sitting in great external state, but in a great fright inwardly.

In those happy days there was not the same gulf between the Conservative and Liberal party as now exists. The agents on both sides were men of the same type, generally leading solicitors in the county, and by mutual arrangement and concession did all they could to make things go smoothly. They certainly showed me the greatest consideration.

The work for the first few hours was all formal. I had only to give one decision of importance, which I reserved. That night I went to bed for the first time for many weeks with nothing on my mind.

The Revising in those days before the extension of the franchise was not unpleasant work. In the larger towns the Court lasted from about ten to four; in the smaller places from one to three hours. It was therefore quite possible to stay with friends and be back to dinner every day. I finished the revising on October 11th, having found the work rather monotonous than

difficult, though one never could be sure that some conundrum requiring care and consideration in its solution would not turn up at any moment. With, I think, one exception, the agents had been pleasant to deal with, and the overseers were excellent specimens of Yorkshiremen, being generally shrewd and civil, and doing their business well. The natives who appeared as claimants, witnesses and spectators at the Courts were as a rule intelligent and hearty, very keen politicians, but showing considerable deference and respect for "the barrister."

When the legal term began in November I resumed my reporting, for the first time in the new Courts, which I found very superior to the old, as far as comfort and ventilation went.

"*Nov.* 16. Reported Priestman *v.* Thomas, a curious case. Whalley, a man who had made a good deal of money, had a natural son, who was the plaintiff. Whalley lodged with the defendant, Thomas, a railway porter in Leominster, and feeling his end approaching told Thomas that he wished to write to his son. Thomas accordingly wrote a letter for him in pencil on a sheet of foolscap, which was signed by Whalley in ink. Thomas then rubbed out the pencil and, with the help of a friend who was a lawyer's clerk, wrote a will on the sheet in ink, leaving himself £60,000. On the death of Priestman, Thomas got probate of the will, but suspicion being aroused, the relations took the case into Court. A compromise was effected, by which Thomas was to have £17,000, the relations the rest. There matters might have ended had not ὕβρις taken possession of the soul of Thomas. On the strength of the £17,000 he retired from work and took a house in Leamington, in the window of which he was sitting one day discussing a glass of port, when Priestman's solicitor happened to drive past. Thomas took up a piece of paper and waved it derisively towards the carriage. This enraged the lawyer, and he determined to inspect the will again the next time

he was in Hereford, where it had been deposited in the Registry. Accordingly, he did so, some six months after the trial. To his astonishment he saw pencil-writing under the ink, and, after a time, with the aid of a magnifier, the whole epistle was deciphered, the letters having reappeared to a great extent, owing to the fibres of the paper resuming their position, from which they had been deflected by the india rubber. Armed with this new evidence, the relations of Priestman brought the action in order to set aside the compromise on the ground of fraud."

This was one of the most dramatic cases to which I ever listened. The defendant got through his cross-examination, but his accomplice was completely broken down by Charles Russell, and gave away the show. Thomas was afterwards tried on a criminal charge, and got seven years' penal servitude.

"*Dec.* 5. Down to Edinburgh for the Trawling Commission. The Commissioners were Lord Dalhousie, E. Marjoribanks (afterwards Lord Tweedmouth), W. S. Caine, J. Brady, and Huxley. The last named, however, was too busy to attend regularly."

The reference to the Commission was to enquire into the allegations of the line fishermen, that the trawlers not only interfered with their fishing and destroyed their gear, but that they were also seriously affecting the supply of food fishes. Now, although there is no necessary connection between these two questions, it was found, as the enquiry proceeded, that they always appeared together, and that in the seas where the physical collision between the fishermen and trawlers was slight, the injurious effect of trawling upon the fish supply did not strike the fishermen so greatly, a curious instance of the difficulty of obtaining scientific truth in any question where the

investigation of natural laws depends upon human evidence. The methods of the two industries made this collision as inevitable as when one gentleman at an Irish fair is dragging a coat, and another is looking for a coat to tread upon. "Trawling" consisted in dragging a beam-trawl net some twenty to thirty feet long down the stream of the tide in areas frequented by fish. "Fishing" was carried on by nets and lines extending from two to eight miles across the tidal current, whose presence on the surface was only to be ascertained by occasional small buoys. Both "trawling" and "fishing" are mainly followed in the dusk or dark. Taking these facts into consideration, it was not a matter for surprise that collisions were frequent, and that the nets and lines, rather than the trawls, suffered in the process. Nor was it difficult to understand that in such conditions no love was lost between the fishermen and the trawlers, and that when a bad season occurred after a good one, Fisherman A, who had long looked on Trawler X as the source of all evil, easily found the cause of the change.

In order to get some evidence of the actual results of trawling as studied by an impartial person trained to habits of observation, Professor McIntosh of St. Andrews was appointed a sub-commissioner, and arrangements were made that he should be taken out once a fortnight for eight months by one of the Trawling Companies on the ordinary fishing-grounds, and allowed to examine the contents of the trawl when brought up. The Professor was not, I believe, a good sailor, but he went regularly to sea in pursuance of his office during the worst months of the year, and appeared on deck with his bottles, whatever the hour or the weather when the trawl was lifted, a display of

enthusiasm in the cause of science which ought not to be left unrecorded.

The evidence taken, of trawlers, fish curers and fishermen was extremely interesting, but showed the most diverse opinions as to the habits of the fish and the effects of the various ways of fishing. The ignorance of the fishermen as to many of the phenomena among which they lived was quite staggering, and somewhat shook one's faith in untrained experience. As a class of men, I think they were the finest I have ever seen, which is not to be wondered at, as they are almost the only persons in these days who are constantly face to face with danger. But it cannot be said that they were altogether fitted to give accurate evidence, as they did not possess the educated faculty necessary for close observation, or, if they did observe, it was through the glasses of tradition, which constantly inclined them to mistake inferences for facts. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that they maintained to a man that all spawn sank to the bottom, herring spawn being the only spawn in fact to which this property attaches.

The following extracts relate to our tour on the north-east coast, which lasted about a fortnight.

"*Dec.* 14. At Grimsby. Allwards showed us over their fish pontoon. Went on board a trawler that had had a rough time of it in the gale. Her boat mere matchwood. Saw the fish being sold from the pontoon. The trawled fish looked much knocked about. Went on to a cod-boat, inspected her well, saw perforated chests filled with live cod floating in the harbour.

"*Dec.* 16. Scarborough. Very heavy gale from the west, working north-east with heavy sea. Thirty boats are out from here fishing on the Dogger Bank. Dalhousie telegraphed to the Admiralty, whc

answered that they would send the 'Sea-Horse' to look for them as soon as practicable. Up at the Castle one could hardly stand against the wind. After dinner went down to the pier. Groups of women with their shawls over their heads staring into the storm and darkness, the great seas flying over the pier.

"*Dec.* 17. Several of the boats heard of from Hull and Bridlington, only thirteen now missing. Two of these appeared later in the offing, and had to knock about till the tide served for coming into the harbour. We went down about 3 to see the smacks come in. A moving sight. The pier was crowded with people, mostly women and children, and as the first boat came rushing in on the great waves, there was a dead silence. She rounded to under the quay, and the men began to stow the sails and coil away the ropes, without taking any notice of the crowd. The others all followed in the same way. It was thoroughly British, but there was something fine about it. The boats didn't seem much the worse, except that most had lost their fishing gear, and had their canvas split."

1884. As the Trawling Commission, when not taking evidence, only required supervision and discharge of correspondence, I resumed my regular life at the Bar this year, and went on with my *Times* reporting. In addition to my other work, I had lately been made an Examiner of the Court by Lord Selborne. The duties of this post were intermittent, and not either lively or lucrative, but they brought a certain amount of grist to the mill. The Examiner had to take down the examination of certain witnesses ordered by the Court to be examined. He had no power to disallow any question, all he could do was to make a note that it had been objected to; nor had he any authority over the counsel appearing before him, who were constantly wrangling with each other, and were inclined to treat the Examiner as an

inferior being—which indeed he was. His only resource was to threaten to adjourn, a course which would have brought extra expense on the unoffending parties.

"*Feb.* 28. To a lecture at the R.A. by Charles Newton on the discoveries in Greek sculpture since 1850. The lecturer dealt with the street of the tombs at Athens, the altar of Pergamus, and a frieze on a tomb in Lycia. He suggested, though not convincingly, that this last was perhaps copied from the lost paintings of Polygnotus. He was very sarcastic about the present, as compared with the past behaviour of England in collecting works of art, his remarks being received with great applause by the students."

In March this year I made my one and only appearance on a public stage. My friend Edward Poynter was getting up some tableaux to be exhibited at Prince's Hall on behalf of a charity. One of his men threw him over, and he appealed to me to take the part.

"*March* 3. Went to Poynter's Academy lecture on Greek sculpture. It was very good, but the students didn't applaud to anything like the extent they did at Newton's lecture. The applause is rather puerile. It does not seem to be evoked by a good passage on the subject of the lecture, but by the mention of something familiar to the auditors like 'South Kensington' or 'The Venus of Milo.'

"*March* 6. To a rehearsal of the tableaux at Prince's Hall before a large audience. In the green-room confusion reigned. Jephthah was rouging himself at one looking-glass, at another was an Assyrian with greaves below and flannel waistcoat above, while a frightened-looking savage stood by in an ulster. When the tableau came on I appeared as Calchas with a large knife upraised above 'Iphigenia,' a handsome, well-nourished young woman. It was not at all shy work, as there was nothing to do or say, and one saw only

the scene in front of one. The main difficulty was to stand for some minutes in the same position without shaking."

The actual performance took place before the Prince and Princess of Wales, Tennyson, and a lot of notables a few days after, and went off without any adventure.

On March 7th I paid the first of many visits to Mells, where my friends the Horners had lately taken up their quarters. It was an old-fashioned house, like a lot of packing cases set down side by side and joined with doors. The park an attractive one, just the right mixture of nature and culture. The Burne-Jones pictures looked a little strange in the comfortable rooms, especially an immense cartoon for tapestry, representing Love with great red wings.

"*April* 2. Reporting. The case, a libel against a school board officer. The well-known Miss H. Taylor a witness. I was glad to see that, though reputed one of the most strong-minded of ladies, she could not dispense with salts and fan, so there is hope for men yet in the struggle for existence. On the other hand, a clever Miss R. was too much for the Q.C. who cross-examined her; though feminine withal, showing strong bias in every word.

"*April* 20. Gosford. Lowell the American there. He told us of the Zulu proverb 'He who lives long has a great many old clothes.' He said he thought Home Rule pure and simple, impossible. Recommended Parnell or Davitt being offered the Irish Secretaryship, as it would quiet Ireland, and force their hands. As an instance of his view that the mass of ignorant people always went straight on great questions, he instanced the vote of America against the repudiation of payment of the debt in gold after the war.

"*April* 24. Newcastle. Assizes. Dined with Hawkins (afterwards Lord Brampton). He was in great form,

giving many stories of old Montagu Chambers. The only one worth putting down is his translation of *tria juncta in uno*, which he translated to a jury, 'As we should say, killing two birds with one stone, gentlemen.'

"*April* 28. Durham. A curious murder case tried. The prisoner's wife ran away with her lover, a pitman. The prisoner heard where she was living and went after her. When he arrived the lover was down the pit on the night-shift. The prisoner passed the night with his wife and killed her at dawn. This is more like Spain or Italy than England.

"*May* 9—10. Down to Torquay, and to Brixham on Saturday, where the Trawling Commission held a sitting, Brixham being the only place south of Grimsby where trawling is carried on to any extent.

"*May* 12. Torquay. Huxley discoursed at breakfast. He said that the female could never compete with the male, she had no permanence. His experience led him to agree that 'female virtue was the noblest product of the male imagination.' (He appeared to be quite serious). If women sought equality, men would cease to keep establishments, and free love and public crêches would result. He then got on to education. He condemned classics, and over-intellectual education for the average boy, but he would send a boy to the University if he could, as character and practicality were the most important part of the education of the average boy, which depended much on physique. Only about five per cent. of the men he had taught got real results from intellectual training. Intellect was very rare, most men being much the same. Huxley is not at all like the traditional man of science, but a thorough man of the world, and excellent company.

"*June* 8. To service at St. George's, chapel, Windsor. It is a wonderful place. It hardly seems a part of present life, but as though all the deep gorgeousness of the past, chased from its old shrines, had been gathered together there as in a casket. The banners, the brasses, the swords, the coloured windows affect the sense with a dreamy feeling like the odours of an enchanted palace. The only discordant note was the badly-executed modern work on

some of the brasses, which, being lower in the stalls, are the more seen.

"*June* 18. An evening party at Mr. Gladstone's. The great man mistook me for someone else, and gave me his hand to shake. The heat of it was quite extraordinary. His eyes were dark and fiery, and there was a something of wildness in his look."

At this gathering I was introduced to a young lady. I remember noticing that she was very small, and beautifully dressed, but nothing else about her made an impression, though in a few months it was to be far otherwise. She was Laura Tennant, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

"*Aug.* 2. Andrew Lang came to see me to ask if I would write an article for 'Harper's Magazine' on the London season. It was to be illustrated, and to contain about 7,000 words. I consented."

On August 12th this year I went to Inverinate, a place on Loch Alsh in the Western Highlands, which had been taken by Mr. Graham. After a few days Miss Laura Tennant, whom I have mentioned before, came to stay, fresh from one of those curious progresses which Mr. Donald Currie used to arrange for Mr. Gladstone in his steamers. My acquaintance with Miss Tennant, which led to a close intimacy with herself, and afterwards with her family, was an event of such importance in my life that I feel I ought to attempt some description of her. This is not an easy task, as a more indescribable person never existed, for no one could form a correct idea of what she was like who had not had opportunities of feeling her personal charm. Her looks were certainly not striking at first sight, though to most persons who had known her some weeks she would often seem almost beautiful. To describe her features would give no idea of the

brightness and vivacity of her expression, or of that mixture of innocence and mischief, as of a half-child, half-Kelpie, which distinguished her. Her figure was very small but well made, and she was always prettily and daintily dressed. If the outward woman is difficult to describe, what can be said of her character?

To begin with her lighter side, she had reduced fascination to a fine art in a style entirely her own. I have never known her meet any man, and hardly any woman, whom she could not subjugate in a few days. It is as difficult to give any idea of her methods as to describe a dance when the music is unheard. Perhaps one may say that her special characteristic was the way in which she combined the gaiety of a child with the tact and aplomb of a grown woman, the result doubtless of her French descent. Her victims, after their period of enchantment, generally became her devoted friends.

This trifling was, however, only the ripple on the surface. In the deeper parts of her nature was a fund of earnestness and a sympathy which enabled her to throw herself into the lives of other people in a quite unusual way, and was one of the great secrets of the general affection she inspired. It was not, however, as is sometimes the case with such feelings, merely emotional, but impelled her to many kindnesses and to constant, though perhaps somewhat impulsive, efforts to help her fellows of all sorts and conditions.

On her mental side she certainly gave the impression, from the originality of her letters and sayings, and her appreciation of what was best in literature, that her gifts were of a high order. In addition she had a subtle humour and readiness, which made her repartees often delightful, and produced phrases and fancies of

characteristic daintiness. But there was something more than all this, an extra dose of life, which caused a kind of electricity to flash about her wherever she went, lighting up all with whom she came in contact. I am aware that this description will seem exaggerated, and will be put down to the writer having dwelt in her "Ææan isle," but I think that if it should meet the eyes of any who knew her in her short life, they will understand what it attempts to convey.

"*Aug.* 17. Inverinate. Miss T. told us about the *Pembroke Castle* trip of last year. Never was such a menagerie on board a ship. Gladstone and Tennyson the lions, surrounded by a crowd of doctors, society persons, toadies and bores, all worshipping. Into this mixture were suddenly discharged at Copenhagen three or four kings and their familiars and suites. 'The toadies and society persons had a happy day, and the bores have been borer ever since.'"

On leaving Inverinate I had an experience of what travelling must have been in old days, tying my portmanteau on to a horse and walking across the hills to Affaric. I suppose in those times luggage was small, and packed in vehicles suitable for being borne on a horse, for I found the difficulty of balancing portmanteau and bags was excessive, and could only be overcome with the help of great stones.

"*Aug.* 22. Edinburgh. Called on Blackwood, for whom I had written one or two articles, and was kindly received. He took me into the room where the old Blackwoodians used to meet, a solidly furnished place with a big round table and portraits of North, Hamilton and others on the walls—a shrine of great interest to a minor scribbler."

On my way south I paid a visit to the Glen, the home of my newly-made friend, Miss Tennant. That

young lady, having to speed the parting of a rejected suitor by driving him to Peebles, took the opportunity to meet me at the station and carry me out in her dog-cart. The situation of the Glen was attractive, as were all its inmates, though Sir Charles Tennant was somewhat gloomy, as he had favoured the suitor, and the American money market was in an unsettled state. Lady Tennant was a delightfully placid person, who was allowed a great deal of liberty by her daughters, and seldom interfered in social arrangements.

The life and habits of the younger generation at the Glen were in those days entirely novel to me, and though somewhat startling to an early Victorian, caused a "joy of eventful living" that I had never thought could exist except in a book.

There was no attempt at anything like chaperonage, all the old-fashioned restrictions as to the manner or place of companionship between young men and maidens being entirely ignored; but with such a complete freedom from self-consciousness that after a time it seemed just as natural as it does to suspend the ordinary rules in regard to the attitude of the sexes during a valse. Indeed the life at Glen from its gaiety and abandon might have been compared to a perpetual valse, not, however, without a good deal of interesting and sparkling talk in the intervals of the dance.

The family had not then become as well known in society as they afterwards were, and there was not the usual crowd of worshipping visitors in the house, the guests being only one or two young men. Margot, now Mrs. Asquith, was the only one of the children at home besides Laura. She was in many ways very like Laura, though at that time fonder of outdoor life and less literary.

"*Sept.* 23. Was shown the Miss Tennants' sleeping chamber, a pretty room hung round with sporting prints of hunting scenes, 'Tom and Jerry' ditto, prize-fights, etc. Between the two little beds is a box for the East London poor, and a skull. In the corners shelves with all sorts of books, from New Testaments to French novels, altogether a unique apartment from the extraordinary jumble of sport, literature and virtu."

I left this "Circean isle" for the realities of the Revision Courts, which were got through without mishap, and I do not find anything worth recording.

"*Nov.* 1. Escrick. J. told us that when he was at Harrow the class had to do some English verses on Spring. One boy produced the following stanza:—

'Now the woods resound with song
Of nightingale and ptarmigong
And joyous cock phea-*sant.*'"

1885. During the early part of this year I was occupied in drafting with Lord Dalhousie the report of the Trawling Commission, resuming in the intervals my legal reporting and work as an Examiner.

My newly-made acquaintance with the Tennants gave a great impulse to the social side of my life, and I was introduced to their house in Grosvenor Square, with its beautiful pictures and mezzotints, and saw a great deal of them and their friends when they were in London.

"*Feb.* 11. The last meeting of the Trawling Commission in Old Palace Yard, and the Report was shortly afterwards laid before Her Majesty. The Commissioners found that the complaints of the damage to the fisherman's gear were borne out, but as regards the more important question of the effect of trawling on the fish supply, reported that, though there had been falling off in the takes in many inshore waters, the fishermen had failed to connect this in any

way with the use of the trawl net, while no decrease, except in the case of soles, had been found in the total takes of the North Sea."

When the meeting was over, I went with Marjoribanks to visit the scene of the recent explosion in the House of Commons. We found everything in great confusion, the woodwork being repaired with deal, and a large hole in the floor above the crypt. Inspector Denning showed us round, and said that he had been quite nervous ever since. The packet of dynamite was put in a narrow stair going up to the Strangers' Gallery. It is wonderful that an explosion in this confined place should not have done more harm.

"*March* 29. Poynter dined. *Inter alia* discussed whether imperfect execution necessary for mystical art. I suggested that there could be a higher mysticism of the intellect which could go with first-rate execution, as in the case of Michael Angelo. Poynter said that painters such as Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and even Durer, depended much for their mysticism on imperfect execution.

"*April* 29. Saw A., just back from Suakim. He left England on February 19th, was back on April 19th. He was a fortnight at the war, saw all the fighting, killed two Arabs, and was wounded in the hand, which did not in the least interfere with his general health. Now he is back in civilization, and is more or less of a hero. A curious episode in the life of a man about town."

May. In this month I joined the "Ambarum" Club. It was a society made up of an equal number of men from both universities, who were supposed to be distinguished by learning, or pleasant socially.

"*May* 21. Law Courts. One of the female plaintiffs-in-person, who have been started by the success of Mrs. Weldon, appeared in my Court. She was of unprepossessing appearance, unlike her prototype,

with a coal-scuttle bonnet and a mottled countenance. She read interminable questions from a paper she held in her hand, Denman, his face the picture of resigned misery, occasionally checking her.

"*June* 7. All Souls'. Mr. Goschen there. He is by no means a blind admirer of Mr. Gladstone, in fact he seemed a generally critical man; but not at all above ordinary society talk. He said that Gibson had been through all the Midlothian speeches as a lawyer in order to try and catch Gladstone, and had failed to find any specific statement to which he could pin him. There were three phrases constantly recurring. 'In the main,' 'Under the special circumstances of the case,' and another which Mr. Goschen had forgotten."

Saturday, June 21st, was the last day of my youth. On that day I went to Wilton, leaving my father unwell with a carbuncle on his neck. When I returned on the Monday he was seriously ill, and died on the Sunday after.

I have not said anything about the deeper emotions of my life in this narrative, and about this, my greatest sorrow, I shall say no more. I continued to live with my two unmarried sisters in our old home, Miss Atkinson, my mother's governess, now a very old woman, remaining an inmate of our house.

In the beginning of July I went down to Newcastle to do a piece of work which was new to me, viz., an inquiry held with a view to dividing the borough of Tynemouth into wards. This I owed to the kindness of Sir W. Harcourt, the then Home Secretary, and perhaps I may say here that none of my father's friends showed a truer or more tactful sympathy in our sorrow than he did. The place was placarded with large notices of the inquiry, and my own name met me on all the ugly chapel doors as I threaded the dingy streets to the Town Hall. I had not the least idea on what

principle the boundaries of wards were determined, but experience had taught me that if you are civil and hold your tongue, ignorance is of small consequence to a person in a quasi-judicial position. The Mayor and other local magnates were all seated round a table in the Town Hall, and I made them a little speech as to what I had come to do, and then I gradually found out what was necessary, and we finished in great harmony. I bore away two large maps in triumph, on which I had settled to make some blue places pink and some yellow places blue. Then the Town Clerk gave me lunch in an old-fashioned house on the steep bank above the Tyne, looking down on that dirty but rather grand water, with its anchored and moving ships, and its troops of tall chimneys guarding the banks.

"*June* 15. Went to Watts' studio. He is a small, delicate-looking man with a grey beard and bright brown eyes, dressed in a gown and a skull-cap like a Venetian old master. He talked to us of some of his pictures—firstly of a half-finished oil-painting of the 'Death of Cain.' The idea was to have a series; Cain to be invisible, as part of the curse, and to go about the world with no feeling for other men, and no part in their joys and sorrows, until just before his death, when, by God's impulse, the good in him surges up, he feels a flow of sympathy for his fellows, and dies in the full light of heaven.

"We saw several other pictures new to me, as to which I shall not say anything. Except that in one case of a charcoal drawing the artist had had a photograph taken, and pointed out to us how much the effect and mystery of the design was heightened by the photo darkening the whole mass of figures, and so turning into light behind them that which in the drawing was merely background."

Early in August I went to Felixstowe with my sisters, under the following circumstances. There

was a certain Mr. Tomline, an old bachelor, living at Orwell, near Ipswich, who had been a friend of my father's at Oxford. He was quite unknown to us, but had a reputation for being eccentric and exceedingly obstinate. He was said to be the only man in England who had owned a railway, the line from Ipswich to Felixstowe being at one time run by him, and the officials all wearing his livery. He had also been famous for a dispute with the Bank of England. Holding that every subject had a right to have bullion coined if he wished it, he used to discharge cart-loads of silver spoons and teapots at the Mint, and claim that they should be converted into half-crowns.

Shortly after my father's death I got a letter from Orwell, saying that Mr. Tomline, who also owned most of Felixstowe, would be happy to place his villa there at our disposal for a month, which he did, providing a chaise and two black ponies for my sisters, and sending us frequent gifts of fruit and vegetables.

In the middle of the month I went North and began the first of a series of nineteen annual visits to a region where so many happy days were afterwards spent, that no life of mine would be complete without a few words on the subject. This was Rodono, in Peeblesshire, a region on the shore of St. Mary's Loch. Lord Wemyss owned a large tract of the country to the south of St. Mary's Loch, and thence westward to the head waters of the Meggatt; a region of great rounded whinstone hills, covered on the tops with heather, and with a garment of fern clinging about their feet like a robe that had been just thrown off. The party, which generally consisted of four guns and Lady Wemyss as chatelaine, stayed at the hotel at Rodono, perched above the shore of the loch, and had six or seven

days grouse-driving in the surrounding butts. It was fine old-fashioned shooting, requiring a deal of hard walking and a deal of patience, as the weather on that backbone of the island is generally wild, and the steepness of the hills often made it difficult to get the birds over the guns. The bags varied between 20 and 100 brace.

The 8th September beheld me in very different scenes, in a small hotel at Sheffield beginning the "Revision" under the new franchise.

The work was much heavier than before. Not only were the numbers on the lists greatly increased, but the introduction of the "lodger" brought in a crop of new questions.

I will give the reader a specimen of one of the smaller days.

"*Sept.* 19. Left Wortley 10.30. After various changes got to Woodlesford at two. Walked up to Mason's Arms with some of the claimants—nice sort of men. Was struck with the poetical turn of one old collier, who said that a pretty church we saw among the trees was 'Away from all the bluster of anything else but worship.' Sat at the New Mason's Arms; began about two, all over at 3.40.

"*Oct.* 11. Gosford. Mr. S., an American. He has a great fund of stories and facetiæ at his command, and when these fail brings out conundrums. Here are some of them:—Gambetta said that the Orleanists were called 'doctrinaires' because they had no 'doctrine,' as 'poitrinaires' are so called because they have no 'poitrine.' '*Ris de Veau à la Financière*' he translated 'The laugh of the calf at the rich banker's wife.' I will finish with one of his conundrums: 'What was the cause of the Irish famine? The rot-tatery motion of the earth.'

"*Oct.* 31. Newcastle Assizes. A great event. I got a docker and got the prisoner off. I had not many single-handed defences during my time at the Bar, but

this I really believe was the only one in which I was entirely successful.

"*Nov.* 15. Dined at the Admiralty. Good, rather gloomy house, with old pictures of naval battles, Cook's voyages, and former naval celebrities. Over the chimney-piece in the Board-room there is a dial, on which an arrow traverses to show the way of the wind. Now it is only an interesting relic, but I could not help thinking how anxiously its movements may have been followed in former times by the old Admirals sitting round the council table. G. H. said that he was making many changes in the organisation of the office, and that there was a question now before them of doing away with 'stun sails'—shades of Marryat and Tom Cringle!

"*Dec.* 6. Windsor. Went up to St. George's after dinner to hear Parratt play the organ. It was very impressive—sitting in the dark among the tombs of kings, the lights of the Windsor streets glimmering faintly through the windows like the glamour of the world into a holy life, the great hollows of the roof just visible in the distant light of the organ loft, then the stream of music surging up from the organ and eddying round the dark aisles, till the whole place and one's own heart was full of it."

CHAPTER XIII

1885—1886

Examinership—Mardy Colliery Enquiry—Ipswich Election Petition—Henry Matthews—Baronscourt—The Dales—Revision Circuit—Intellectual Games—Laurence Oliphant—Offer of Chief Clerkship in Crown Office.

At the end of 1885, I was made Junior Examiner in Common Law for the Inns of Court examination, a post I held for a year. The Senior Examiner set the papers, but I had to take half the students in *vivâ voce* and look over half the papers. The examination was held in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and generally attended by seventy to eighty candidates, many of them from India, who answered their papers with that curious exuberance of words and absence of meaning which prevails in their English writing. This was the first time I had ever done any examining, and I found looking over the papers wearisome work. I remember on the last occasion that I acted, the Senior Examiner forgot the day. I therefore had to preside alone, and had not been long in that proud position when a Hindoo came up and said there was a misprint in the paper. I looked at the question to which the man referred, and could not for the life of me understand it. However, I sternly bade him go back to his seat. At lunch the Senior Examiner appeared, and I was much relieved to find that the misprint was a figment of the Hindoo's brain.

In the long spell of cold, which began the year 1886, I went off to South Wales on a very different piece of work, *viz.*, to hold an enquiry for the Treasury into the causes of the explosion which had lately taken place at the Mardy Colliery. I knew nothing on earth about collieries, except that I had once or twice been down a pit in the North Country, so I was a little uneasy as to how I should acquit myself. On arriving in the region of Cardiff I was much struck by the slight effect produced by the smokeless coal on the face of Nature in the neighbourhood of towns and pits as compared with North Country coal. It was quite common to see a pretty ferny hill or thriving wood close to a town, or grass and fern running right up to the skirts of a colliery.

The cause of the accident was uncertain. One story was that it was due to the careless handling of lights in the neighbourhood of fire-damp, another that it was caused by the explosion of a "shot" setting fire to the coal dust floating in the passages of the mine; a "shot" being a cartridge placed in a hole bored in the rock and then exploded.

After a Sunday with Lord Aberdare at Duffryn—a most suitable place for a person to stay who was concerned about coal, as it had pits on every side of it, except skywards—I employed the day before the enquiry in viewing the scene of the disaster, as described by the following extract.

"I was received with great deference, being attended by two Government Inspectors, and after looking at plans and putting on old clothes, the manager took us to the scene of the accident to examine the place with reference to the theories of the cause of the explosion. I put my white silk handkerchief into one of the shot holes to see if the cartridge had been fired in the hole

or not, and lo, when I pulled it out again, it had to be impounded as an important witness, and was left in the custody of two managers and an overseer."

I found the Welsh pits convenient places compared with those in the North, as from the greater height of the seam it was possible to walk about all the main galleries without stooping. I did not think that the pit seemed very dusty.

To get to Mardy I had to go every morning some distance by train, with three changes; and very cold work it was. For a description of the enquiry I will quote the letter which I have used above.

"Mardy consists of one long street, wherein is the Mardy Hotel and groups of gazing villagers. The first day we sat in a room of astonishing size for such a small place, being a sort of theatre-room, where they hold concerts, lectures on the 'Rights of Man,' etc. The Coroner examines the witnesses, and then Mr. L. is deferentially asked if he wants to put any questions. Everyone thinks Mr. L. quite a personage, but I have grave doubts whether he is of any use. So it goes on till about 2.30, when the jury rise and eat boiled beef, the Coroner and other magnates roast goose, and Mr. L. pulls out his sandwiches, and then goes out and takes the air. On his return the same thing goes on till six, when whistles are heard from our engine, and we go back to Cardiff."

Mr. Abraham, M.P., appeared for the workmen, a short, square man with a fine rich colouring, who was called "Mabon," the meaning of which I could not discover. He was very friendly, as were all the jury and the Coroner, a good, stout, little Welshman, who did his work well enough. I thought the Welsh pitmen a nice-looking set, a good deal gentler than their North-Country brethren, and with soft voices instead of a "burr."

My chief difficulty was out of my very superficial knowledge to cross-examine all the colliery people, who were thoroughly at home in the subject, without making a fool of myself. This difficulty was a good deal increased when I came to the agent, who was the cleverest of them all, and who broke down when he told about the recovery of the bodies. However, I went at him as mildly as possible, though feeling rather a brute.

The enquiry lasted for five days, sitting for about six hours daily. I got back to Cardiff dead tired each night and very cold, but I do not think I ever felt a greater sense of content than I did during those five days.

There is no doubt that work and struggle is the natural state of man. One is never so happy as when at high pressure. Whether it is the highest state is another question. It certainly weakens the mental and moral departments which are not in use; there is no steam to go into the other cylinders. This is one reason why "struggle-for-lifers" often seem so selfish or narrow-minded to those in easy circumstances.

The case was really one of unusual interest, as it was one of the first, if not the first, in which the danger of coal dust began to be suspected. When I had heard all the evidence I was convinced that the explosion had been caused by dust, and not fire-damp, and I reported to this effect. Dust is now everywhere looked upon as a dangerous agent, and galleries and headings where it prevails in large quantities are always watered.

I had hardly got the Mardy enquiry off my mind when I got another piece of work of a novel kind.

"*Feb.* 18, 1886. Found a letter at Chambers from the Attorney-General saying that I was to attend the Ipswich Election Petition on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions. Another period of agitation, I suppose. The procedure is quite new, and there is no one to consult as to how to act. Apparently, the duty is that of a kind of inquisitor, who is to get hold of anyone he thinks ought to be prosecuted for corrupt practices.

"*March* 8. Went down to Ipswich to attend the Election Petition lodged against the return of Henry West and Jesse Collings. Travelled with West, Waddy, Q.C., and Asquith" (the present Prime Minister).

The hearing of this petition lasted about ten days. Henry Matthews was counsel for the petitioner. This was the first time I had met him, and I was much struck with his powers. I think he was then just sixty, but he said he had never known what it was to feel tired. As a boy he had been familiar with Madame Récamier. Indeed, his reminiscences of all kinds were very interesting, specially his electioneering experiences at Dungarvan, and his legal stories. I remember that he said Campbell was the best all-round Judge whom he had known, "wonderful for his massive vigorous sense and sagacity," and that Channell was the last of the old-fashioned legal Judges.

"*March* 10. Ipswich. About 12.30 it occurred to me that I ought to get up, and ask to be allowed to go on with an interview which was not evidence in the petition. Nervous torpor came on very strong, and I was long in two minds about getting up, but at last I did. The Court, counsel, and spectators all looked as if a ghost had suddenly risen. However, I was allowed to put my question.

"*March* 11. At the end of the enquiry H. Matthews

made a very able speech, holding up Mr. Jesse Collings to ridicule with such trenchant vigour that I quite pitied him. The result was that the two Liberal members were unseated. I was glad when the enquiry was over, as it was unpleasant feeling that I was not earning my money adequately. However, I recommended one or two prosecutions, and I think one of them was eventually successful."

On April 24th, Laura Lyttelton died, and on the 28th I went over from Gosford to Traquhair to her funeral.

"*June* 11. I accompanied George Hamilton to Baronscourt, his brother's place in Ireland. It occupies the whole of a lovely wooded valley, with no park fence but the horizon, and a rich vegetation almost like Devonshire. Above the house is visible a long crest of purple heather.

"*June* 13. Baronscourt. Visited a farm. There was a good cart in the dirty farmyard, which swarmed with yellow-haired, blue-eyed, red-cheeked children, barefooted, ragged, and dirty. The father, a huge man, with handsome clear-cut features and blue eye, and a shying swaggering manner. He was fairly dressed, but the wife was very dirty. The inside of the house like a scene on the stage, rafters bearing clothes and bacon, a great fireplace with a pot swinging from a bar, on one side a cradle. Afterwards to another farm of a superior sort, quite clean, and with a parlour having a carpet, tablecloth, and ornaments. I had never seen the like in Ireland. The farmer, an intelligent man in a dark suit. He had been a Liberal, but was now a Unionist, as are all the Protestants about here, for they say either they or the Romans must pack.

"As we were going home we met another typical specimen, about eighty years old, short and strong, clothed shabbily, but substantially. He chaffed George Hamilton for being a smaller man than his father, but seemed to approve of my length, and told us an incomprehensible tale about a joke made by a man in Derry, as to somebody's growth and the growth of

Popery; a genial, shrewd, dirty old Orangeman. Frederick Hamilton told us a story about one of this kidney, who was described to him as a 'dacent, religious-minded man.' 'What do you mean by religious-minded?' he said. 'Whoi, he just walks up and down in front of the Roman Catholic Chapel while the mass is going on, foiring off his gun, and shouting 'Bloody end to the Pope!'

"*June* 28. York. Dined with the Judges. Phelps, the American Minister there, who had come down to watch the procedure at Assizes. He made a pretty good speech, the most interesting part of which was when he spoke of the connection between English and American law, and said that to know how well justice was administered in England, you must have been in a country where it was administered worse."

On August 11th I went with my sister Gertrude to Simonstone, a shooting-box in Wensleydale, belonging to Lord Wharncliffe. This was my first visit to the "dales," and I was rather disappointed with the scenery. The hills were of the "dish-cover" sort, with limestone crags cropping out at the top, and no heather visible from the valleys. As a whole, the limestone country is not attractive, although on closer acquaintance you come upon little hollows in the sides of the hills lined with birch and fern, each holding a silvery treasure in the shape of a plashing burn. Simonstone was about half-way up one of these hills. The great feature of the place was a fine foss, which was close to the house, where a beck fell over a steep semi-circular wall made of ridges of limestone overhanging each other as they rose. On the high table-lands are many curious cavities, locally known as "butter tubs"; great chambers, forty or fifty feet deep, filled with limestone pillars, worn and fluted as if by water.

In the middle of September I began my "revision"

at Sheffield. The whole scheme of the circuits had been recast, and instead of revising counties only, I had now my share of the boroughs in my division, which entailed night sittings. Sheffield borough lasted a week, the Court starting at 10 a.m. and going on till 9 p.m., with an interval of a couple of hours in the afternoon.

The monotony of the work is what is so trying; it is to the brain what the old water torture was to the head. Hour after hour you call out names and initial alterations, listen to or ask the same questions, and hear the same answers. The attention must never flag, or a name may go off the list wrongly.

I stayed with a solicitor with whom I had made friends. He lived in the suburbs of Sheffield, in a queer old-fashioned house, with panelled rooms and a smoky garden between brown-red walls; and both the house and the man always reminded me of the Yorkshire men you meet in Charlotte Brontë's books, as he combined a shrewd hard-headedness with a great love of art, and possessed one or two interesting drawings and pictures by old masters, by which he set great store.

After the Newcastle Autumn Assizes I went to the Glen. Lord Granville was one of the party. I thought him much aged, but he poured forth an incessant flow of stories. The only one which I have noted related to some diplomat "who had a habit of putting his tongue out, which someone explained by saying 'He wishes to catch the foreign accent.'" I noticed that the disease of intellectual games such as "styles," "*bouts rimés*," "epitaphs," etc., of which symptoms had been appearing in our clique for the last year or so, was very pronounced. I must confess that I liked these

diversions at first, but in after-times many new games some of them foolish or dull, were added to the list, and I think were overdone in the houses I mostly frequented, so that at last I got heartily sick of the pastime.

"*Oct.* 27. Gosford. Laurence Oliphant is here. He tells us many interesting things about his travels —notably an account of the attack upon the Japanese Embassy by the anti-English party. He was a member of the Legation at the time, and had a terrible fight for his life in a dark passage, getting a bad cut on the head from a Japanese sword. While in the thick of this *mêlée* his foot slipped, and he afterwards found it had been on an eye, which was on the floor."

Oliphant was one of the strangest men I have ever met. He was a sort of Ulysses as to experience and capacity, with a strange twist in his mind, which led him to all sorts of odd, unusual habits and beliefs During this visit he told our hostess that his wife, whom he had lost, was constantly standing over him. One night going up to bed, he was seized with a touch of wild spirits and danced a furious "can-can" with Miss Margot Tennant on the landing. We could not help wondering what his wife would think of it.

In November I went to Stanway to a shooting party where were many friends. Here I saw Lord De Grey shoot for the first time. What struck me most about the performance was that he killed his long shots all dead, just as an ordinary fair shot would drop a bird at twenty yards. No doubt the rapidity with which he got his gun off was another remarkable quality. But this was not so visible in covert shooting as it would have been in driving.

While on my Revision tour, I had got a letter from my old friend, Kenneth Mackenzie, offering me the

post of Chief Clerk in the Crown Office. Some five or six years before the office of Lord Chancellor's Principal Secretary had been made permanent, taking in the office of the Clerk of the Crown, which had formerly been a separate Department. The staff of the two were at the same time combined and located together in rooms at the House of Lords, the Crown Office having formerly had rooms at the House of Commons.

It will have been seen from various passages in this history that I had no love of the law, so I was very glad to accept my friend's offer, though the place was a small one.

CHAPTER XIV

1886—1890

Chief Clerkship in the Crown Office—Parliament and Life in London — The Jubilee — Naval Review — Osterley — Watts—Verestchagin—Riots in London—Departmental Registration—Whales — Killarney—F. Maitland—The Phonograph—G. O. Trevelyan — Sir F. Gorst—Plymouth—Sackville Fox—I am called as a Witness — Monkshatch — Royal Grants — Judge Holmes—Mr. Chamberlain on Ghosts — America — Knole—Tour in Tyrol—Taken for Mr. Parnell—The Oxford House—Mr. Gladstone—The German Emperor in Norway—Dereen—Parnell.

"*Nov.* 30, 1886. I got the formal letter from Kenneth Mackenzie, offering me the chief clerkship in the Crown Office. I can hardly believe that it will come off, and when I look at the dingy backs of the *Law Journal* or 'Taunton's Reports,' or walk the stuffy passages of the Law Courts, I cannot realise that in a short time I shall see them no more.

"*Dec.* 1. These two days the happiest I have had for many a year. No one who has not followed the Bar and spent his time in laborious idleness, with rare intervals of hard work done in terror of failure, or has not felt the degradation of a small attorney passing you by with contempt, and handing a guinea prosecution to the next man, or the apprehension of growing old in an unsuccessful life, can tell what a joy it is to me to quit the profession.

"*Dec.* 2. K. M. called for me, and I went with him to the Crown Office. I found that I was to inhabit a good room on the ground floor of the House of Lords, the furniture and fittings of which were solid, and quite without that look of worn squalor which is usual in the den of a minor official in a Government Department."

Perhaps at this point of my story I ought to give the reader some idea of my new work. The Clerk of

the Crown, in whose office I was Chief Clerk, was probably in former times a sort of secretary to the Lord Chancellor. As such he prepared all the documents to which the Great Seal was to be affixed, and it is with the issue of these that the Clerk of the Crown is mainly concerned in the present day. Roughly speaking, all the more important communications of the will of the Sovereign, the creation of dignities, appointments, Commissions, Parliamentary writs, are embodied in deeds which bear the Great Seal, while it is the duty of the Clerk of the Crown to see that these are prepared in terms which adequately effect the King's pleasure. In many cases this process merely consists in an accurate reproduction of precedents, but it often happens that parts of the text require to be changed to meet varying conditions, and sometimes that entirely new precedents have to be drafted.

About the time I went to the office considerable reforms were gradually being effected, in the form of the documents themselves and in the procedure of the Department. The cumbrous old forms and phrases were being shortened, and the work of the clerks lightened by printing many of the standing parts of the precedents instead of writing them.

All this part of the work, which often brought me in touch with history and out-of-the-way law, I found more to my taste than prosecuting "minters," especially as I had been in a conveyancer's chambers, and always had a liking for drafting. A less agreeable part of the work was examining all the documents with the clerks before they were issued, which was monotonous, and required some effort to prevent the thoughts wandering.

"*Dec.* 14. Went up with the 'Sealer' to the abode of the Great Seal, and saw one made. The wax is not put upon the paper or parchment as in ordinary seals, but is in the shape of a large disc with an impression on each side. This is kept in a tin or plated case, and attached to the document by a tag imbedded in the wax. Consequently the seal itself is not a signet, but consists of two heavy silver plates, in one of which is cut the impression for the front of the device, in the other that for the back. The present plates were made in 1878 at a cost of £700. When a seal is required, a large chunk of wax is first softened in hot water, and then cooled in cold, after which it is placed between the two plates, and pressed, emerging in the shape above mentioned.

"*Jan.* 27, 1887. Mr. Zwinger, my predecessor, came to see me, to-day being the opening of Parliament. He introduced me to a number of doorkeepers and officials in both Houses, who were very pleasant. This was necessary, because the Clerk of the Crown and his Deputy are officers of the House of Commons as well as the Lords, and in the former House may stand at the Bar or behind the chair, whereas House of Lords officials may only go into a corner of the gallery."

A writ for a new member was to be issued, and I went and stood behind the Speaker's chair till the writ had been moved, and the Speaker had signed the certificate.

The first speech I heard, indeed the first I had ever heard in Parliament, was made by Lord Randolph Churchill on his retirement. I thought it disappointing, not above the level of a good debating society. Lord Randolph was not an impressive speaker. His appearance was not striking, and his statements about expenditure too general to be effective, nor did he on that occasion give the impression of the great ability which he undoubtedly had.

"*Jan.* 28. Went into the House of Commons; heard

an effective speech from Colonel Saunderson. He is a biggish, spare man, with a wisp of hair flattened across a large, bald forehead, alert and saucy in his manner. He was a real orator, and you felt him inside you, which was not the case with Lord Randolph. There was a good deal of fun in his speech, almost too much, but it did not interfere with the effect of the serious parts. He made Mr. Gladstone and the Irish wriggle, and there was a deal of 'booing.' But they seemed to me rather to like him in reality.

"*Jan.* 31 Office. Went to the Commons. Not being yet up to their ways, I got shut up in the House during a division. The Serjeant-at-Arms appeared much agitated, and sent a myrmidon to hide me in a washing-place. There I stood all through the division, hearing distant shouts, and feeling like a conspirator who would have his head cut off.

"*March* 1. A lively scrimmage in the Commons. One Howell brought a charge against the Corporation of London for using their funds to support an association which combated municipal reform. He was a rough-mannered man, and, I think, read his speech, but it was temperate and telling, Bradlaugh following in in a more theatrical style. I was sitting just above him, and noticed how his hand shook. Gladstone, after one or two other speakers, closed the debate. I had never heard him before. A curious accent and a rather wild look, but a very picturesque head. His speech was moderate, but he clearly saw his opportunity.

"*March* 19. Sat next Mrs. K., one of the ladies who, under the stress of modern life, makes bonnets. She does it almost entirely herself, and can make five in a day. Last year she made over 400 bonnets.

"*March* 22. When I got down to the office I found that the House had been sitting all night. I went over to the Commons. It was a curious sight. What chiefly struck me was the extraordinary amount of torn paper on the floor. Most of the members looked fairly fresh. Elcho, in his great-coat, was half asleep in the corner of the Bench opposite the Irish, and old M—— sat in the middle of it, his large white head drooping over his exposure of evening shirt. Balfour

looked much exhausted, though I believe he had been away for a time.

"*March* 25. Lord Salisbury moved the first reading of the Tithe Bill in the Lords. He is a wonderfully easy speaker, no notes at all, and a very attractive voice, and though often looking as if he were asleep, seems to hear everything.

"*March* 28. Went to the Commons to hear Balfour bring in the Crimes Bill. He seemed wanting in force, and once or twice as though he were going to break down. Perhaps it was only my nerves, as I had lunched off tea, but I could hardly stand it, and after a time went away. The Irish howled and jeered in a way that was enough to upset any one; and the task for a man who had only been in the place a fortnight was no light one."

At Easter this year my two unmarried sisters and myself left our old home in Rutland Gate, where we had lived for nineteen years, and went to 12, Halkin Street West.

"*April* 22. The Duke of Argyll spoke in the Lords on the political circumstances of the Irish Land Bill. He was good, and hit hard. Mr. Gladstone stood under the throne looking awful, his mouth turning down till the corners went out at his chin. Meanwhile the fiery little chieftain showed that from the political economy point of view the Land Act of 1881 was a failure. This he did admirably, but without much effect, as both sides have 'banished that science to Saturn.' He finished by saying that, considering that the 1881 Act was law, this Bill was necessary and right. It was far the best speech that I have heard in either house, more in the old Demosthenic style.

"*April* 25. Went into the Commons, heard Mr. Gladstone on the Budget. Not so spiteful as speeches generally are now, but he treated his finance quite politically. He certainly made his dry subject very interesting.

"*April* 26. I saw Miss Margot Tennant in her pony carriage outside a shop. It appeared that she had driven Mr. Gladstone from Dollis Hill, where he is

staying. As I talked to her, the old gentleman came out of the shop looking less sour than usual, and thinking I was some friend of his smiled at me. Certainly a striking smile, and I thought what a fine face it was.

"*May* 9. Went at 12 to the Speaker's Steps, where a large gathering of Parliamentary and business folk had met to attend the launch of the *Sanspareil*. On arriving at the wharf of the Thames Iron Shipbuilding Company at Blackwall, we saw the *Sanspareil* on the slips, looking like a great cock-salmon with projecting under-jaw.

"Meanwhile a bell was clanging for people to leave the vessel; and our party mounted a platform under her bows, where, on a ledge in a glass box, reposed a silver axe. When all was ready, Lady George Hamilton raised this weapon and cut a green string, which let fall a heavy weight, dislodging the dog-shores, and the ship glided into the river.

"There was a lunch in the joiners' shops. Speeches afterwards, when the First Lord told us some interesting facts about the *Sanspareil* family, the youngest of which we had seen launched. He said that the first *Sanspareil* was taken from the French in 1794. The second, built in 1851, was practically the same, with little increase in size, beam, or weight of metal. Her heaviest gun was a 54-pounder. The third ship of the name, which we had just seen, would be of 10,000 tons burthen, her biggest gun would weigh 110 tons, and fire a shot weighing 14,748 lbs.

"*May* 20. Went down to the Heralds' College, a curious old place inhabited by a lot of officials with old-world titles and occupations. My business was to see 'Garter' about Letters Patent, which were to constitute a new 'Order of the Indian Empire.' Met William Lindsay, who showed me the 'Court of Chivalry,' a travesty of a Court in heavy black oak, hung round with ancient banners. He afterwards let me see the old pedigrees, which every peer formerly had to deposit in the College to show who was his heir, many of them with beautiful writing and finely illuminated coats of arms.

"*June* 1. Wilton. Went by train with Alfred Lyttelton to Clouds, Mr. Wyndham's new place, and

walked back. A glorious afternoon, sunlit mists blown about, giving a shadowy unworldliness to the hard down-landscapes. We passed over wide stretches of turf, dipping into combes studded with gorse and juniper, or into secret hollows hiding little copses or old moss-grown cattle-sheds.

"*June* 17. London intolerable. Wherever you go there is a crowd on the footpath and a block in the road. Every possible space has a platform or stand upon it, and the place smells like a shipyard, and sounds like one too. The hangings and decorations often crude and ugly.

"*June* 21. The Jubilee. I saw the procession from a stand in front of S. Margaret's. The Queen was fairly cheered where I was, but I heard no cheering as she approached. The finest figure in the procession was the Crown Prince of Germany, looking big and massive, but greatly aged since I last saw him, his sandy beard now quite white. The persons most cheered were the Queen of the Sandwich Islands and the driver of a water cart.

"*June* 23. Went to Panshanger. Bret Harte was there. I liked him, and got into talk. He gave a picturesque description of Staffa, which had much impressed him, though he said the Highlands were too bare, and Nature there too poor. He quoted Longfellow once or twice, 'a hill hearsed with pines,' one of his quotations.

"*July* 11. Saw two new peers take their seats, a somewhat comic process. They are led about by Garter King-at-Arms, a round, short man in a coat embroidered with golden lions and harps. He leads the new peers and their supporters about the House, and makes them sit down on the benches allotted to their order, and then get up three times and take their hats off to the Lord Chancellor—very much like children playing at being peers.

"*July* 14. To-day I was made by a Treasury Order 'Assistant Secretary in the Lord Chancellor's Department,' but with no increase of salary. Went into the Commons to hear Lord Randolph. He was very clever, and while pretending to advise was damaging to the Government, and oddly conciliatory to the Irish, though he touched them up a little when he

said that they made statements as to grievances not in close connection with fact. A good deal of cheering from the Opposition and the Irish, the Government looking very depressed.

"*July* 18. House of Lords. Heard Lord Selborne on the 'Crimes Bill.' It was moving to hear a man who looks, and is reputed to be, so stern and cold, deeply affected when he described his having broken with Mr. Gladstone.

"*July* 23. Naval Review at Spithead. Shipped on the *Euphrates*, a large transport lying alongside the dockyard at Portsmouth. She was supposed to be for the House of Lords, but there seemed to be few of that august assembly in her crowd of passengers. We steamed out of harbour at 1.30. The whole Solent a mass of vessels dressed with flags. There were about 140 men-of-war moored in three lines, all except the old *Black Prince*, of exceeding ugliness, like tea-trays with toad-stools standing on them. The Queen came out in the *Victoria and Albert*, and went down the line, we following. When the procession turned to go back, it was a magnificent sight. About half-way down the line the royal yacht anchored, and our ship also. Two tugs then came alongside and took us ashore.

"*August* 1. I spent this week-end at Osterley, an attractive house, with beautiful ceilings and cornices by the Adams. There was a large party. The two persons who interested me most were M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and a German Count, a typical Junker. He had a closely-cropped head, small, fierce, sunken eyes, and a prominent chin, and kept incessantly asking questions about English styles and titles. M. Waddington, though dressed in a thoroughly French manner, looked a Briton to the sole of his boots, though said not to love this country. He and the Junker did not seem to regard each other with much affection, and when Waddington remarked that Bismarck had made Boulanger by alluding to him in a speech, the Teuton looked very fierce.

"*Sept.* 26. The Glen. After shooting with the Maxwells went into Traquhair—a curious old cavern of a house untouched for hundreds of years—a great massive rough-dressed front with rude pepper-box turrets. Inside it is like a quarry, and the rooms are

full of old-world lumber, spinning-wheels, spinnets, chairs, etc., dropping to pieces. On one of the walls there is a rough attempt at decoration, camels with leaf patterns round them.

"*Oct.* 11. Escrick. Had for the first time a taste of modern partridge driving. Lord Londesborough had asked Wenlock to take three days of his shooting in the Wolds—a highly-organised business. Head keeper in velveteen and red waistcoat, sixty beaters. Each gun has a man with a dog attached to him, and directly the drive is over the beaters go off for the next, while the men and dogs pick up. I never saw nearly so many birds; very exciting work. When we got near the town of Market Weighton, a good many spectators came out and formed queues behind the guns, a long tail behind the cracks, and a short one behind the others.

"*Oct.* 23. Called on Watts. He and his wife at tea. He took me into the studio and showed me some new pictures. One of them was the Genius of Humanity standing by a deathbed ready to lead away the soul. The Genius had an infant in its arms. I asked him what he meant. He answered that he preferred people to draw their own inferences, as in poetry, but hinted that it was a symbol of the office of the genius, who had charge of the beginning and end of life. Watts went on to explain that he tries, not to teach a moral lesson, but to suggest some emotion or thought by his pictures, as is done by music.

"*Oct.* 25. To the Grosvenor Gallery to see the pictures of Verestchagin, the Russian painter. G. told me that he had witnessed a row the other day between the painter and an English officer. Verestchagin has a picture there of blowing Sepoys from guns, the guns and uniforms being modern. He and a friend were looking at this picture, and Verestchagin said to the friend that this form of execution was still practised. The officer overhearing called out 'Never.' Verestchagin, 'A hundred thousand pounds?' Officer, 'Five hundred thousand pounds!' Then a row.

"*Nov.* 13. The Radical and Socialistic societies of London had announced their intention of holding a meeting in Trafalgar Square, though forbidden by the

police. H. and I went down to Trafalgar Square about 4.30 to see what was going on. A troop of Life Guards passed us going down Pall Mall. We got as far as the corner of the square, but here the mounted police kept making rushes, in which one was liable to get knocked down, so we got on to a 'bus. There were two squads of Life Guards riding round the Square different ways, a magistrate riding with them, and a troop of Foot Guards under the National Gallery. There was a good deal of howling, from rather an ugly crowd. We got off our 'bus at St. Martin's Church and tried to get back through the Square, but could not manage it. I never saw such a sight in England before. The gorgeous Horse Guards moving through the surging people rather impressive.

"*Nov.* 20. Special constables called out. My company stationed in north-east corner of Trafalgar Square. At this time (about three o'clock) people were passing through the Square, and the specials were a good deal jeered. My company, which increased rapidly, were a motley lot. Two or three regular working men, an ultra masher, a useful-looking military person, and the rest clerks. We went though elementary evolutions, badly at first, but quickly improving, owing to the infusion of volunteers. The St. George's, Hanover Square, division was next to us—a very fine-looking body of men, who did their drill wonderfully. It was very cold and foggy, and we occasionally 'doubled' to keep warm. About four the public were stopped going through the Square, and we were told to keep our ranks and hide our truncheons. A line of police, one deep, was drawn cross the south side of the square. Nothing happened, and at 5.30 we were dismissed.

"*Nov.* 25. Had our Balliol dinner at the Blue Posts. E. was our guest, who is bear-leading an Indian Prince about Europe with a motley suite of some fifty males and females. The difficulty of marshalling this caravan about the Continent he described as appalling. In Paris a lot of them ran out into the streets without their trousers. He has spent about £40,000 in hotel bills in three months.

"*Jan.* 16, 1888. Crown Office. As an instance of the continuity of English public life, we are now engaged

on the patent for a Bishop Suffragan, the procedure and the very words of the document being laid down by a Statute of Henry VIII.

"*Feb.* 17. Went to the House of Commons. Heard Arthur Balfour, very amusing and good, specially his ridicule, though perhaps his nonchalance is a shade too studied. Mr. Gladstone followed. I have doubtless come too late on the scene, but I have not yet been able to understand his great reputation. His periods are stilted, and all in the same rhythm, his accent distinctly disagreeable. As to manner, he bobs about like a float with a fish on, turning right away from the Ministers so as to address his own people."

Being now Assistant Secretary in the combined Department of the Lord Chancellor's Office and the Crown Office, I set to work to devise some system by which the papers could be indexed and registered, so as to be available for reference. Before starting a system of our own, I went round to several of the Government Departments and inspected their methods. The result was, I came to the conclusion that the old method of bundles was inconvenient, and that the newer system of "jackets" was preferable. A jacket is a piece of stout paper about foolscap size, having the back strengthened with canvas, in which the papers are fastened by a tag like the leaves in a book. Each letter or set of papers as it arrives is fastened in this cover under an appropriate heading, and the jackets are distinguished by successive numbers.

"*May* 27. Panshanger. Talked to Sir Allen Young. He said he had been offered the command of an Antarctic expedition by the Australians to explore the whale fishery in those regions. He could have gone with one ship for about £15,000. He went on about whales. The price of whales had increased so much on account of the demand for whalebone for women's dresses that it had made up for the immense falling off in the value of oil. A good whale was now worth about £2,000

Whales were getting very scarce, and those left were migrating through the North-West Passage, owing to their being so much disturbed. The Scotch fleet now thought it a good year if they brought back twenty One year they only got seven. A 'right' whale, on being struck, went straight down, and often struck his head against the bottom, coming up stunned, when he was killed by long lances. If he did not hit the bottom, he would come up and go down again two or three times. The English only attacked 'right' whales, as other whales, who set off along the surface, were not worth the risk. The Americans sometimes killed them with poisoned bombs.

"*June* 4. They have moored an old sailing corvette barque-rigged as quarters for the Marine Artillery in the river off the Temple, instead of the old *Rainbow*. I was glad to see a crowd of boys hanging over the parapet and looking at her with delight. I took a spell myself, to my great refreshment, though from such a small fragment of the 'beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea.'

"*Aug.* 2. The last night of the debate on the Parnell Commission. Parnell wound up; he was coherent and interesting, trying to show that the admission of the amendments which had been closured would make the enquiry an injustice to him. He impressed me as being more apprehensive of the investigation than I should have thought possible.

"*Sept.* 29. Rodono. To church in a little upper chamber over the school, a solitary building in Megatt Glen. A serious, well-dressed congregation of shepherds and their families. The clergyman like a sergeant of the Guards, but with a good face. Though the pew was very uncomfortable, the atmosphere of the place was simple and invigorating. The preacher's text was apposite, "Surely the Lord is here also."

I went this autumn to Killarney, Lord Kenmare's house having been rented by Lord Brownlow.

The house was built by Devey, of red brick, in the modern Elizabethan style, all the internal fittings being luxurious and elaborate, *e.g.*, many of the door

handles were old watch-cases. It stood upon a terrace above the lake, commanding the finest view I have ever seen from a house in these islands.

"*Oct.* 3. Killarney. A strange, one-sided place, Paradise in front of the house, behind, a dismal land. Peace on the surface, below the Irish question. I am never happy in Ireland, its awful tristesse weighs down my melancholy soul.

"Went out stalking with Alfred Lyttelton on the Muckross ground. One of the stalkers was a hard-headed Scotsman, but it is curious to see how Ireland has affected his language and character, though he has little admiration for the natives. I asked him 'if he thought Home Rule would do any good,' and he answered, 'The only rule that would do any good would be to shoot every third man of them.' The gillies were curious specimens in black bowler hats and black coats, becoming greenish with exposure to the weather. They had handsome, fine-cut faces of a foreign type, bearing out the story that there is a good deal of Spanish blood in these parts. I thought how amazed a Scots stalker would have been to see gillies in black hats and coats. However, it did not really matter, as there was no stalking here. We plunged into a jungle, like a glorified Clapham Common, covered with huge gorse bushes, hollies, and high heather, out of which the gillies, in about two hours' time, poked two large stags, which Alfred slew. For the rest of the day we wandered about unsuccessfully, till in the evening we came down to the water, and were rowed to an ornamental cottage at the head of an arm of the lake, where we found a comfortably-furnished drawing-room, two blazing fires, and tea. I believe there are many of these lodges scattered about the estate.

"There is a curious place in the garden here, a stone under an oak with two circular holes worn in its surface, in which stands a little dirty water. Popular belief asserts this liquid to be good for the eyes, and persons come from all parts to fill bottles with it. Each votary ties a rag to the boughs of the oak, and the leaves are killed and the branches covered with a motley crop of pieces of flannel and calico. It has a

thoroughly fetish appearance, and is strange to see in Great Britain, A.D. 1888.

"*Oct.* 24. The first day of term. As Assistant Secretary, I attended the Lord Chancellor through the functions of the day clad in levée dress, much embarrassed by my sword. The Lord Chancellor received the Lord Mayor. A rather picturesque mediæval scene. The Lord Mayor and aldermen in furred and violet robes, with their officers, attendants, and mace-bearers, stand in a semi-circle, in the centre of which is the Lord Chancellor in the black and gold robes. The Municipals were not nearly as massive or Tintoretto-like as you see in the north. The Recorder makes a speech giving a short life of the Mayor-elect, and 'states his pretensions.' The Recorder, in introducing the Lord Mayor, stated that he was descended from Whitbread. The Lord Chancellor made rather a good little speech, pointing out that the forms of heroism changed, but not the spirit."

In November I went to Cambridge to the dinner of the "Ambarum" Club, which has been mentioned before in this record, being the guest of the late Frederick Maitland, Professor of Law, who had a house in Downing College. This was the first of a series of visits which went on till his death in 1906. Few men whom I have known were more likeable than Maitland. or better company. He had a humour and lightness of touch which was curious in a man devoted to a study of such serious, not to say musty, character as Black Letter law and archaic customs and technicalities. An ideal host, he made my visits to the North Lodge "green islands in Life's sea" to which I shall always look back with gratitude.

"*Dec.* 6. A party at the Speaker's where Colonel G., a partner of Edison's, gave an exhibition of the phonograph. He produced various hollow waxen cylinders, one of which contained (awful thought) 10,000 bottled tunes played by a Yankee band. The operator then

spoke and sang various words down a tube, which were finally reproduced in a squeaky voice, like that of a ventriloquist at a school feast. After a few highly flattering remarks from the Colonel, the Speaker made a capital little speech down the pipe, which he finished by calling out 'Order! Order!' This was received with applause. The funnel was then adjusted, and the speech all came out again, with a curious little bleat at the end, and some odd woodpecker taps which represented the applause and the clapping of hands.

"*Dec.* 6. Went into the House of Commons. Lord Charles Beresford speaking like a 'Captain of the boats' in 'Pop.'

"Lunched in the Commons dining-room. Sat next to George O. Trevelyan. He said that he had been reading the Letters of Cicero, and Middleton's 'Life,' about which he discoursed in an interesting way. He told me that it was curious how, after reading for a bit, he got to enter into the spirit and thoughts of the writer, and quite understood parts which the commentators left obscure. He praised much some of the Letters of Cæsar, which he said were masterpieces of brief expression and lofty thought, evidently written off on the moment.

"*Dec.* 21. Went into the Commons. Sir John Gorst in the Chair in Committee on the Appropriation Bill Tanner and Caldwell kept trying to speak. Gorst shut them both up by ruling that nothing could be discussed which involved amounts already settled by the House, but only whether it was lawful to appropriate them. He did it with much ability and some roughness. Tanner got angry and, shaking his fist towards Arthur Balfour's place (Balfour was just entering the House, behind the Chair), called him a coward and a liar. Courtney, who had now taken the chair, asked the doctor to withdraw, but he would not. The Speaker was sent for, and Mr. Goschen moved that the doctor should be suspended. This is the worst row I have seen in the House.

"*Jan.* 14, 1889. Went down to Stanway, where I found a large party. Our host is standing for the County Council, and some of us went to one of his meetings. The room was crammed, parsons, doctors,

farmers and their wives in the front row, rustics behind. The speech excellent, but monotonous in delivery. I watched the rustics, and could not trace the faintest reflection of assent or dissent in their faces, nor did any of them utter a sound.

"*Feb.* 1. British Institution. MacIntosh, the professor, whom we had employed on the Trawling Commission, lectured on the 'Life of a Marine Food-Fish.' Among other things he drew attention to the way the young fish change from spottiness to a uniform colour as they grow older. This spottiness occurs in many young animals, and is said to be a reversion to the old types, which were all spotted.

"The turbot, when young, swims in the water, is coloured, and has an eye on both sides. When he gets older he lies on one side and on the bottom, his lower side becomes colourless, and its eye goes over the bridge of the nose to the top side. In some fishes, who play the same game, the eye goes through them, and there is one fish so transparent that his eyes can look through his body and out on the other side.

"*Feb.* 26. House of Commons. Colonel Saunderson speaking—as amusing as usual, but a little extravagant. He chaffed Mr. Gladstone about the evictions at Hawarden, till that statesman was fain to immerse himself in a blue book. There are now perpetual shouts of 'Pigott' from the Opposition, whatever topic is being discussed.

"*March* 1. House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone spoke on the amendment to the address upon Irish Administration. It was far the best speech I have heard him make, but more from the style, passion, and delivery, than from the argument. He looked young and quite smart. It was comic to see his fury with Mr. Chamberlain, before whom he danced, shaking his hands at him, Chamberlain scanning his opponent through his eyeglass with an unmoved, perky visage. He made out that the Liberal Unionists were such devils, that I, a mere Tory, felt quite an angel.

"Mr. Goschen followed—commonplace and snuffy-voiced at first, a great contrast to the orator who had just sat down. But as he warmed to his work his shots began to tell, and the glamour of the last speech dying out, he was very effective."

This spring I had a bad attack of influenza, which left asthma behind it, and early in March I had to leave my work and go down to the seaside. My cousins, the Athol Liddells, took me in at the Winter Villa, Stonehouse, as suitable a place for an invalid as can well be imagined.

The house was situated on the shore of Plymouth Sound, looking south towards Drake's Island, while just behind it, to the north and north-east, a steep wall of limestone rock formed a complete shelter from the wind. The main channel from the Sound to the Hamoaze ran close to the shore, so that great ships passed right under the windows. While staying at the villa I went several times to Mount Edgcumbe, a place of such special beauties that I think it merits a few lines of description taken from a letter of the period.

"One of the features of the place is the 'Terrace,' a grass drive through high walls of ilex, laurel, and rhododendron, along the face of a cliff that looks south. It is a sort of 'Island of Avilion.' There are tall stone pines overhead in whose plumes the wind rustles, and whose trunks lean seawards over the road, the boughs twisting overhead into a rustic roof. Trees, too, of kinds that are rare in these islands, grow in this sheltered place, mimosa, eucalyptus, cork, palm, and even olives, though small ones.

"A long reef runs from Drake's Island to Mount Edgcumbe, over which ships can only pass at certain states of the tide. In the days of sailing ships no Government vessel was allowed to go over this ridge on any pretence whatever. Lord Cochrane, hearing of a Spanish privateer in the offing, took his frigate out over it under the eyes of the Port Admiral, thereby saving the two extra miles round Drake's Island. The dash was successful; he captured the Spaniard, and came back with two great silver candlesticks at his masthead. If he had stuck on the ridge he would have been cashiered; as it was, he was tried by court martial and acquitted.

"*March* 29. We shipped in a steam launch and steamed to Cotele up the Hamoaze. Every kind of warship is to be found there, not modern ships only, but 'out-of-dates' in every stage of decay, the long rust stains streaming down their sides like grimy tears at their own sad fate. Some, mostly early 'ironclads,' had been failures from birth; others, wooden ships, had been 'cracks' in their time, and still preserved a beauty and dignity that was wanting to the failures; and last, but not least, were some old black hulks, smart craft in the French war, now sunk to coal depots. Cotele, our goal, was an old house which has come down in the Edgcumbe family, from father to son, since the time of Henry VII., and having been little lived in and well cared for, is still in much the same state as it was four hundred years ago. Old houses which retain some of their principal furniture are common enough. But it is not common to find a dwelling where many of the minor pieces of furniture are still available, and your bedroom is much as it was in the days of your ancestors, except, perhaps, for a tin bath lurking under the bed. Among the large collection of antique clocks, mirrors, snuffers, dishes, spoons, etc., I was chiefly impressed by one of the noblest of bottles, a great jar of dark glass mounted in silver called a 'tappit-hen,' which held a dozen of claret.

"*May* 5. Lunch with my uncle, George Fox. He told me the history of my great-uncle, old Sackville Fox, a curious story, like a bit of Thackeray.

"Sackville began life in the 'Blues,' and soon got through a large younger son's fortune which had been left him, and borrowed of everyone without thinking of repayment. He could hardly write, and knew nothing except the Bible, which he had at his fingers' ends, for the following reason. His favourite sister fell in love with a Roman Catholic, and 'Sack,' in order to argue her out of this alliance, applied himself to the Bible with extraordinary assiduity. When he was just about broke he ran away with Lady Charlotte Osborne to Gretna Green. Her father, the Duke of Leeds, was at first furious, but afterwards took a great liking to 'Sack,' and having quarrelled with his eldest son's wife, left everything he could to his son-in-law, but without saying anything about it. Lady C. died,

but on the Duke's death, to the astonishment of everyone, 'Sack' came into £15,000 per annum, two estates in Yorkshire, and a house in St. James' Square. 'Sack' just walked into the London house, kept on all the servants, but he hardly knew his way about it. He was fearfully fleeced by his servants and everyone else, and as the estates were strictly tied up, in a few years he was in the Insolvent Court. There he lingered, and none of the lawyers could do anything for him. One day a Mr. Tennant, a business man in Leeds, asked to be allowed to try his hand. Permission was given him, and he beat down all the creditors by offers of ready money, and got 'Sack' out of the Court. Tennant afterwards found out that the vast domain of 'Applecross' had been sold by the late Duke of Leeds illegally, as it was settled to follow the title of 'Conyers.' Accordingly they got the estate back, and splitting it into three portions, sold it at a large profit. However, old 'Sack' soon got into 'short street' again, and lived in a succession of borrowings and compoundings with creditors. He had little sense of monetary obligation, and led a wretched hand-to-mouth life. Sometimes he would be posted at the club, and a friend would pay his subscription. Old 'Sack' would go up to the board, and seeing his name struck off from the list of defaulters, would say, 'Ah, ah, someone paid my subscription.' I remember him at the end of his life, a fine, tall, wild-looking, old gentleman, always quoting from the Prophets and denouncing the Roman Catholics.

"*July* 4. I was shown some glass plates covered with lycopodium dust in beautiful crystalline patterns like frost on windows, which had arranged themselves under the action of harmonious sounds from musical instruments, or the voice of a woman singing."

At this time I had the novel experience of being a witness in an action. A half-crazed Irish doctor had for years persecuted a County Court Judge with libellous letters. He had also been in the habit of sending similar communications to the Lord Chancellor addressed in a fantastic and sometimes humorous

fashion. One of these bore the following inscription in large letters: "To the Lord Chancellor, that highly-paid comedian at £10,000 a year." The trial came on at the Durham summer Assizes, and I was called to prove that one of the libellous envelopes had gone through the Lord Chancellor's office. The doctor cross-examined me. He began by mistaking me for my father, and then put several questions to me founded on mistakes of fact. And so ended my sole experience as a witness. I felt quite a touch of affection for the old Courts and robing-room at Durham, which I used to hate so, and enjoyed seeing all my old friends at the Bar.

"*July* 20. To Monkshatch. This was the first of my visits to this charming and in some ways unique place. The house, half-English farm, half-Italian villa, was built by my friend Andrew Hichens upon a terrace two-thirds of the way up the Hog's Back between Guildford and Farnham. On the north side of the plateau on which the house stood was a great cliff of chalk, originally a quarry, but now crumbled by the weather into irregular blocks and facets, something like a Yorkshire scaur, on the less steep parts of which grew creepers and bushes in picturesque confusion. Along the top of the excavation was a thick fir wood. This formation made a complete shelter from the north and east, while in front of the house a broad, shaven lawn looked south over the woods and hills of the rich Surrey country. There was another great chalk pit in the grounds, the floor of which had been turfed and planted with shrubs, through which ran grass paths, winding about under the shelter of the great rough-hewn walls, which were overgrown with flowers and creepers.

"*July* 25. House of Commons. Debate on Royal Grants. Mr. Labouchere made out a strong case apart from the arrangement entered into at the beginning of the reign, which ought not to be altered. But I was surprised at how little he was cheered, and

how little feeling there seemed to be on the question. Even S——, who was in real demagogue form, did not object to the Monarchy, and said that he liked H. M. Mr. Gladstone was pretty good, very old-fashioned. It was strange to hear the Conservatives cheering him vehemently, while his own side were silent, or nearly so.

"*July 27.* Left for Wilton. Travelled with Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He seemed to think that the Frankish Salic law had a far greater influence on our law than had generally been recognised, and that even ecclesiastical law was largely tinctured with it.

"Found a large party at Wilton: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Miss Rhoda Broughton, Julian Story and others."

In the morning I walked with Mr. Chamberlain. We talked about ghosts. He said that he had at one time been interested in the subject, and had got hold of a case where the ghost had been seen by more than one person at the same time. At some house in Warwickshire, I think he said, he had been told that four persons were sitting in an old hall and saw the figure of a monk walk across the far end of the room and disappear. The next night they fixed a rope across the track of the phantom, but it passed through the body without movement. Mr. Chamberlain had got the names and addresses of all the four people, and proposed to examine them closely and compare their accounts. But of course something happened to prevent him at the time, and he never followed up the matter.

Among other topics, he talked about Ireland, saying that things would never be right there as long as the natives blamed the Government for every bad harvest. They ought to be allowed to do their own local jobbery as long as we kept tight hold of the executive.

In the afternoon there was a good deal of talk about

"Life" as we sat under the trees, mainly between Judge Holmes and Miss Broughton. The Judge very fluent, his flow of talk is almost too even, like a stream from a reservoir rather than a natural fount. He defended a sort of all-that-is-is-right philosophy; denied that there could be such a thing as real altruism for a man; what came in men to the same thing was a love of work. Altogether I did not think that either were speaking from their hearts but rather for debate's sake.

In the smoking-room Judge Holmes and Mr. Chamberlain had a political argument. Mr. Chamberlain maintained that the reason why all the best men in America went into railways was that you could do so little in politics in the way of bringing in measures of utility, owing to the size of the country, the constant changing of the Legislature, and the inelastic character of the Constitution; whereas in England, if you could get a thing before the constituencies, in a couple of years you had nothing to do but pass it in the Commons, as the Lords would never throw out more than once a Bill which the whole country wanted. Holmes said that the best men in England went into politics because they were most needed there, and the sphere was the widest; but in America, a new country isolated from others, the opening up of internal communication was the most important matter, so that all their best men went into railways.

"*August* 5. Went over to Knole, a wonderful old house with beautifully carved rooms and ceilings, cavernous fireplaces in great marble chimney-pieces, where the logs are piled on shining silver dogs. There was a bedroom where James I. slept, which has been untouched since. On the table silver-handled brushes, much like ours, though rather long in the bristle, and all sorts of silver boxes and bottles,

down to an eye-bath for his weak eyes. I stayed in the house once, and had a strange room, tapestry-clothed, with a little trough under the window to catch the rain that came in at the ill-fitting casement; in the morning it was piled with snow.

"*August* 29. The Technical Instruction Bill, an important measure, rammed through the Lords in five minutes by suspension of the 'Standing Orders.' Lord Salisbury made a lame defence, saying it was a 'quasi-money Bill,' Lords Morley and Sandhurst protesting. This is a very dangerous principle, and might be used against the advocates some day with great effect. This is no doubt the weak point of the House of Lords, that it does this sort of thing when the Conservatives are in, but not when there is a Liberal Government at the helm."

At the end of August I left to stay at a place called Solden in Tyrol, stopping *en route* at Würtzburg, Munich and Innspruck. After about three weeks at Solden I paid my first visit to the Dolomites, spending a few days at Cortina, and was back in England early in October. I kept a full log of my voyage, but shall not do more than put down a few extracts which may be of interest.

"*August* 31. Würtzburg. Passed a great brick church with a wall like a precipice. Between the buttresses were small shops, as in the Court of the Gentiles in the Temple. We only hear there of pigeon-shops and money-changers, which were not so incongruous to a sacred building as haberdashers and bootmakers, with flannel shirts and slippers swinging strangely between the old bricks.

"The palace gardens are the beau ideal of a sleepy German paradise. All the paths meet at the fountain, which sends a lazy jet into the sunlight from a mass of stone covered with a rich velvet moss. When the water falls on the moss it is inaudible, but now and then a puff of air jerks it into the basin, where it makes a gentle patter, dying gradually away. Large gold fish swim round the basin, and sparrows

occasionally fly into the spray to take a shower bath. All round the fruit of the limes flutters down in the still air, with a just audible fall, when the fountain is in one of its silent moods. Only the guardian was not happy. He was of ferocious mien, with a huge sword, and a small boy tried to take one of the gold-fishes in his hand. The guardian scowled horribly, the boy howled, and he and his mother and little sister bundled out of the garden full speed, the mother slapping the culprit as she went.

"*Sept.* 3. In Innsbruck you never get the mountains out of your eye or heart. You see them towering at the end of all the streets, or out of your window when you wake in the morning. I suppose it is their going straight up from the plain that makes them so grand. A town wall whose ramparts are crags seamed with snow, whose lower bastions are clothed with pine woods, blue and dim in the shadows, seeming so near and yet so mysterious, as if seen through clear water.

"*Jan.* 5, 1890. The modern scientific spirit is exemplified in F——'s little boy, who was insistent to know whether the Infant Christ had been vaccinated.

"*Jan.* 17. To-night an Irishman in Belgrave Square took off his hat to me most deferentially, and said, 'You'll come through with it all right, Mr. Parnell, sorr.' (alluding apparently to the O'Shea case). I have been addressed once before by the same title, and last Easter, when I had been taking the air on the terrace of the Palace at Westminster during the recess, I noticed that one or two papers had a paragraph about Mr. Parnell's solitary pacings on the terrace.

There was really little resemblance between us, except that Mr. Parnell was thin, getting bald, and had the same coloured hair and beard.

"*Feb.* 13. A—— said that he had been staying at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone, who was full of boundless energy, but so feverish that it gave him the impression that it could not last. While walking in the park he stopped suddenly, and looking into

A——'s face said, 'Tell me why I have lost the confidence of the English people.' A—— said 'that he had lost the confidence of his own class because they thought that he wanted to destroy the Empire.' 'Then they must think me a madman,' said Gladstone, and a moment after added fiercely, 'Why don't they send two strong men from Bedlam to take me there?'

"*Feb.* 21. Met T——, who talked about his life in the East End. He works chiefly at superintending men and boys' clubs, giving lectures and teaching. He thinks that they make little way in making converts, as most of the men are unbelievers or blatant atheists, though some of them have great horror of drink and, to a lesser extent, of immorality. What T. and his fellow-workers try to inculcate is a kind of manly Christianity, but find great difficulty in introducing religion at all. The few who profess religion are not always the best, but often narrow-minded Evangelicals or Dissenters. The great stumbling-block is the profound distrust which all the men have not only for T—— and his friends, but for each other. The fierce competition which prevails makes them think that anything is right which helps them in the strife against their neighbour. The general opinion among them is that the members of the Oxford House are highly paid, and that it is a Tory political organisation. T—— did not know of one instance of a real convert, but says that they try to make the lives of those among whom they work a little more civilised and comfortable. The clubs existing among the people themselves are generally brought together upon a political basis, and often harbour drink and vice. The clergy have a difficult position, as they are despised, and can do but little.

"*March* 19. Sat next a young lady at dinner who told me that she was president of the 'Pessimist Society.' The members edited a magazine called the 'Mausoleum.' They have no rules, but their object is to 'abuse life.'

"*March* 28. Dined with the Cobhams, Mr. Gladstone there. He looks about sixty-five. The face and body are full. There is no sign of shrinking except something in the hands. The features are mobile, his

eyes bright, and there is a note of strength about him that is unusual, and which comes out in his voice—which is like a deep-striking clock. He uses his hands a good deal, which are smallish and very flexible, looking more artistic than powerful. He is not a large-boned man. I was one off him at dinner, so could only hear occasionally what he said. The first remark which I caught was that jealousy was founded on the idea of a right which was infringed by the person of whom you were jealous; envy was simply the dislike of good happening to another. This was the meanest of vices, and Mr. Gladstone regretted to say that he had sometimes been subject to it, but never to jealousy. A child, he said, was a smaller vessel than an adult, and a fuller one, that a child therefore more easily overflowed, was more eager and intense."

"When the ladies went upstairs I was next the great man. He began to talk of Lowell's craze for making out that all families were of Jewish origin. I told him that Lowell derived his own name, 'Russell,' from 'rosso,' 'red,' the Spanish name for a fox or a Jew; and he asked how 'Reynolds' could be a Jewish name? We told him from 'Reynard' in the same way. He said that surnames ending in 's' and 'son' were not necessarily Jewish, and then got on to patronymics, remarking that the Welsh patronymics told you nothing but the name of the father, not the name of the clan, like the Scotch patronymics did. After mentioning the Mackenzies of Kintail, he continued that it was curious that so few of the great Scots families had lost their territory, only, so far as he could remember, the 'Seaforths.'

"From Mackenzie having been a hatter we got to the Aberdonians and their big heads, and thence to wigs. Mr. Gladstone remembered when all the Bishops wore wigs. Blomfield, who had a fine head, but a very thin skull, and so felt the discomfort of a wig acutely, was the first to leave them off. The present Bishops were really a much better-looking lot of men, but the earlier Bishops would beat them hollow in appearance, owing to the look of dignity and benevolence imparted by the wigs, and for this reason he should be sorry to see the Judges' wigs abolished.

"Going out from dinner the great man went at Robert Meade (the Assistant Secretary in the Colonial Office) with much ardour as to a certain tribe in Africa who used the bow merely as a musical instrument, being ignorant of its use as a weapon. He was much excited about this, and maintained that the bow was undoubtedly the origin of the violin. I was struck with the keenness he showed in this matter. He said that he had been to the Foreign Office (the tribe being under German protection), and got Sir Philip Currie to make enquiries. When he got upstairs he sat next to Lady —— on a small chair, and kept on talking about the bow. He considered the violin a more wonderful creation of man than the steam-engine. The plough was also a marvellous invention; it was known before any ancient writings which we have. He thought that it must have been borrowed from the pig ploughing up the ground with his snout. Getting on to steam, he pointed out how curious it was that men should for so long have had daily dealings with the kettle without finding out the power in it by some accident such as the spout getting choked. I mentioned Leonardo's steam cannon—Mr. Gladstone said that Prince Rupert knew the power of steam, and a Frenchman (whose name he had forgotten) was about the same time actually shut up in a madhouse for experiments in the same direction. He then repeated a *bon mot* of Disraeli's about steam, which I could not catch, but which set him to talk about his great rival. Disraeli was the greatest master of Parliamentary ridicule he ever knew; the speeches against Peel were his most remarkable effort. Peel only tried once to answer him, and failed utterly, fighting him with reason, which was of no avail against sarcasm and abuse. Still, the speeches did not do much lasting harm. They made Dizzy, but did not destroy Peel. When Peel proposed the Maynooth grant, which stirred up a storm of 'no-popery' in the country, Dizzy said, 'The Right Hon. Baronet has set the country on fire, and what for: why, in order that the students of Maynooth may sleep two instead of three in a bed.' Dizzy hated nobody, and so far he was a good enemy to have, but as he grew older he was more indifferent to truth. Whether he had any belief

Mr. Gladstone did not know, but he thought Disraeli did not really care much about any principle in politics. His patience was wonderful, and he never lost his temper. He could wait and let the fruit just drop into his mouth, but he never pulled it. Though he was in Office four times he never turned a Government out himself, but let other people do so for him. Disraeli was once on a commission with Sir Joseph Paxton. It was, said Mr. Gladstone, before there were any of these 'new-fangled' roads about the parks. Many plans for new roads marked A. B. C. D. were before the Committee. Paxton called out, 'I want to see plan He [E].' 'That must be the mail road,' said Dizzy.

"Dean Stanley, whose love of liberty made him a Liberal, became a Jingo on the Turkish question, and was asked to dine in Arlington Street, where he met Disraeli. The Dean spoke with great eloquence of the time when all creeds and formulæ would be abandoned, when every man would have his own faith in his heart, and be his own priest. When he ceased there was a silence, which was broken by Disraeli saying, 'That is all very well, but no dogma, no Dean.'

"No one could write a really good life of Disraeli; there was so much that no one knew who had not been in close intercourse with him, and without which his character, as drawn merely from his acts and words, would be imperfect. Lord Derby would be the best person, as he had been closer to Disraeli than anyone now living. Mr. Gladstone never knew Disraeli well personally. The farthest they ever got was Disraeli's taking him from the House in his brougham, and asking him to Hughenden, but he never went. Disraeli was a great favourite of the Queen, as were Melbourne, Peel and Aberdeen. The last was most deservedly loved by her. Melbourne was her greatest favourite. He managed her admirably. Before she knew Peel she was afraid of him, owing to the bed-chamber row.

"Mr. Gladstone will never forget his going down to Claremont to take the oaths of office when Melbourne went out in 1841. The Queen's face was red and swollen with crying. When in Office himself he wrote to the Queen every day during the Session.

He never put off writing till next morning, though the Queen once asked him if he would like to send a short note at night, and a fuller account next day. The letter was copied by the Private Secretary, and sent down by an early train. He had got about 2,000 letters from the Queen. When he was Prime Minister, he had shortened Her Majesty's labours in the following way. When any appointment was put before her, she used to have to write a note to the Minister signifying her pleasure. He proposed to have a copy sent down with the Minister's letter, on which the Queen should merely write 'Approved, V. R.' When he was Minister again he forgot that he had devised this improvement, and the Queen reminded him.

"At ten minutes to eleven Mrs. Gladstone came up to him and said it was bedtime. She stood by him and stroked his hair. It was touching to see the old couple. Mr. Gladstone said 'Hours must be kept,' shook hands all round and left. I must confess that I felt his charm strongly.

"*May* 1. To the Commons. Arthur Balfour replying on the Irish Land Bill. He was very good, and made one of the most complete Parliamentary scores I ever heard. An Irish member had spoken with much vigour against the Bill and its principles. Balfour showed that he was at that moment arranging the sale of his property under the Ashbourne Act.

"*June* 21. Monkshatch. Some talk with old Mr. Watts. He said that he could not imagine persons being fond of any art without wanting to create in it themselves. He could never read poetry without its giving him a want to put his ideas in verse; which he could not do, as he had no gift of language. He said he felt very strongly that he had lived before.

"*June* 27. Music at the Brownlows. A new man called Paderewski, pallid, with a vast shock of red hair. All the fine ladies in London, the Princess of Wales at their head, sitting in rapt attention. Could not get anywhere near. The Prince of Wales blocked one door, and half the town was struggling in the other.

"*August* 4. Dined with R., who is just back from Norway. He told me that the German Emperor had landed at their place, and tried to fish, but his arm

prevented his handling a big salmon rod. So they waited till one of them hooked a fine fish, when it was given to H.I.M. to play, but the keeper unfortunately was so nervous that he broke the line in trying to gaff him. The next day they got a smaller rod and put on a worm, when the Emperor, to his delight, caught a grilse and a trout. The two carcases were placed on a cabbage-leaf and borne back before His Majesty to the yacht by a huge Leib-Jäger in a gorgeous uniform. R. said that H.I.M. was most attractive, and talked warmly about England and his grandmother. He was dressed in knickerbockers, and looked quite British.

"*August* 16. My sister Gertrude married to Leonard Sartoris. She and I have been under the same roof for thirty-eight years.

"*Sept.* 6. Rodono. A great event to-day. I was walking along the face of the hill between two drives, when the servants who were far behind, put up two blackcock. They flew first over M——, who missed, amid derisive shouts. I dropped down; they came beautifully over me, and I got them both. Alfred Lyttelton, who was behind, told me that my servant was called up by the others, who gave him a round of cheers, he bowing his acknowledgments."

On September 12th I left the valley of the Yarrow for Dereen, a place in the south-west of Ireland, which was rented by my friends the Carmarthens.

"*Sept.* 13. At Headford found a decayed but roomy landau, looking as if it would fall to bits at any moment, with two rude but excellent steeds. My coachman was a great character, like a man in one of Lever's books, very talkative. He made use of words like 'watershed' and 'ratio,' and talked of Froude's 'Oceana' having been a failure. He did not love Froude, who, he said, had called him a 'Jarvey' in some article, an insult for which he would have demanded satisfaction had not the priest dissuaded him. After 'tea' at Kenmare he went off at a gallop."

Dereen is a lovely place close to the sea on an inlet of the Atlantic. The gardens are well kept up and are

full of tropical plants, skirting the rocky shore and little coves fringed with golden sand.

In the course of my rambles I noted the following characteristics of the region.

Irish gates. The best sort of gate, indeed the only sort of gate which can be strictly so called, generally stands alone, without any fence on either hand, so that if you go for a yard to the right or left you can circumvent it.

As the walls strengthen, the gates weaken, so that in an impregnable fence the gate usually consists of an open space with a stick across it.

The ordinary form of gate is an old bough, or sometimes a barrel in a gap.

The agent here, who is a knowing man, has devised a method by which he hopes to raise the standard of comfort. He has completely surrounded the cottage gardens by stout, low walls of concrete, in which are openings which will admit a man, but not a pig, thus keeping that animal out of the house, where he would otherwise dwell. This piece of civilisation was very unpopular at first, but the natives now keep hens in their bedrooms, which to some extent supplies the place of the pig in the family, and has created a new and thriving industry. The pig also seems contented, as he finds a snug couch on the sunny side of the low wall.

"*Oct.* 2. Gosford. We are living in the agent's house, as the new house is not yet finished. Lord W. was away, so I had to do host, which entailed no less a responsibility than entertaining Jowett and Arthur Balfour. They seemed a little shy of each other when we were left alone after dinner, but talked about Macaulay and Burke, to my edification.

"*Nov.* 20. As an instance of the odd jobs a Lord

Chancellor has to do, Lord Halsbury held an enquiry to-day as to whether the services of a chapel connected with an old hospital at Bath ought to be discontinued, the hospital having been moved out into the country, three miles from the chapel. The trustees of the institution wished to do away with the services and the Chaplain, who appealed to the Lord Chancellor, his consent being necessary. The Lord Chancellor decided in favour of the Chaplain."

H—— told me that an Irish friend of his, who was fond of the good things of this life, had once stayed at Avondale with Parnell, and was fed ascetically. One day Parnell proposed an expedition, and with a view to lunch he cut two huge slices from a brown loaf, which he buttered, and gave one to his guest. H—— had asked the same man the secret of Parnell's influence. He answered that he could hardly tell, but that Parnell froze you.

H—— went on to talk of Schopenhauer, who, he said, was the source of the views put forward now by Tolstoi, which had great affinity to those of Christianity, specially those of the Christian mystics of the last century—viz., the perfection of the individual soul, the negation of desire in the contemplative life, and the wish for the end of the world.

Bismarckism was a modern form of Hegelism. Hegel thought the individual was always such a fool that private judgment was valueless. Society should be ruled by the despot, not as an individual, but as the representative of Society.

CHAPTER XV

1891—1892

The Ecclesiastical Secretaryship—The German Emperor—Torloisk—Staffa—Society—Mr. Gladstone again—G. Curzon—Mr. Sargent—Lord Salisbury—The General Election—Gainsford Bruce, J.

"*Jan.* 28, 1891. Curious case reported from Irish papers. Action against a Railway Company for damage inflicted by a railway accident on an unborn babe, who afterwards turned out a cripple. The Company had paid up £800. The Court held that the defendants made no contract to carry a being not *in esse*.

"*Feb.* 10. Saw an electric omnibus to-day. It went in rather a wobbly fashion, steered by a man in front with a wheel."

Early in this year my eldest sister, Mrs. F. Lascelles, had developed symptoms of cancer. She came to London and was, by the kindness of the George Hamiltons, taken in at the Admiralty, where she underwent an operation. It was successful, and she rallied for a time, but died on March 17th. I shall say no more about this sad time except that none of her family will ever forget the love and care with which she was tended by her hosts.

On March 18th I began my duties as Ecclesiastical Secretary to the London Chancellor, in addition to my other work. It was a one-man-job, and as such I naturally got to take a great interest in it. The Lord Chancellor is the patron of all the Crown livings in England and Wales which are rated at below £20

per annum in the "King's Books"—a survey made in the time of Henry VIII. This limit was formerly 20 marks, but was afterwards extended, about the time of the Reformation, to £20.

The Lord Chancellor has also to present to all vacant livings in the gift of lunatics, to all livings rated as above which fall in during the vacancy of a see, or because the Crown has promoted the incumbent, and lastly to all benefices which lapse to the Crown from not having been filled up. This results in a great mass of patronage, the average vacancies from all these classes amounting to about one a week. Many of them are, from the smallness of the stipend, the lack of work, or the remoteness of their situation, difficult to fill, at any rate with fairly good pastors.

There is something English or illogical about this Ecclesiastical patronage of the Lord Chancellor, and one cannot doubt that if the head of the law in France were suddenly entrusted with a large slice of the Ecclesiastical patronage of the country, that such a step would create much astonishment and criticism. However the thing "has growed," and there it is.

The Private Secretary's duties were to deal with the correspondence relating to this patronage, and with the departmental work, which consisted in advising on sales, leases, exchanges, improvements, or loans; in investigations of the desirability of the union or division of parishes, or of sales and exchanges of advowsons. The letters varied in number from five to fifty *per diem*. There was also much interviewing of applicants and their backers, specially M.P.'s. Interviewing the applicants was, perhaps, the most disagreeable part of the work. Some of them had ill-founded pretensions, others told distressing stories

of poverty and ill-health, in regard to which scant comfort could be given. Members of Parliament, too, were occasionally very insistent, owing to the prevailing idea that these benefices could only be obtained upon their recommendation. This popular delusion has bad results, as it makes it almost necessary for an M.P. to support applicants of whom he knows little or nothing, except that they have been brought to his notice by some party-worker. If after the support of the M.P. the applicant fails to obtain preferment, he is apt to put down his failure to the "jobbery" of the Lord Chancellor.

A natural corollary of this idea is that the Secretary of the Lord Chancellor is open to persuasion, a belief which in my experience once resulted in the offer of a cheque, and sometimes in presents of game. With one of these gifts the donor had sent a letter saying that it was a good year for pheasants in his part of the country, but had omitted to remove the label of the London poulterer who supplied the carcases.

The notion that politics play a part in these appointments is now beginning to be less universal, but at the time of which I am speaking it was more widespread. Shortly after I took office I got a letter from a candidate informing the Lord Chancellor that his "strenuous efforts in his Master's service did not prevent an unobtrusive devotion to the Conservative Club twice a week in the evenings." I have also known several cases where, on a change of Government, a letter claiming reward for political services has been found to be almost identical in terms with a former letter from the same man addressed to the party which had left office.

As regards doctrine, the general rule has been

always to try to procure "continuity of teaching," i.e., to appoint an Evangelical where the traditions of a parish are "evangelical" or *vice versâ*. The strength of the anti-papal feeling in England is still great, and the appointment of a Moderate High Churchman to a benefice no one else would take was often denounced by persons of the opposite way of thinking. Most letters of this kind are rather abusive than persuasive, but I remember being much touched by a pathetic note from an Evangelical lady, who wrote: "We looked for a Cedar of Lebanon, and you have sent us a cabbage."

The story of my first appointment to a living was so disastrous as to be quite comic. After the vacancy had occurred, the Lord Chancellor one day told me that he had had a letter from a person on whom he could rely, strongly recommending a man, who bore a rather uncommon name, which I will call X., and directing me to make enquiries. He did not give me the letter, which had been left at his private house. The applicants who wrote officially, were not numerous, and among them was one who bore the name mentioned by his lordship; so I set the usual enquiries on foot, assuming, which I ought not to have done, that my X. was the same as the Lord Chancellor's. The answers to the enquiries, appearing to be satisfactory, I read them to the Lord Chancellor, and he directed me to offer the benefice to my X. The offer was accepted, and some days after, a furious letter came from a landowner who owned a great part of the parish which had been the subject of the appointment, asking why a Radical and Home Ruler should have been presented, who had already announced a lecture on the wrongs of Ireland to be

given in the village school. At last the Lord Chancellor discovered the letter which he had received, and we found that the X. recommended in it was quite a different man from the X. whose application was in my hands.

Subsequent events proved that the apprehensions of the landowner were well founded. The clergyman in question asserted himself with considerable vigour. Amongst other complaints against him, we were told that, having quarrelled with the squire, who kept the hounds, he preached a sermon on Esau, of whom he remarked in the course of his discourse, "Esau, my brethren, was a real sportsman; he didn't hunt for the subscription."

"*April* 22. The House of Lords fuller to-day than it is even for the 'Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill.' The reason was that the Newfoundland Delegates were to address their Lordships on the Newfoundland Fisheries Bill. Lord Dunraven moved that 'they be heard,' and they were called in—four serious-looking men, like substantial farmers in Sunday clothes, shy and solid. Their spokesman read the protest against the Bill with a slight American accent. It was deferential and conciliatory. The reading lasted about an hour. When it was over there was a hum of cheers, and the debate was adjourned for their remarks to be considered.

"*May* 4. Newfoundland Fisheries Bill in the Lords. The Premier's temper not improved by a week's toothache. He made the delegates squirm by saying that the French would not take the trouble to invade Newfoundland."

This year at Whitsuntide I went down to Gosford, and lived in the new house for the first time. It was a strange feeling to be living in a place which you had known as a ruin for so many years.

"*June* 28. Prestons. There is a drawing of Goethe's

here—very curious—a landscape, evidently done from nature with the most minute care. The composition is stiff and bad, but the representation seems very accurate. Great pains shown in the 'values' of the Indian ink washes.

"*July* 11. The German Emperor is in London. I saw him riding in the Row. He has a short, thick body, and looked rather hunched up in the shoulders, but sat well down in the saddle."

In the afternoon I went to the review at Wimbledon to the House of Lords' stand, which was just behind the Emperor's position. Some of his staff were there waiting for him, very smart-looking officers in fine uniforms, but seeming heavily padded. The Emperor soon arrived. He wore a white uniform, with a black cuirass, and a beautiful mediæval helmet, on which perched a silver eagle with outstretched wings. He sat like a rock for nearly two hours, while the troops marched past him. The Blues and the Artillery were the best of the horse-soldiers, the Highlanders, and one red regiment of volunteers, of the infantry.

"*July* 23. As the Permanent Secretary was away, I had to look after the Lord Chancellor, and to stuff some amendments on the Lunacy Bill into him when he was sitting on the Woolsack. Rather alarmed, but it came off all right, though at first he moved one of the amendments exactly wrong, reading 'insert' instead of 'omit.'

"*July* 31. Lord Cowper related the plot of a story which he had read. A man who was engaged to be married was told by a cheiromantist that he was fated to commit murder. Being anxious to get this unpleasant job over before matrimony, he made several attempts, but always failed, and had in consequence constantly to postpone the ceremony. Eventually, while wandering despairingly along the Embankment, he sees a man leaning over the parapet, and hoists him into the river. It was the cheiromantist. The murderer marries immediately and lives happy ever after.

"*August* 1. Wrest. Mr. Wilde came. He was a great talker and *raconteur*, and occasionally said good things. The only one which I remember is, that he said there ought to be 'a Form of Prayer used for a Baronet.' In the afternoon he sat on the lawn, surrounded by a large audience of ladies, to whom he told stories. His signing of the visitor's book was characteristic. It was a huge tome, with large, thick creamy sheets. He did not sign on the same sheet as the rest of the party, but took a fresh sheet, on which he wrote his name towards the top, and then executed an immense flourish, so that no other name could be written on the same page."

In September, this year, I visited a new region, viz., Torloisk in Mull, belonging to Lord Northampton, who had inherited it from his mother, Scott's friend, Miss McClephane.

Torloisk was a solid house close to the sea on the western slopes of Mull, looking over the Atlantic and a breakwater of rocky islands.

Behind the house the ground rose in a series of heathery ledges like Cyclopean steps, the rocks showing on the faces. Between this rising ground and the sea was a sort of wild park of knolls and terraces, clothed with turf and fern, and strewn with fragments of rock. Here and there grew copses of alder, oak, and birch, twisted by the sea winds into fantastic shapes. On the shore, the turf ended in dark rocks and bright yellow seaweed. The sea being broken by the islands, does not usually roar and rattle here as on most parts of the coast, but as it is always heaving from the outside swell, keeps up a sort of Gregorian chant which is very soothing.

"*Sept.* 22. Went in the launch to Staffa. Landed on the island, and walked along the ridge feeling rather as if on the back of a sea monster. The

approach to the cave is along a rocky quay formed of basalt pillars cut across like a honeycomb, which make a rude pavement of octagonal slabs. The cave is not as high as one would expect, and at first appears as more curious than grand. But when you get well into its dim recesses and hear the wash of the swell and the occasional roaring of the great stones tumbled about by the water, which comes up from below, its impressiveness gradually grows upon you. The pillars at the entrance are much like those of an organ, with the outward convex sides flattened. Inside it is difficult to believe that the roof is not artificial, as the pillars are seemingly cut away, not flat, but in the shape of an arch up to the apex of the roof.

"*Nov.* 31. On my way to Bromley called at Oakdene. The Jekylls were away. Their son, a little boy of seven, came and showed me a book he was writing, with floral designs for each month, and a poem on the flowers. The poems were all printed in pencil, the designs done in pencils and colours. Some of these were stiff and angular, others good, but all were 'designs.' The poems were rather affected and full of conceits, but strange productions to be by a child of that age.

"*Dec.* 23. To Longleat. The hills, woods and water, the glorious proportion and beauty of the architecture, the splendour of the internal decorations, though not always quite perfect in detail, but generally rich and massive, and all the wealth of pictures, tapestries and objects of virtu, give it a high rank as a human snail-shell.

"*Jan.* 12, 1892. I heard an interesting talk at the Burlington Club between two of the old connoisseurs there, on the possibility of a painter's style differing to such an extent at different periods of his life as not to be recognisable as the work of the same man. One of them said that work done at different periods sometimes bore no resemblance whatever, instancing the present and the pre-Raphaelite Millais. The opponent replied that he would always be able to detect Millais' hand by the scheme of colour, the neglect of browns and greys, and the tendency to reds; also by the length of the eyes and faces. I must

say that I agree with the last contention; though the leopard may lose some of his spottiness, he will never become an Ethiopian, whatever age he may be.

"*March* 12. Dined with the Cobhams. Mr. Gladstone there. When he arrived he came briskly into the room with an opera-hat under his arm, and shook hands with the ladies in a gallant way. He looked much the same as he had done last year, his manner full of go and animation, and of interest in all the concerns of life.

"When you see him in full face, the width of his face and the strength of the brow give him a look of dignity and power. But in the profile view there is sometimes an expression of intense acuteness, amounting almost to cunning. He never mentioned politics, and talked very little of himself.

"Although his speech was nearly continuous, and excellent small talk, it was not so interesting as last year. The conversation flitted about so from one topic to another that he never gathered way, or got in any flow of reminiscence.

"As he was going downstairs to dinner, he broke out with great animation about a case he had seen in the papers—one of the ordinary actions about the bite of a dog. He ridiculed with much emphasis the doctrine of the *scienter*, which appeared a novelty to him, and when we got downstairs chuckled very much at the jury having found for the plaintiff, in spite of the summing up of the Judge, and against the law. Being on the subject of law, he alluded to the recent case of a cabman who took a sovereign given him by mistake for a shilling, saying that he thought there could be, without knowledge, no moral stealing in the Court of the Conscience, whatever it might be legally.

"This story reminded him of a picture in *Fun*, which he described with a good deal of humour. A lady was depicted who had just got out of an omnibus. The conductor was calling out 'All right, Bill, lady on horseback,' and the driver was whipping up his horses furiously, understanding from the conductor's mystical utterance that the lady had given him a half-sovereign instead of a sixpence. From this he got to banks, and discoursed on banks helping each

other in crises, and said that he had often thought it strange that no inconvenience had resulted from the way a cheque was paid over the counter of a bank by one man to one man, with no third person to witness the transaction.

"The talk then passed on to the recent Osborne trial. Mr. Gladstone thought that Mrs. Osborne's sentence was not severe enough, and that it would be dangerous doctrine indeed to take into account the severer effect that a sentence might be supposed to have upon a member of the upper classes, with a view to diminishing its length. This train of thought took him to a recent case where a Member of Parliament had been convicted of fraud as a trustee, and he stated that the increase of this kind of offence was quite a curious feature of recent times. The blame, he said, was equally distributed on both sides of the House; except (rather theatrically deepening his voice), on the 'poor' Irish nationalists, who had to be supported in Parliament by allowances, but had never committed any fraud to get money. Someone then alluded to the diminution in sinecures. Mr. G. said that there was nothing dishonourable in accepting a sinecure if it was recognised by the society in which it existed, and not considered unusual or unworthy. One of the last sinecures, where there was absolutely nothing to do, which was not the case with all sinecures, was the office of 'Chief Justice in Eyre, North of the Trent.' It was held by Tom Grenville, and was worth £12,000 per annum.

"The next subject on which he discoursed was 'strong language,' which he heard was coming in again at the public schools. It had been very bad when he was at Eton, but had afterwards quite died out. The old Royal Dukes had used fearful language. The talk then went back to the public schools. Mr. Gladstone said that he had been pleased with a grandson of his own who had refused to put into some gambling lottery connected with horse-racing, and had sent him a beautifully bound Tennyson to impress on his memory that he had done well. The recent mention of the Royal Dukes then brought up George IV. Mr. Gladstone said that George IV. led the worst and most wretched life, but might have had

some taste. Windsor Castle was restored in his time, and though there was not a single good detail in the building, the effect of the whole was very fine. He then descanted on the absurdity of giving Lord Napier of Magdala an equestrian statue, and still more of putting him in one of the most conspicuous public sites in London. You saw the statue of a vastly greater man, and one who had actually brought out Lord Napier, looking on from a subordinate position.

"This led him to decry the class of what he called 'art-coxcomb' in the House of Commons, giving instances, and thence he got on to Ayrton. Mr. Gladstone's view of Ayrton was more favourable than one generally hears. He said that A. was a man of great power and honesty, and a peculiarly hard hitter. He had Indian blood in his veins, which gave him a sort of patience and indifference to attack, as well as to the feelings and thoughts of other people. He did very well at the Office of Works. Bob Lowe had a strong dislike of Ayrton. Mr. Gladstone asked Lowe, when he offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, if he would mind having Ayrton as his secretary. Lowe said, 'Oh leave him to me, I'll manage him.' But he could not, and Mr. G.'s time in the House was constantly passed in listening to Lowe pouring complaints of Ayrton into one ear and Ayrton of Lowe into the other. At last Ayrton had to be moved, and was given the 'Office of Works.'

"Mr. Gladstone then went on to say how rare a good Parliamentary 'shut-up' was; he did not remember one from Canning, for all his ability.

"The talk then took rather a wide jump to one Martin, Mayor of St. Raphael, whom Mr. Gladstone had met abroad, and thought a remarkable man. Martin had completed a military railway from Avignon to Nice, through a mountainous country for over thirty miles in eighteen months; an extraordinary feat. He had afterwards joined a jute company which Harry Gladstone was setting up at Chandernagore, where it was found easier to manufacture the jute than in Scotland. Another Frenchman, called J., was a partner in the concern. He had been a rising lawyer in the time of Napoleon III., but afterwards had to fly the country on account of his political

opinions, and begin the world again. He started as a clerk at Newcastle on £80 per annum, and was now the largest coal merchant at Cardiff. He was standing 'for our side' at Grimsby, and, though he spoke with a strong French accent, the people did not mind it.

"I afterwards mentioned the recent article by Professor Lombroso, which maintains that women felt pain less than men. Mr. Gladstone asked how they could test such a statement. He went on to say that it was one of the humiliating effects of old age that he could not bear pain nearly as well as forty years ago. He thought the effect of a long political life was rather to increase than to diminish sensitiveness. However, he could only remember being kept awake by worry on two occasions. The first time was when he had to form his first ministry, and his mind was kept on the stretch by thinking if A. was put in such a place, how would B. take it, or how would A. get on with C., and so on. At last he got up, lit a candle, went to his writing-table and put down all possible combinations on paper, which eased his mind, and he went to sleep. The second occasion was once when he had partly cut through the trunk of a large chestnut close to the house at Hawarden, but left the tree standing in order that Lord Napier of Magdala, who was to come the next day, might be present at its fall. The tree was tied up with ropes to windward, just a bit of the wood being left. In the middle of the night the wind changed, and a gale got up which caused him to lie awake, expecting every moment to hear the crash of the tree falling on the house. However, it never did fall, though he did not go to sleep till daylight.

"*March* 28. In the House of Commons. George Curzon introducing a Bill. He stood at the table, looking like the great Sir Robert Peel, or some statesman of forty years' experience, instead of a young Under-Secretary in his first innings. However, he did what he had to do very well. His diction was rather Johnsonian, but clear, impressive, and convincing. He ought to go far. He has such confidence that he gives his good abilities their utmost chance.

"*April* 7. In the House of Commons. The Railway Directors brought to the Bar, in a very full house.

Old Mr. Maclure read an apology. The other three men stood behind the Bar—a copper rod pulled out from a seat in front of the Serjeant's box. They made a lame statement, agreeing with Maclure's apology, and then backed, bobbing clumsily to the door. Sir M. Hicks Beach proposed that they should be admonished, rather an impotent conclusion to so much ceremony. A debate then began, and went on till about one o'clock, when they *were* admonished.

"Dined with J. S. Met Mr. Sargent, the American artist. He struck me as curiously unlike what I should have expected from his pictures, viz., a vehement, scintillating kind of man with American characteristics. On the contrary, he was rather a solid English-looking person, with a nice quiet voice, and talked agreeably, though deliberately.

"*June* 16. Going down to Panshanger, Lord Salisbury was in the carriage. Curious, shy demeanour. He read an odd-looking book in a brown binding. At Hatfield, a very small and smart tiger, in cockade and tops, opened the door for him. The old, absent-looking, carelessly-dressed giant stumbled out, a strange contrast to his jaunty henchman, who stood by touching his hat.

"*June* 26. Called on David Wood. Saw a most interesting drawing of Napoleon at St. Helena, which came to David through his great-uncle, Lord Castlereagh. It was done just before death, and must have been very like, the breadth of the cheek and the base of the skull enormous."

A General Election is always a busy time at the Crown Office. The Writs for the Peers and Commons have been filled in, all but the dates, which remain to be done at the last moment. As soon as they are all completed, the Chief Clerk and one of his subordinates, on the morning of the day that the proclamation dissolving Parliament is to issue, take the precious bundles (except the Metropolitan writs, which are sent by hand to the Metropolitan Sheriffs) in a four-wheeler to the General Post Office. I have often

wondered when driving along the Embankment what would happen if I were to stop the cab and throw all the parcels into the Thames, and what would be done to me if I indulged in this escapade.

On arrival at the General Post Office everyone gets into a great agitation, which is not soothed until all the writs have been ticked off by the post office people on their lists, have been found correct, and assigned to batches of clerks, who are in attendance to address the envelopes. When this process, often a long one, is completed, the Chief Clerk goes back to the House of Lords, leaving his myrmidon in charge of the writs, which are still technically in the custody of the Clerk of the Crown. The Royal Proclamation ordering a dissolution generally reaches the Crown Office about 4.30, when the Chief Clerk dashes off with it to the G.P.O., and after it has been shown to the authorities there, the writs are posted.

"*July* 13. In the absence of the Private Secretary, I was sent by the Lord Chancellor to-day to offer a judgeship to Gainsford Bruce, a pleasant task, as he was an old comrade on circuit. I went down to the Temple swelling with importance, but Bruce was not in his chambers, so I followed him to the Courts of Justice, where he was sitting as arbitrator. I stood in the back of the Court until he saw me, when he turned quite pale, conjecturing my errand. However, he soon recovered when he came out and I gave my good news, sitting on a bench in the passage."

CHAPTER XVI

1892—1895

Service under Lord Herschell—Parliamentary Ceremonies—Tummel Bridge — A well-ordered House — British Museum — Dereen—Somerset House — Home Rule Bill—Lord Roberts — Castle Menzies — The Lord Chancellor and the Magistracy — Mr. Chamberlain—Loseley—A Wild Beast—English Inefficiency—Hewell and Hagley—Cromwell's Statue—The Frozen Thames—The End of Wilton—Return of the Unionists.

THE elections went against the Unionists, and Lord Halsbury went out of office, being succeeded by Lord Herschell, whom I had known for many years on Circuit. I got a kind letter from him, offering me the Private Secretaryship for Ecclesiastical Patronage, which pleased me much.

The following passages taken from my diary of August 6th of this year may perhaps be inserted here.

"We have had an exciting time at Westminster, with the assembling of the new Parliament. The old ceremonies are a strange contrast to the present realities. Black Rod in his sword and tights, knocking thrice at the door of the House of Commons, while Mr. Keir Hardie comes down to Palace Yard in a wagonette accompanied by a bugler playing the *Marseillaise*, and dressed in a yellow suit and a stalking cap.

"I never saw the ceremony of 'knocking at the door' before, and it is certainly curious. Being in the Lobby of the House of Commons I heard sonorous shouts of 'hats off,' and looking towards the House of Lords down a lane of excited spectators I beheld a black speck, which on approaching turned out to be Black Rod. He was a small man dressed in a court

suit, and held in his hand a little rod like the kings carry in picture books. The trim, prim figure passed down the line of staring and smiling members clad in every variety of garb, and, lifting his little sceptre, struck the closed door of the House three times with great deliberation. Then the door swung open, and he delivered the message of the Lords to the Speaker and the Clerks far away at the end of an empty House, the faithful Commons staring at his back all the while. Yesterday we had more ceremonies. The words in which the Speaker receives the Queen's approval of his election, and claims the privilege of the Lower House were fine, owing to the strong old English phrases employed. When that is over the 'swearing in' begins, and it strikes one as wonderful that no more convenient methods should ever have been hit upon. In the Commons there are a mass of members, hot, ruffled, and angry, squeezing to get through a narrow way leading between the benches and the table to the Clerk who administers the Oath. In the Lords the Peers have to wait till a batch of five collect, when the Lord Chancellor is summoned from his room to swear them.

"*August* 26, 1892. Rodono. The great feature here this year is the invasion of the 'voles,' a sort of field mouse. The moor in some places is riddled with holes as if made with a dibble. Large numbers of owls, of a kind which they say has never before been seen here, are flapping about, come to devour the voles.

"*August* 29. Craiganour. I walked down to Tummel Bridge, where I had been on the reading party with Jowett in old Oxford days.

"Starting off after lunch and with about two hours' walking began to draw near the familiar land. It was like those dreams in which you meet some friend who is dead; you are happy, but all the time there is a consciousness that it is unreal. So there was Schihallion, but not one's youth. There were enclosures which I did not know, the pines round the manse had grown taller, and (type of progress) there was a corrugated iron shed in the inn-yard. But the old stone bridge with its back arched like a buck-jumper was the same, and

Tummel himself was rushing underneath as he used to do."

The following extract is from a letter written this autumn.

"Here you have a capital specimen of the old unchanging English upper-class society of the best sort, hospitality, kindness, extraordinary comfort, and all the domestic virtues. Our host is a good specimen of his class. He made his own way in life before he came in for the family estates, and is a tough, vigorous man who does most things well. Like men of this stamp, his energy assumes the shape of a benevolent despotism, and all things are ruled with great precision. There is a china slate in the hall, on which are inscribed the orders of the day, what carriages and keepers are to go first, and who is to fish, and who to shoot. Luncheon baskets are in apple-pie order, and out shooting, instead of drawing for places with wads or bits of paper, a little silver box is produced containing numbered slips of ivory. In your room the most convenient shelves and cupboards abound, there are medicine spoons, and medicine glasses, thermometer, and framed cards of the events of the house, 'Carriages start for kirk at 11.30,' and the like. The study of the master of the house is a sight, with keys hanging on boards, docketed papers in glazed cupboards, accounts, estate books, guns, sticks, axes, fishing-rods, and a telephone communicating with the keeper of the shooting lodge, with directions for use written in a commanding, almost threatening autograph.

"*Nov.* 22. Dinner at the Lord Chancellor's; sat next to the head of the British Museum. He said that the total sum spent by the nation on the collection had been half a million, the rest was all gifts. The lighting at night had been a great failure, the installation cost £10,000, and the visitors at present were few. There had only been one fire in his time. It began in the binding shops, and burnt some books and a few valuable MSS. Though they have a double system of electric lighting, these once, by an extraordinary chance, both failed at the same time. The darkness

lasted about half a minute. All the doors were shut and people were searched as they went out. Nothing was lost. He said that they constantly had first-class University men applying for Assistantships at £120 per annum.

"*Jan.* 2, 1893. Dereen. Shot woodcock. It is curious to hear the beaters uttering their strange cries, 'hi-cock,' 'houli,' 'hulli,' 'heiss'—in melodious tones. They give vent to explosions of this kind when a bird appears, which is at first disconcerting in the aim. We saw few woodcock. The low sun brings out the expression of the hills, as footlights do that of the actors.

"*Jan.* 31. Parliament met. Strange to see the Irish all sitting with the Conservatives. The Liberal Unionists sit on the Liberal side below the gangway. I saw Mr. Gladstone take the Oath, at which there was great cheering. Not a sound when Sir W. Harcourt came up. He went on without signing the book, and had to turn back, colliding with John Morley, at which there was laughter.

"*Feb.* 3. In the Commons. Colonel Saunderson in his comic vein. He read an indictment which had been laid at Quarter Sessions against one Blake, M.P., 'that he did steal, take and carry away the body of one red deer against the peace of Our Lady the Queen her Crown and Dignity.' Mr. Blake got up and defended himself with much warmth, which made everyone laugh the more. The fact had been that he shot the animal while trespassing on his farm.

"*Feb.* 23. To Somerset House. Sat on the Committee on Copying Wills. We visited the room where the public read the copies, a curious sight. Various expressions on the faces of the readers, surprise, eagerness, cupidity, disappointment, exultation. A good-looking woman was reading a will most discontentedly, and abusing a young man who was with her—'I told you so,' etc. The wills are copied on parchment, and bound, the originals being stowed away. They go back to the fifteenth century, and among them is Holbein's will. These vaults, dimly lit and full of vast tomes, are impressive.

"*April* 18. To the House of Commons to hear Lord R. Churchill on the Home Rule Bill. He was so nervous that I thought he was going to break down,

as he stammered and struggled for his words quite painfully.

"*April* 19. Primrose day. A far larger crowd than I have ever seen before around Dizzy's statue at Westminster. It is regular image-worship. Curious how the primrose fashion has spread. I saw lots of workmen, cabmen, etc., with a bunch in their button-hole, and the number of women wearing them was prodigious.

"*April* 21. After dinner went to the House of Commons to hear the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Not so much excitement as one would have thought. No chairs on the floor of the House, and I had no difficulty in getting a place in the gallery. About 10.15 Balfour spoke, I thought very well. During most of the speech the Government seemed uncomfortable, and the front bench crossed and re-crossed their legs, fidgetted and whispered. Mr. Gladstone looked very grim.

The Maharajah of B. came to see the Lord Chancellor. He was a stout Oriental in a turban, blue blouse and spangled kilt, with his legs swathed in bandages, and ending in a pair of patent leather shoes. He was accompanied by Sir G. F——, his secretary, and his prime minister. The last was like a brown family solicitor, with a very odd headpiece, a cross between a hat and a bonnet made of a kind of oilcloth. He seemed a very intelligent fellow. After the big man had interviewed the Lord Chancellor alone, we showed them round the House of Lords. The things His Majesty noticed were the fresco of Waterloo and the worsted work at the back of the Queen's chair in the robing room. Sir G. F. attempted to explain the Watts frescoes of 'Religion.' 'Mercy,' etc., quite unsuccessfully.

"*May* 9. Have been down this week-end sailing about the familiar waters of the Solent on Carmarthen's yacht, a 60-ton yawl. We went into Portsmouth, where I saw the *Victory* again with renewed reverence. The old coal hulks there always excite my pity. Their dingy battered sides, covered with baulks and stains, and defaced with openings, are so sad a come-down from what was once a line-of-battle ship walking the waters, brilliant with paint burnished copper and snowy sails.

"*May* 25. Edinburgh. Having an hour to spare, went to the Parliament House. Sat in a jury court, where a right of way case was being tried before a jury. Counsel made an excellent speech—no bunkum such as would be employed for an English jury. A good many big, bony Scots were sitting about, listening intently, with fine, massive heads.

"*June* 2. Went to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* A Mrs. Patrick Campbell—a new actress. I thought her decidedly clever and original. She got a grip of one directly. The play is not particularly good, but she certainly made it interesting.

"*June* 14. Music at the T.'s. A. Herr.——, who has reconstructed all sorts of obsolete instruments, such as viols, harpsichords, etc., an innocent little hairy man, who made short speeches before each tune. The music had a strange ghostliness, like echoes of "old forgotten far-off things."

"*June* 15. Oxford. St. Mary's surrounded with scaffolding. Very picturesque it is. It also affords a field of venture to the more merry spirits among the undergraduates, who climb the poles till they reach the ladders, whence they ascend to the highest point they can get, and attach the flag of their college.

"*June* 21. Visited N.'s house at Fulham, a curious place. In the dining-room was a large saw, and in the drawing-room a half-built steam launch, which, M. said would have to be launched by taking out the windows. The place was full of chairs and cabinets made by N. himself.

"*June* 29. Went to the Commons and heard the end of Mr. Gladstone's Speech in Home Rule Committee. He was very oratorical, and jumped and gesticulated, using fine generalisations, but did not persuade. Arthur Balfour was at his best. The tremendous excitement prevailing had caught him and inspired him, while he was as logical as ever. The House was very full, and everyone's blood up. Dr. Tanner, standing near me, expressed his joy at the atmosphere of battle, and called it 'living again.'

"*July* 2. Panshanger. Took a walk with Lord Roberts. He talked about India in an interesting way. He said that if we left the country it would be like opening all the cages in the Zoological Gardens,

the different races and castes would destroy each other. He thought there would be danger in making native officers of high position in the army."

In September this year I stayed at Castle Menzies, a gloomy old pile near Aberfeldy. I lived in a curious room up in a tower, from which led a staircase to a little turret, and on windy nights there were all kinds of noises, and I used to expect that the ghost would come down the turret stair. She is a lady who enters the room and kneels down and prays. However, she never came, but I had an experience of how easily a ghost can be manufactured. Three or four times during the night I used to hear footsteps going up the staircase past my door. I was much puzzled by these sounds, till I accidentally found out that they were caused by a loose casement, which produced an extraordinary imitation of tramping steps.

"*Nov.* 15. A large deputation of M.P.'s waited on the Lord Chancellor on the subject of magistrates. There was a good deal of talk about the 'people's representatives,' etc. Conybeare, M.P., went the furthest. He thought all magistrates should be nominated by the M.P. concerned. This lasted for about an hour. Then the Lord Chancellor spoke. He was clear and straightforward, but, I thought, too much like a prisoner on his defence, making a sort of appeal *ad misericordiam* by telling them how hard worked he was. However, he said plainly that as long as he appointed, he, and no one else, should be responsible. So far all had gone well. But just as the deputation was leaving one of the members asked if the Lord Chancellor would consider himself bound by a resolution of the House of Commons to alter the method of appointment of magistrates by the Lord-Lieutenant now prevailing. Unfortunately the Lord Chancellor said that he should consider himself bound. We hear that Mr. Gladstone thinks that a resolution of one House does not bind the Executive to alter

constitutional usage. The result of this concession was to throw all the appointments upon the Lord Chancellor, causing himself and his secretary infinite labour and worry.

"*Nov.* 29. Panshanger. Sat in smoking-room listening to Mr. Chamberlain. He talked about America, which he had just been visiting, how Anglicised it was getting, how strange it was that we should be drawing it back to us. But none the less was there much dislike of England, though less than formerly. He thought that some tax besides income-tax should be imposed if we were to raise more money, *e.g.*, a tax on sugar, which, when its first unpopularity was over, would hardly be felt.

"*Dec.* 18. Ashridge. Characteristic party here, who listen to reading aloud from the works of Browning, and are otherwise eager for the higher life. I can't help wondering what is the mental state of many of the listeners after an hour of this. I fancy that it is mere ritual in the worship of culture, in the style of the prayer-wheel machines which are turned by the Tartars."

1894. The lease of the house where I was living with my sister Mary was to come to an end in March of this year, and it was decided that we should separate. I took a small flat in Wigmore Street.

"*March* 5. Great excitement over the political crisis caused by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. Parliament prorogued at 1.30. The Commons kept the Lords waiting more than ten minutes after they were summoned, and I thought at one time that the Revolution had begun, and that a message would come from the Commons 'that they would see the Lords damned before they came.' The Queen's Speech marvellously brief, sympathising with the Houses on the shortness of their holiday.

"*March* 12. Parliament met. Lord Salisbury made a bantering speech, clever as usual. The new Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, answered, a most difficult task in the face of a hostile House. He made a good speech, but was occasionally somewhat ornate, as

when he compared Mr. Gladstone to a full river which poured into the sea, after taking the tone of many soils.

"*April* 14. To Loseley. A large party, among them Rayleigh, Arthur Balfour, John Morley, and Neville Lyttelton. Mr. Morley in private life is not at all a bitter man, as you might expect from some of his speeches in the House of Commons, but a taking, likeable person, fair and courteous. He seems to appreciate Arthur Balfour. The talk after dinner was good, three first-rate heads and one first-rate memory. Morley believes in the 'union of hearts,' and thinks that if Home Rule were granted the Irish all over the world would become patrons of Great Britain and would want no more. After this I was not surprised to hear him say that for the first twenty years of his life he had lived apart from men in an atmosphere of his own ideas, most of which he had now changed.

"*June* 2. Went to Cambridge to stay with Frederick Maitland at Downing. My host's wife is a great lover of animals, and various birds and beasts wander about the rooms. This taste is not without its disadvantages. Maitland told me that on one occasion he received an express from the railway station to say that a large monkey consigned to him had broken loose and was eating the sofa in the ladies' waiting-room. He rushed off, and the creature was secured with difficulty and brought in a cab to Downing, where they found he was quite unmanageable and terribly destructive. It turned out that the lady had bought him on an advertisement, thinking he was a small member of the monkey tribe, whereas he turned out to be a large ourang-outang. There was nothing for it but to wire for the vendor and beg him to resume control at any price.

"*July* 15. Minley Lodge. Went to see Hawley, a place at the other end of Minley Manor. It had one of those modern gardens, which affect not merely simplicity, but desolation. There was a pavement purposely cracked, with weeds and flowers planted in the cracks, as though it were the court of a house in ruins. The effect, in relation to the neat red house, was simply untidiness.

"*July* 26. House of Lords. Debate on Budget and

Death Duties. The Duke of Devonshire was manly and vigorous, but somewhat antiquated in his arguments. I thought that he made too much of the disappearance of the wages of labour, and too little of the dislocation of it. The money taken from the landowners will not be thrown into the sea, but will be used for the payment of labourers in other places. But the dislocation will drive the labourers now on the land into the towns, the very thing everyone wishes to prevent.

"*Nov.* 19. Elvington. A farmer who goes about the country lecturing on hens for the County Council came to stay. He passes his whole life in this occupation, and in judging at shows, while his brother runs their farm in Somersetshire. He told us a good deal about hens, what delicate birds they are, and how liable to catch cold. *A propos* of the great importation of eggs from France, he said that at present it was impossible to impress on the small English producer that he should rigidly keep his bargain. He could not resist slipping in a bad egg now and again, whereas the French peasant had learnt that if he cheated he would lose his trade. My hosts went to his lecture. They said that there were no poor people, for whom the lecture was intended, among the audience.

"*Dec.* 7. Hewell. The house is built of warm red stone by Devey. I think it is perhaps the best modern house I have seen.

"*Dec.* 10. From Hewell I walked to Hagley, a large, massive structure, square-shaped, with low towers at the angles. The rooms are fine, with some good Grinling Gibbons carving in the library, showing in places marks of rough usage, which resulted from the last generation of Lytteltons using the room for stump and ball. An American once made an offer to buy the contents of the drawing-room outright, ceiling, carving, tapestry and furniture, for exportation to New York.

"Hagley and Hewell seem to me, each in its own way, to be typical of their times. Hagley of the eighteeenth, Hewell of the end of the nineteenth century. One should be peopled with persons in high heels and deep-flapped coats; the other with "Souls." One

seemed to have grown naturally from the soil; the other to have been æsthetically designed. I was conscious of a greater fascination in Hagley, though Hewell was attractive. I suppose it is the aroma of many lives of human interest which hangs all sorts of vaguely-felt associations about the older abode that are wanting in the new.

"*Dec.* 19. I saw the Prime Minister and Henry Primrose prospecting in Old Palace Yard to look for a site for Oliver Cromwell. I was told that they had settled to put him in New Palace Yard, whence he could see the roof of the hall on which his head was said to have been exposed. But apparently they wished to spare his feelings, as the statue was put in the sort of ditch that runs under the new buildings. It was a triumph of the sculptor's art, combining a general likeness to the Protector, with touches of Rosebery, Asquith and Haldane. The weak part of it was the lion on the pedestal, who looked more like a penwiper than a symbol of majesty.

"*Feb.* 14, 1895. The river is a strange sight. It is covered with floating ice, and crowded with seagulls standing on the floes, swimming in the intervals, or wheeling in the air; people feeding them in places. The piers of the bridges are encrusted with scurfy masses of dirty ice, two of the pillars of Charing Cross Bridge being joined by a frozen arch. The steps of the Embankment are piled with large blocks in chaotic formation. Above each set of steps, or wherever there is any obstacle, a solid ledge of ice has formed, against which the floes are grinding with a low swishing sound as they are carried past by the tide. The gulls show white against the grey sky and water, and fill the air with their melancholy screams.

"*March* 4. Dined at the Asquiths. Our host told me that the second official key,* which I and other private secretaries use, was the only key until 1882, and has been unaltered since the time of Pitt. But about 1882 it was thought that there was a leakage, and a new key was made, supplied to Cabinet Ministers only, and to the Private Secretary of the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone, who was a great

* This refers to the key used for Cabinet Boxes, not to the ordinary "red box" key.

conservative about trifles, used to rail against these two keys.

"*March* 13. A deputation of railway servants to the Lord Chancellor praying that in case of inquests affecting railway servants, a representative of their society should be admitted before the coroner with power to ask questions. Most of them good, honest, square-headed fellows. Their ignorance of barristers, or, as they call them, 'learned gentlemen,' was comic. Their conception of barristers was doubtless taken from the small attorney's clerk. But they complained that 'learned gentlemen' were ignorant of the meaning of such recondite terms as 'signal-box' and 'points.' They were so courteous that they specially maintained that they did not want to accuse them of ignorance as 'learned gentlemen,' but of ignorance as railway experts. They were much surprised that the Lord Chancellor should know what a 'chair' meant.

"*April* 8. The Speaker (Peel) took leave of the House. He looked ill, and leant on one arm of his chair, bending rather forward. His voice was as fine as ever, and he expressed himself with dignity. I never saw so many Members present, except on the introduction of the second Home Rule Bill. A solid red Philistine near me was sniffing audibly."

On May 3rd, George Pembroke died, the first of our band of friends to go. I had always been fond of him, and I think he liked me. But we never became intimate, being both too thin-skinned to be quite at ease in each other's presence.

He was buried at Wilton, on a beautiful May day. Nearly all the friends were there. He was drawn to his grave in the little churchyard outside the gates by some of his tenants, and there was no hearse or trappings of woe, but the sunlight played joyously upon the procession through the great poplars, and the stream danced and sparkled as we crossed the bridge. The very beauty and brightness of the day increased our feelings of sorrow at parting with our

comrade of so many happy times, as no one was more alive than he to the influences of earth and sky.

"*June* 10. In the New Gallery. A striking picture of Miss Rehan, the actress, by Sargent. He is without doubt the most original talent of the last ten years in this island, though I often feel that his work affects me unpleasantly. Still, it knocks one down with its startling vigour and life, and the freedom and sureness of the handling. In my eyes his pictures are deficient in some of the higher qualities. He has insight of a kind, but not great imagination or feeling for composition, and the sketchiness of the extremities is often unpleasant. Yet it cannot be denied that his portraits have extraordinary vitality, in spite of something uncanny, like Walpurgis-nacht spirits called into being by the wand of an arch-wizard. Thus with the '*bon*' we have also the '*bizarre*.'

"*June* 24. Saw in the papers that the Liberal Ministry had resigned, having been beaten on the 21st by seven on a War Office vote. Went into the Commons, which was like a hive of bees which had been kicked over. Heard Harcourt resign, and with tears in his voice talk of his leadership of the House. Balfour was complimentary to Harcourt, but objected to the tactics which put the Government on a Ministry which had already been turned out by that very House of Commons. Lord Rosebery in the Lords was short, to the disgust of the many spectators, mostly ladies, who had hoped to hear an '*apologia pro vitâ sua*.'"

CHAPTER XVII

1895—1899

Naval Review—Tour in Italy—Blowitz—B. Constant—Society and Parliament — Mr. Fox's Funeral — C. Rhodes — Watts — Lord Selborne—Service in the Abbey—Hornby—Death of Mr. Gladstone—A Wreck—Cromer—A Paper Mill—Bowood—Miss F. Shaw — Committee on County Courts — Women on Town Councils—The Boer War—Eton Revisited.

"*June* 28, 1895. In spite of rumours and 'authoritative statements' that the Conservatives would not take office, we heard that Lord Salisbury had kissed hands. Then came the usual hurry-scurry over the documents necessary for starting the new Government, the Treasury and Admiralty Commissions, and the appointment of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"*July* 13. Parliamentary picnic to see the Italian Fleet at Spithead. Owing to the elections, hardly any members of the Lower House could come, and there were few peers. The captain of the Reserve and some other officers met us, and took us over the dockyard. We began with the torpedoes.

"We then went over the 'Majestic,' our newest type of battleship, a mere chaos, every corner full of begrimed workmen having their dinner. She is built on the plan of having all her guns separated by heavy bulkheads, which makes her a sort of Cyclopean honeycomb. After lunch we went out to Spithead in a tug. The Italians and the Channel Fleet were anchored in two parallel lines. The Italians with low black hulls, carrying a great deal of top hamper, are like floating ironworks. But they were smart, and the rigging well set up. Our ships sit better on the water and have less top hamper, but great crops of funnels and ventilators looking like huge fungi. After going up and down the lines we stopped, and the torpedo catchers steamed past us, ugly black creatures plunging along as fast as an ordinary train, and

throwing up the water in clouds of spray, a fine sight. It was supposed to be too rough for us to go alongside an Italian, so we missed an inspection of their interiors, which was a pity.

"*August* 4. Bicycling now is all the rage in society. The parks are full of bicyclists, and breakfast parties are made at Battersea with bicycling afterwards. At Wildernesse nearly everyone brought a machine, and the Danish Ambassador, a man of ample proportions, fired by the prevailing enthusiasm, having mounted a bicycle, staggered about the lawn, held up by a person on each side, gazing up into the skies, as if to find balance and comfort there.

"*August* 19. Gosford. 'Fish Smart,' the champion skater, gave an exhibition on a new kind of road skate. They were about 18 inches long, with wheels at each end like little bicycle wheels. They weigh about 3 lbs. each. Smart performed on the roads, and went a good pace, though apparently at the cost of much exertion. He seemed a capital man, with no swagger. He told me that he had only once been beaten on the ice, and that by a Norwegian, who, he confessed, was the better man."

On September 22nd I started with Edward Poynter on a tour abroad. We went through Lille, Brussels, and so on to Venice and North Italy, doing all the picture galleries carefully.

My companion had come abroad partly to look at certain pictures with a view to buying them for the National Gallery, and we accordingly visited various North Italian towns. The duties of this occupation were sometimes of a painful character, and I remember at Padua, Poynter joined me at lunch in a very depressed condition, having had to inform an old Marchesa, who had been expecting for some time to restore her family fortunes by the sale of an ancestral Raphael, that the picture was worth about 10*s.* 6*d.* As it may be supposed, it was very pleasant doing

the galleries with a friend who had so much knowledge and enthusiasm, and whose position enabled me to see much that was not generally shown to the public. Another advantage of Poynter's society was that, having been much in Rome as a young man, he was thoroughly up in Italian swear-words, and could frighten away the most persistent beggar or cicerone with the utmost ease.

"*Dec.* 13. Bearwood. A large party. Among them Blowitz, the *Times* correspondent at Paris, and Benjamin Constant, the French artist. Blowitz a very peculiar person. His great round head has no neck, and seems to rise almost directly from his body, from which it is only separated by an immense necktie tied in a butterfly bow. Below are a pair of short legs. But in spite of this odd exterior I thought him a likeable person, and entirely without self-consciousness. Constant was a great contrast, a well-set-up man, like an actor in plain clothes. He had a naive vanity and confidence in his own powers, describing one of his works as '*c'est la poesie même.*' He said that the French Impressionists claim to be descended from Goya and Turner. They had no great repute in France, and were bought mainly by English and Americans. He was hot against them, and said that if 'Impressionism' was the right art, there was then no Italy.

"*Dec.* 16. Took M. Constant over the interior of the House of Lords, which he admired, to my surprise. Then to the National Gallery, where he was very keen on the Sir Joshuas and Lawrences, more than on the Gainsboroughs, specially selecting the fine portrait of Lord Heathfield for his praise. He liked the earlier and some of the late Turners, also the Cromes and Constables. Did not care for Hogarth, Walker or Rossetti. He thought that Sir Joshua was the outcome of Vandyke, and the French School of 1830 of Sir Joshua.

"*Feb.* 20, 1896. Burlington Club. Old Mr. Vaughan discoursing. He told a story of a Greek

vase which had been exhibited at Colnaghi's. All the *cognoscenti* flocked to see it, and worshipped it for many days, till it was discovered to be a Wedgwood.

"*March* 1. Lunch at Lord Cowper's. M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador there, an agreeable old gentleman. He said that the Russians would not take Constantinople at a gift, but what they wanted was an exit to the Mediterranean. He mentioned some fascinating foreign Countess who had three heroes: Luther, Frederick the Great, and Arthur Balfour—a mixture which was as odd as old Sam Martin's triumvirate mentioned in a former chapter. There was a good deal of talk about Protection, which everyone seemed to think quite impossible. An absurd scheme was mentioned, viz., that the State should buy so much corn every year at a fixed price from the farmers, for a supply in case of foreign war, to be sold the next year if it was not wanted.

"*April* 7. To Rye. An attractive town full of picturesque old bits of building. In the church the pendulum of the great clock comes down into the aisle, and swings to and fro in view of the congregation. This visible reminder of the march of time has a most solemnising influence, and must greatly add to the effect of the sermon.

"*April* 14. Heard two things to-day which are worth putting down. (1) From a boy's Latin theme—'Hae quaestiones sunt neque hic neque illic.' (2) Scholl, a French wit, met a rival archæologist who cut him dead, saying "Je ne vous connais pas." "Me prenez-vous, monsieur, pour une inscription latine?" retorted Scholl.

"*May* 6. I met to-day a novel product of modern life, viz., a young woman of fashion who has abandoned balls to study moral philosophy at Girton. Her dress was that of a fashionable member of the Salvation Army, a large, shadowy bonnet hovering between the ugly and the picturesque, and garments of the solid type. She was a bit priggish, like all very young people with something in them. Though by way of studying the ancients and philosophy, it did not seem to me that the cult of either had entered at all into her soul.

"*May* 10. Oxford. Went to the Balliol Cricket

Ground. The fellows have just bought an addition to it, as a memorial to Jowett, a step which seemed to me singularly appropriate. Not only would Jowett's practical sentiment have been satisfied with the acquirement of ground for healthy recreation, but his tolerance would in this case have been gratified by the benefit which the space and amenity conferred on the neighbouring Manchester College, a nonconformist seminary.

"*July* 10. House of Lords. Third Reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Peeresses' galleries crammed, of course, and all sorts of 'lame, halt, and blind' peers turned up, who never show on other occasions. The Duke of Argyll spoke. This was probably the last chance of hearing classic 'oratory' as it has existed since the time of Pericles. For there is none in any other country, and the Duke is the last of the orators in this, and will probably never speak again in public."

At the end of this month Lady Wemyss, who had been a second mother to me, died, and I went to Gosford to her funeral.

"*August* 6. House of Lords. The Irish Land Bill in Committee. The Government defeated again and again. This is an instance of one of the defects of the House of Lords. The English Unionist Peers are now leaving London, and will not stay up for a Bill which does not affect them. So the Peers who are against the Bill, mostly Irish Landlords, are able to defeat the Government.

"*August* 17. My dentist told me two rather interesting stories *apropos* of a talk on the character of a gentleman. (1) Byron met Grimaldi, the clown, at dinner at a great house and said to him when the clown was eating a plate of apple tart, 'Let me give you some mustard; we always take mustard with our apple tart.' (2) Thackeray was dining at Holland House. Before the dinner the company were out on the terrace. 'A young buck went up to Thackeray and said, 'They are getting very common here. I believe they have asked that fellow Thackeray.'

Thackeray said nothing, and the buck did not find out his mistake till Lord Holland drank wine with T. at dinner. This story my dentist had heard from a patient of his who was present."

In the beginning of November I went to Bramham to attend the funeral of my uncle, George Lane Fox. He was one of the last of the race of old English fox-hunting squires, a man of fine presence and much energy of mind and body, but who for seventy years had made hunting a profession, and had spent on it an amount of power, endurance and self-denial that would have made in another channel half a dozen "successful men."

The morning of the funeral broke cold and wet, the rain pouring down on the hothouse flowers and the shiny black coats, while the bearers staggered and slipped in the yellow Yorkshire mud. We went down through the grey limestone houses of the village and a crowd of gazing natives, who, like true Yorkshire folk, made no sign, only one or two taking off their hats, while the village boys in their thick, north-country boots ran beside us. As the service was read over the grave and the fine hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was sung by the choir, I could not help thinking that it hardly described my uncle, and that he would be very uneasy at so much "fuss," as he would call it, being made over him. When it was all over we went back to the house, and I heard the parrot calling out in my uncle's voice "Tally-Ho, gone away."

"*Dec.* 4. Was told a story of Curtis, the Bostonian wit. On his going to a dinner party his hostess met him, and said, 'It is too unfortunate, Mr. Curtis, you will meet only three lady guests and myself; all my

men have thrown me over.' Curtis at once answered 'Madam, to be fore-warned is to be four-armed.'"

Here is another example of Bostonian salt. Proposals were being made before the Boston Town Council for making some change in the streets to improve a particularly exposed place called "Windy Corner." Appleton said, "Tether a shorn lamb there at the expense of the ratepayers."

"*Jan.* 6, 1897. The Lord Chancellor in bed with influenza. It is said to be the first time in his life that he has been in bed in the daytime, with the exception of one day when he had the measles as a child.

"*Jan.* 23. Dined with the H.'s. Sir Redvers Buller there. He thinks highly of Rhodes, says that he is a 'big man,' and that if people do not agree with him now they will have to do so some day. Sir R. told us that he had once asked Frank Rhodes, the brother, whether he could remember any characteristic anecdote of the great man's childhood. Colonel Rhodes said that once when they were boys Cecil wanted to go to London, and asked him if he had a spare clean shirt, as his own were all dirty. The Colonel answered that he had only one, which he wanted for a local dance the next day. Nothing more passed, but Frank, as a matter of precaution, watched his brother to the station, and seeing that he had no luggage, felt secure. It turned out that Cecil had the clean shirt on under his other one.

"*Feb.* 3. To the House of Commons to hear the debate on Female Suffrage. Crowds of very plainly dressed ladies in the Lobby. Mr. Labouchere opposed the motion, in a speech which in my opinion was right in the main, though perhaps a little too hard on the ladies. He confessed that he had once voted for the Bill in company with John Bright, who afterwards told him that he had repented. This was true, as I heard Bright say so at Strathallan about 1876 or 1877.

"*Feb.* 13. To see the Watts pictures. The colour is to me often unpleasant, but the best are fine, though

not quite the finest. There is, with the lofty spirit they all show, in some of them a touch of the grandiose. Nor is the composition of the greatest kind. He is best in his portraits, some of which are of the first rank, though great accuracy of likeness does not seem attempted. It is greatness of aim, however fitfully realised, in which he excels. There is no living artist near him in this respect. But his life has always been rather apart from men, and his art is somewhat apart from nature.

"*March* 25. Eight of the Queen's Bench Judges sat in the House of Lords to hear *Allen* v. *Flood*. They were in their red robes, at a long narrow table, which looked like an omnibus full of old ladies. The Lord Chancellor was in his black robe and wig; the other Law Lords in morning coats and jackets, a motley pageant, and very characteristic of this country.

"*March* 31. A party at the H.'s. Cinquevalli, the fashionable juggler, performed. I don't care for jugglers. I shouldn't feel the least surprised if I were to see one cut off his head and put it in his pocket, nor would it give me any satisfaction.

"*May* 9. Went to see Watts at Limmers Lease. We had some talk. He said that he thought in sheer natural ability Walker was the first English artist of the century; Millais next. He told a story how the Duc D'Aumale had once asked Panizzi to recommend someone as a teacher of Italian. He did so, but the man never came, and it turned out to be Orsini, who had left England that day to make his attempt on the life of Napoleon. If he had once set foot in the Duc D'Aumale's house, nothing would have cleared the Duke from suspicion.

"*May* 16. I have taken advantage of a lull in the work to clear out, sort and destroy old papers in the office, of which there are several cupboards full, which no one has had time to touch. I have been amazed at the astonishing industry of Lord Selborne disclosed by the papers of his time. I suppose he was a quick worker, but one can hardly imagine how a Chancellor with all his duties could have noted almost every letter himself, drafted with his own hand parts of rules and Acts of Parliament, and written elaborate minutes on all kinds of subjects.

"*August* 3. House of Lords. The King of Siam came in the afternoon. Intelligent-looking, dark man, with a childish face and a round forehead. A suite of little dark men accompanied him. A chair was placed for him beside the throne, but he did not appear to derive much satisfaction from Lord Balfour of Burleigh introducing a Scottish Bill, as he soon rose from his seat and disappeared.

"*Sept.* 10. I had an interesting ride on bicycle from Innerleithen to Gosford, right through the middle of the Moorfoot Hills, a wonderfully wild and lonely region, though only about thirty miles from Edinburgh. There is one striking place on this journey, where the road emerges from a sort of corridor on the top of the ridge, and you suddenly see below all the plain stretching to the North Sea, Edinburgh with its cloud of smoke, and the Pentlands 'enthroned in storm.'

"*Oct.* 22. Edrington. A ludicrous scene out shooting. W.'s French valet trying, like St. Christopher, to carry his master on his back over a muddy stream, and floundering in it up to his middle. No English servant would have done so heroic a deed. But to a Frenchman the chance of being the centre of a dramatic situation, even though a farcical one, is irresistible.

"*Oct.* 25. A service was started this year in Westminster Abbey on the first day of term for the Judges and Bar, to correspond to the 'Red Mass' held by the Roman Catholics. It was an impressive spectacle. The Lord Chancellor is received at the West door by the Dean and Chapter, and then walks up the nave between the Judges and Barristers massed on either hand, who, when he has passed, fall in behind and proceed to their places in the choir. The Judges are in the stalls, the Q.C.'s below them, and the Junior Bar further up the church. The scene in the Abbey was a striking one, so many expressive faces set off by the wigs; and the sombre robes of the bar, relieved by the dash of colour from the Judges' red gowns.

"*Oct.* 27. Lord Herschell dined with me. He is just back from a tour in Russia. He says that the younger people speak English there far more than French, and the same in Austria. He thinks it is the language of the future.

"*Dec.* 10. Hornby Castle. The house stands in a large bleak park, looking to the Dales on the west, and the long straight ridge of the Cleveland Hills on the east. It is a great rambling turreted dwelling of many ages and styles, wind-beaten and rain-worn, till the arms above the gateway are more like a sponge than an escutcheon. There are some fine rooms with heavy cornices, and massive carved decorations, dark abodes, cavernous, and hung with grim ancestors in great faded frames. There are long porthole-lit passages crowded with lesser ancestors in still more faded frames, who overflow into the bedrooms. The present owners have made an oasis of warmth and light in some of the living-rooms round the central hall, but the bedrooms are still in their pristine dinginess and draughtiness, and at this time of year the wind roars in the old towers and chimneys like waves on a shingle beach.

"*Dec.* 14. House of Lords. Judgment given in *Allen* v. *Flood*. It is a great triumph for the Trade Unions, but vindicates the impartiality of our Judges, as there are two Tories and two Liberal Unionists in the majority.

"*Feb.* 15, 1898. To House of Commons. Heard Asquith resume adjourned debate on Indian Frontier. He is effective, and never hesitates for a word, though a bit forced at times. Still, I think he is one of the best natural speakers in the House, one of the few who has something behind the words which tugs at you as you listen.

"*March* 24. Sat next an American lady who said that she had gone out salmon fishing in Scotland, and, having caught a fish, in a moment of enthusiasm she turned to the boatman and said, 'Donald, I should like to kiss you.' Donald answered, 'Madam, I wadna do that.'

"*March* 27. Tennyson came to tea. He gave me the correct version of the story of Mrs. Cameron and his father alluded to in a former chapter. Mrs. Cameron came one day about 10 p.m., to insist on the poet being vaccinated, and followed him up to the smoking-room, where he had retreated and locked himself in. She hammered at the door, calling out 'Alfred, you are a coward.' Alfred reiterated

'Woman, go away, I will be vaccinated to-morrow.' He kept his promise, but being done from a gouty baby, had eczema in his leg for two years."

In the beginning of April of this year I went out to Florence to stay with the de Vescis at the Villa Placci. I may say that I remember those three weeks as among the most charming of my life. I visited all my old friends at the Pitti and the Uffizi, and saw several fine pictures which had been discovered since my last visit, or which I had not found out on that occasion.

"*May* 17. The great 'Kempton Park' case on in the Lords, in which the subtlest intelligences in the law have been disputing for days what a 'place' means in the 'Betting Act'; a subject capable of infinite argument.

"*May* 19. Heard of Mr. Gladstone's death. A strange pathos about it. All that energy and power of mind and body gradually dying out, with, one may say, the whole world sympathetically looking on. The adjournment of the Commons was moved directly after prayers, so that I missed hearing what was said, as did many others.

"*May* 20. To Commons to hear the address moved for Mr. Gladstone's funeral. The House would not have any questions, but shouted them down. Balfour not expecting this was late, and came in hastily, looking ill. His speech was simple and moving. Sir W. Harcourt somewhat Johnsonian.

"In the Lords. Lord Salisbury was telling, making with great effect the point that it was Gladstone's moral greatness which joined all men to do him honour; ending up with the words 'he was a great Christian man.'

"*May* 26. Went into Westminster Hall and looked at the crowd pouring in two streams round Mr. Gladstone's coffin. A striking sight; there were no trappings, just a plain coffin and four candles. The crowd was not dense, but one continuous stream of tidily-dressed persons flowing silently by.

"*June* 25. With the Lord Chancellor to Bradfield

College to hear a Greek play. They have made an imitation of a Greek theatre in a chalk pit, round which are concrete seats in the shape of an amphitheatre.

"They gave *Antigone*. Antigone and Ismene done by two of the masters' wives. The rest of the cast masters and boys. It rained all the time, which was rather depressing, and did not improve the dress of the Chorus, who were not under cover.

"*July* 2. To stay with Tennyson at Aldworth. A beautiful place on the south escarpment of Blackdown, where one feels like a god in Olympus, 'girdled with the gleaming world.' At the back of the grounds is the down, bright with fern set in dark heather. On the edge of this open space, looking west, we were shown a summer-house where the poet used to sit gazing at the sunset.

"*July* 7. Benefices Bill on in the Lords. I stayed, as in duty bound, all through the debate. Lord Salisbury hit the nail on the head when he said that 'there was no discipline in the Church.'

"*Sept.* 14. Lochinch. Bicycled to see the wreck of a ship which went ashore on the coast of the Mull last week. She had been laden with whiskey, and the coast was strewn with casks for miles. Before the arrival of the coastguard, the natives, who fortunately were sparse, broached the casks and were perpetually drunk. Two of them died. One man got under a cask, which was jammed between two rocks, and boring a hole with a gimlet, let the liquor flow into his mouth, killing himself in about ten minutes. The poor ship was on a reef about 100 yards from shore, with a broken back. Her bow was cocked up out of the water, and her bowsprit pointed helplessly to heaven, like hands and arms extended in futile prayer. A large piece of iron kept banging with a mournful noise against her stern. The amount of *débris* was quite astonishing. The shore was covered for a great distance with casks, timbers, furniture, and feathers from the mattresses. The coastguard told us that no steps could be taken for the recovery of the cargo till after the Board of Trade enquiry. The coastguard get no 'salvage' whatever.

"*Oct.* 2. The Grove, Cromer. The lighthouse here

on the ridge above this house attracts me. I have never lived near a lighthouse before. I like to walk on the downs at night and watch its great eye come stealing round, throwing a pale shaft through the whirling sea-smoke on to the dark ridges of the down, which leap into sight for a moment, and then vanish, as the light races over the ground. When I am in bed at night the beam lights up the window blind, and I feel as it disappears that in a few seconds it is flashing on the wet decks of the ships miles away at sea.

"*Oct.* 17. Bawdsey. To Felixstowe links. It is an interesting sight to see the great Thames barges coming into the Deben when the wind is fair. A man gets up on a pair of steps like library steps and waves a flag, when the barge is opposite the channel. She then bears up, and comes rolling in through the tumbling waves on the bar, till she shoots into the calm water of the estuary and goes sliding along close under the turf-bank, the sun gleaming on the great bellying sails.

"*Oct.* 21. Drayton. Norwich. Went with J. H. Walter to his mill at Tavenham, where the *Times* paper is made. He seems to run the show entirely himself. I could not see even a clerk. The mill itself is a picturesque place on the river Wensum, like an Albert Dürer drawing. About a hundred people are employed, the paper being made from rags and esparto grass. We saw great sacks full of the most repulsive-looking rags, which come from the dust heaps of London, and were being sorted by a lot of old women. In spite of their occupation they looked very cheerful, and J. H. said that they had never had a case of infection. The rags and the grass are mashed up by various processes into a pulp, which is whitened by bleaching powder, and blue and cochineal added to give tone. Finally a thin sheet of pulp is spread over a flat wire strainer. The water runs off, and a film of pulp is left, like the collodion on an old-fashioned photo plate. This is pressed under a roller, and becomes a sheet of paper.

"*Nov.* 11. Went to Bowood for week-end. Comfortable house with an unusual number of books in the rooms. Some fine pictures, the Rembrandt Mill, a magnificent work, which may be called the parent of all the Turners, full of the poetry and mystery of

the best modern landscape. It pleased me to think that I was standing in front of the same fireplace where Macaulay and Charles Austin kept a whole country-house party listening to their talk from breakfast to dinner—a feat which nowadays seems incredible.

"*Dec.* 8. Went to say 'Good-bye' to George Curzon, who has been made Viceroy of India. His house presented a scene of confusion. Immense boxes filled the hall, and George's own room was littered with all kinds of male impedimenta. He said that he did not anticipate that the official work would be so wearing as here, as it would be done under his own conditions, and not under those imposed by the House of Commons. I said 'Good-bye' and 'Good luck,' feeling a bit sentimental, as one must at any parting.

"*Feb.* 9, 1899. House of Lords. Debate on the Crisis in the Church. Considerable excitement, the House very full, and all kinds of M.P.'s listening, who I should not have thought would have been interested. The Bishop of Winchester began with a good and moderate speech. His rival for the Primacy, the Bishop of London, followed, with more stuff, but less judgment. I should back Winchester to win the race. The whole question rather like punting in deep water; you make little way, and that only when the water is still.

"*Feb.* 18. Dined at the M.'s. Miss Flora Shaw, of the *Times*, there. She described her adventures at Klondyke. Apparently the worst part of the business was the steamer going there. She was the only woman in a small box of a cabin crowded with men. The captain lent her his bunk when he was not using it, but it was against the funnel, and at times intolerably hot. The men were always civil, and even kind. On landing, she had to walk for four days across a swamp, crossing the ditches on trunks of trees. The only luggage she could carry was a pair of stockings in her pocket. The ones she had on got wet through directly she started, but she always changed at night and dried her boots. They got very stiff, but she had a small pot of complexion cream with which she anointed them. At Dawson City, twenty miles from the diggings, she hired a servant. The regular wages were £3 a day, but she got him for four hours at two dollars an

hour. He made her a capital tent, with a bed of fir boughs, and a kitchen, so that she was quite comfortable, and had hot water every morning."

About this time I was appointed a member of a Departmental Committee which was deputed to enquire whether the clerks of the County Courts should be put on the same footing as to pay and pensions with the clerks in the Supreme Court in London. At present they are paid by the Registrars, and can be discharged by them, having no pension rights. Shortly, the advantage of this system is said to be that the Registrar can adapt his staff to his wants, and can exercise control over their work, which would be impossible if they were nominated by a central authority, and were Permanent Civil Servants, who could not be discharged except for gross incompetence. On the other hand, when a man who is practically in the Government service has to be discharged for illness, and falls into want, it creates something of a scandal, even though he took on his berth originally knowing that he would not be entitled to a pension; and there is constant agitation to get something for him out of the Treasury.

"*March* 10. I read in an obscure book a curious account of a Doctor Kitchener, an epicure who lived at Brighton in the beginning of this century. On the card conveying his dinner invitations, which were greatly sought after, were the words, 'Better never than late.' He dined at 5. As the clock struck, the front door was locked, and no matter the rank of the guest who was shut out it was never opened, as he maintained that it was a gross injustice to his cook to delay the time of dishing up by a minute.

"*March* 21. To Lord Herschell's funeral at Westminster Abbey. Crowds of people. It was too much of a function, artists for illustrated papers holding up blocks, and drawing during the most solemn parts of

the service. They played the Trombone Quartette. There is something sad to me in this triumphant music at funerals. Poor miserable man whistling in the dark to comfort himself.

"*June* 5. To Commons. Mr. Morley was describing, with his usual earnestness, the indignities offered to Cromwell's carcase, when Mr. Dillon suddenly called out 'Hear, hear.' This produced a laugh, which destroyed the effect of the oration entirely. Dillon angry, and tried to explain, but in vain; the House continued to laugh.

"*June* 8. County Court Committee. In order to show the disagreeables of a process-server's life, with a view to persuading us to recommend them for pensions, a collection of the weapons to which they are exposed was exhibited to the Committee. This was of a varied character, and consisted of axes, clubs, pokers, rods, weights, and a large flat-iron, the last-named having been dropped on a bailiff's head.

"*June* 26. House of Lords. The question of women being on the Town Councils was before the House in the London Local Government Bill. I never saw so large an attendance of the other sex. Lord Salisbury, speaking in favour of the women, made a good point, viz., that they used to be on all the vestries. He was not so convincing when he went on to say that they would be admirably adapted to deal with the difficult question of the housing of the working classes. I should have thought that in matters of business, such as the Bill involved, they were not so useful, but that their real utility was in personal relations.

"*Sept.* 1. Bicycled from Gosford to Lamington, some fifty-five miles. In the garden were the tombstones of many pet dogs, bearing epitaphs. One of these was pathetic—

> 'Ugly she was, and very fat,
> But a faithful friend in spite of that.'

"*Sept.* 23. Read 'The Human Boy.' Excellent picture of a private school, but I note a curious difference from the manners and customs of my boyhood. The boys are all openly in love with the head master's daughter. That never could have happened at my school. In the first place, it was not fashionable to be

in love, and no boy would have ventured to give out that he was in that state. Secondly, no boy would have been in love with one of the head master's daughters, who were thought hideous as a matter of course, just as all head masters were thought to be monsters of ugliness and incapacity, whatever their looks or abilities."

From the first news of the battle of Glencoe, till the forward movement by Lord Roberts in February began, was a dark time for all Englishmen. The succession of disasters with which the campaign opened produced a feeling of degradation and misery. I had been brought up in the old belief that England was never defeated, and though, as I grew older, I modified this view in theory, it still remained at the bottom of my mind, and the rude knocks administered to it by the Boer War were a constant humiliation. After the worst disasters it was positive pain to meet anyone, even a friend, as the conversation, however much one might try to divert it, always got round to the last reverse, while the indignation aroused by the veiled exultation of those who were opposed to the war was almost unbearable. Every morning one woke with a sense of misfortune which followed one about all day, only loosing hold now and then for a few forgetful moments.

"*Nov.* 5. Heard of a curious plan for restoring the health of trees. You bore a hole low down in the trunk, insert a stick of brimstone, and cover up with moss. The sap, when it mounts in the Spring, takes up the sulphur into the system of the tree. To think that a vegetable should be able to take a pill is certainly a wonderful instance of the homogeneity of Nature.

"*Nov.* 22. Panshanger. Mr. Chamberlain there, fresh from Windsor. He said that the German Emperor had been in great good humour. The

Empress was not at all what you would expect from the pictures of her, not the least frumpy, but tall and distinguished-looking. Her jewels far the best at the show. I remember Mr. Chamberlain telling us that the Emperor said that we ought to have 200,000 men in the Transvaal, and what a preposterous opinion everyone then thought it was.

"*Nov.* 23. Landed in rather an awkward place owing to my having neglected to bring the testimonials of a parson absolutely up to date. The man had been most highly spoken of a short time ago, but had lapsed in the interval, and his chief supporter had omitted to inform us of the fact. So he had been presented to a benefice. The Presentation had to be withdrawn, and the parson asked to furnish testimonials up to date, which, of course, he was unable to do.

"*Nov.* 24. Heard that my brother-in-law North Dalrymple had been severely wounded in the battle of Belmont. He is a most unlucky man. Devoted to soldiering, he travels 7,000 miles, is knocked over in the first five minutes of the first action and straightway sent home again. Almost the same thing happened to him in the Soudan.

"*Dec.* 7. Went to Eton and had tea with Cecil Dalrymple at Benson's. It was strange, this sudden peep into one's boyhood again—the whole thing so like old days, only the room rather more comfortable and the tea more of a spread. The old rolls survived, but I noticed that they were not eaten. The dress of the boys was just the same. The kettles were no longer boiled in the room, but in the boys' kitchen, an institution which existed only at Evans' in my time. The fag brought in the tea-pot and the eggs as of old."

CHAPTER XVIII

1900—1902

The Queen—Boers and Britons—Hever—A Writ of *Dedimus*—Lord Russell of Killowen—Our Soldiers and Colonials—Echoes of the War—MSS. at Murray's—Death and Funeral of the Queen—King Edward opens Parliament—Court of Claims—Trial of Earl Russell—The Yeomanry—Downside—Plymouth—Fishers Hill—Peace—Illness of the King—The Indian Festivities—Ockham—Lord Kitchener—The Mysore Mine—Strange Visitors—Mr. Balfour on Dizzy—Lord Hugh Cecil.

"*Jan.* 10, 1900. I had to officiate in the swearing in of Mr. Justice Buckley, the new Judge. I took him down to Folkestone, where the Lord Chancellor was staying, and administered the oath in a Maple decorated sitting-room high over the sea. The next morning I went down with him to the Courts to the Lord Chancellor's room, where all the Chancery Judges were assembled and began chaffing their new colleague like a lot of schoolboys.

"*Feb.* 16. The Lord Chancellor now has to write a letter to the Queen every evening, giving an account of what has been done in the House of Lords. I am at a loss to conjecture how it can benefit her Majesty, as it can only be a bald account, and must take a considerable time to read for anyone unaccustomed to Lord H.'s peculiar hand.

"*Feb.* 18. To see my brother-in-law, North Dalrymple, who returned wounded from South Africa. In talking of his experiences he described the wonderful delight of an injection of morphia after a day's pain in hospital, and how the sufferings of the wounded before they could be removed from the field were lightened by it. *Contrà*, many patients in the hospitals were furious when the injections were stopped, and declared that the first thing they would do when they got out would be to resume them.

"*Feb.* 22. I was standing in the Princes' Chamber

when a message from Lord Roberts began to develop itself on the new tape there. It is an exciting process, as letter by letter is printed off, often with long pauses between, when all wait in breathless silence—broken only by the whizzing of the machine. Gradually a group of Lords gathered round the stand, getting larger and larger, while we in the inside row read off the words to those behind us. This telegram related to the dispersion of the reinforcements coming to Kronje at Paardeberg and the decision of Roberts not to attack his position.

"*March* 2. The excessive outbursts of public enthusiasm are unlike anything which I remember on former and greater occasions. I think it is explainable in this way. The cheap Press and constant flow of news brings the war so vividly before all classes, that it is as if they were looking on at a drama. They feel all the ups and downs in a way which was impossible in old days. Hence bursts of applause at any *dénoûment*. I fear too that this is partly why the war is so popular.

"*March* 3. The Queen in Council to-day handed the Lord Chancellor a new Great Seal, and told him that he might keep the old one, which was the third made of like design since the beginning of her reign and is supposed to be worn out. The design of the new one is better than that of the old ones, but not specially good.

"*March* 9. Went out to the corner of Parliament Street to see the Queen go by. She looked better than I expected, more erect than when I last saw her, and she was bowing vigorously. She had on a big pair of goggles. The crowd were five or six deep, all respectably-dressed folk, no really poor. The cheering not noisy, but pretty general.

"*May* 18. Dined in Buckingham Gate. After dinner we heard a great noise in the streets, strains of bands, banging of drums, tootling of horns. We went out and made our way to Pall Mall. It was a curious scene. Hundreds of people waving flags, flags fastened on to the rails of omnibuses and the heads of horses. Troops of youths with banners were hurrahing and yelling for Baden-Powell. On the steps of the Naval and Military a crowd of members were standing and singing 'God Save the

Queen,' surrounded by a forest of flags. All this was based on a Reuter telegram that Mafeking had been relieved.

"*June* 1. Mrs. L. showed me a translation of Villebois de Mareuil's journal, which her husband had sent her from the war. It did not give one an exalted idea of the Boers, still less of us, who were beaten by them. Everything seemed in confusion with them as with us, and panics and scares equally prevailing. De Mareuil could never get any stores or horses for his 'Foreign Legion,' and when he did they were annexed by the native Boers. His own men would not submit to discipline, could not ride, and were easily alarmed. Their scouting seems to have been as bad as ours. Altogether it is depressing to think that such a lot should have given us any trouble at all.

"*June* 6. Wildernesse. Henry Gordon and I went over on bicycles to Hever, to pay Guy Sebright a visit. We were shown over the house, which is a beautiful old timbered manor of Tudor times, and was the home of Anne Boleyn. The Sebrights have now taken it, and restored it with great skill. All round the house is a clear moat, crossed by a bridge under a fine gateway with a double portcullis. While we were standing on the edge of the water a large dog belonging to Sebright jumped in, and, being unable to get up the steep sides, was in danger of drowning. Guy jumped in after him, but got out of his depth, so we had to hold him up, while he held up the dog. It was very painful and difficult work to keep him with the dog in his arms above water, as our hands were crushed against the brick coping. We shouted for help. Mrs. Sebright rushed off and, after a few moments which seemed an age, got some workmen, who succeeded in hauling out Sebright and the dog.

"*June* 21. As an instance of the variety of the duties in an amalgamated office, I had this morning to go with the Mayor of Wolverhampton to the house of the Recorder in Eaton Square, and there administer to him the oath of office under a *dedimus*. A *dedimus* is a writ of the King's which gives one or more persons power to administer an oath. The Recorder

had just been appointed, and until sworn in was incapable of appointing a deputy. As he was laid up with a bad leg, the oath had to go to him instead of his coming to the oath in the usual way.

"*July* 15. Bearwood. Benjamin Constant, the French artist, gave vent to some curious opinions. He thinks the Houses of Parliament the finest thing in London, next the cupola of St. Paul's, then Waterloo Bridge; but the first-named is 'the most original of them all.'

"*Oct.* 24. In Court the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General spoke on the late Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell). I was surprised at the emotion shown by the Chancellor, also by his saying that Russell inspired love. To those who only knew him casually he was a strong, overbearing man, with the instincts of a despot. I do not think I ever met a man with such an eye. You had to screw yourself up to resist his glance, and I have seen him terrify a witness by one look. He was also one of the few advocates whom I have heard completely smash up a witness on cross-examination in such a way as virtually to win the case by that one act. He had some fine qualities, a thorough genuineness, and a force and individuality which is rare now-a-days. I heard that when he was dying they sent to him a young priest instead of the Bishop, who was absent. As he was leaving the room, Russell called to him in his peremptory way, 'Come back, young man.' The priest did so. When he came to the bedside the Chief Justice said, 'Lay your hands on the head of a sinner, and give him your blessing.'

"*Nov.* 20. Dined at G's. There was an officer there just back from South Africa. He brought some 'biltong,' which we ate. It tasted like buffalo tongue. He also showed us a Boer Bible he had got in the Transvaal, a big tome bound in brown leather, very worn and dirty.

"He told us that he had never seen anything like cowardice, and that in the early part of the war, at any rate, the men behaved with great forbearance to the Boers. He had a waggon, drawn by eighteen oxen, and five or six Cape carts for himself and staff, with a *tente d'abri* to sleep in every night. The men

usually had jam twice a week. Our horse artillery 12-pounder gun was outranged by the Boers, but our field-gun was as good as theirs. The pompoms killed fewer people than was expected, but their moral effect was great.

"*Dec.* 3. We have had some of the Colonial soldiers visiting us at the House of Lords. Yesterday there were three Australians belonging to Kitchener's irregular horse; fine-looking, well-made men. I talked to them, and showed them round. To-day a large body of Canadian troops came to the House of Lords, and sat in the members' seats, while they were addressed by Lord Lansdowne. An unwonted sight to see the house filled with soldiers in great-coats. They were decidedly like English Tommies, not a high type of face, but good, sturdy bodies. Some of the officers were bigger and more intelligent-looking, but none as smart as the Australians yesterday.

"*Dec.* 8. Several interesting talks with L., who is just back from a command in South Africa. The effect of these may be given as follows: (1) There was a good deal of jealousy between officers, and of incompetence in senior officers holding minor positions, such as generals of division and colonels. This is probably due to promotion by seniority. (2) There was a great difference between regiments. With the majority, or specially with the crack ones like the Highlanders, the Devons, the Household Cavalry, you could do anything. Others were of an inferior type. The artillery showed especial bravery. They often fought their guns in the open, exposed to heavy fire, with the greatest coolness. The surrenders were quite inexplicable. When Botha sent to one of our generals and said that if farms were burnt he would shoot his prisoners, the general is said to have answered 'that he wished to God he would.' (3) The commissariat and clothing arrangements were excellent. No red tape. If clothes or boots were wanted, you sent at once to a store, and what was required was supplied. For four or five days after Paardeberg no rations were issued. Everyone lived on what he could get. In ordinary times three or four biscuits were issued, meat not unfrequently, tea, coffee and sugar always. The men often got

rum. The officers had a few stores of their own, and generally whisky and water was procurable from these.

"*Dec.* 22. E. M. came back from the war. There had been no call for him to volunteer, but he went out with his Yeomanry, as so many did, from patriotic motives. It was a cold, dark evening. Two torches were fixed on the Church tower, which made the top seem as if hung in the sky. Below there was a crowd of boys and children, swinging tins of naphtha at the ends of sticks, the light from which flickered and gleamed on the faces of the crowd and the helmets of the waiting firemen. After a longish wait the carriage appeared, and the firemen took out the horses and dragged him through the village. There the carriage stopped. He was presented with a silver tankard, for which he thanked the givers, and was then escorted by about forty of his yeomen up to the house. It has been good to see how men of the richer class, who have lived all their lives in ease and luxury, have not hesitated to give all this up and go out to the war.

"1901. *Jan.* 10. Talking to M. at the club, he told me that he had seen many of the proofs of Byron's poems at Murray's. Frequently the best passages were written into the proofs. The third canto of 'Childe Harold' was mainly on the back of bills and circulars, while the fourth canto was regularly written out. The handwriting was execrable. M. also told me a curious story of how a man dressed as a parson had palmed off some forged letters of Byron on Murray, and of Shelley on Moxon. Murray did not print them at once, but Moxon did, and sent the proofs to Tennyson, who was much interested, and read them to Palgrave, who was staying with him. Suddenly Palgrave said, 'What, Shelley's letters? That is from an article of mine.' The imitation of the handwriting was wonderful.

"*Jan.* 18. The Lord Chancellor came in after the Cabinet and said that the Queen had had a paralytic stroke, and it was a question what should be done as to her signature. I told him that I had read that George IV. used a stamp during his last illness. On looking into the matter we found an autograph signature of George IV. on a Bill of January, 1830,

In May of the same year we discovered a Royal Assent to an Act of Parliament signed by a stamped signature of the King's, and attested by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Farnborough. During the time of George III.'s first illness, when there was no Regency, and Parliament was not sitting, no warrants at all seem to have been signed.

"*Jan.* 25. House of Lords. Great crowds. The galleries filled with ladies in black, the large feathers in the hats and the black dresses looking very funereal. Lord Salisbury spoke on the late Queen. The speech was pretty good, but nothing wonderful. Lord Kimberley was much more moving, as he really broke down when alluding to H.M.'s sympathy. He must have been thinking of the death of his own wife. He said that on one occasion he had pressed a matter on the Queen against her will, and that she afterwards turned out to be right. Lord Salisbury also said that he had known this happen on more than one occasion.

"*Feb.* 2. I went to see the Queen's funeral from 9, Buckingham Gate. A considerable crowd in the Gate, but had no difficulty in getting to the house. Opposite to us, drawn up in the road, were detachments of Lancers and Life Guards, the last very picturesque in their red cloaks. The crowd was made up of respectable people, and was quite quiet and orderly. About 11.20 the soldiers began to move. The Life Guards were succeeded by a battery of Horse Artillery, their guns painted with the hideous khaki colour in vogue since the war. Shortly afterwards the coffin appeared on a gun-carriage, also khaki coloured. The pall was not good. It was white, with the Royal arms embroidered on it, but of a small and poor design. The Union Jack was folded over it. Behind the coffin came the King. He looked well in his long great-coat, and more of a personage than the German Emperor, whom the English Field Marshal's uniform did not suit as well as his own helmet and cuirass. After them came a long line of dignitaries. As the coffin passed, the standards of an infantry regiment just opposite to us were lowered head downwards to the ground, an effective symbolising of sorrow. The rest of the procession consisted

of soldiers, sailors, etc., the sailors making a good show, and there was a body of Irish police in long grey coats, who were as fine men as I have ever seen. When all had passed I went to the Abbey, where we had a longish wait before the service began. Though a fine spectacle, it was too much of a function for real solemnity.

"*Feb.* 4. Saw M., just back from Brussels. He said there had been a great deal of snow, and that in the park all the principal sculptors of the town had made snow-statues, some serious and some comic, but many of them real works of art.

"*Feb.* 14. Opening of Parliament. I went up and stood behind the strangers' gallery, where we had a splendid *coup d'œil*. It was not as fine a spectacle as it might have been; too crowded and spotty. The white in the peers' robes spoiled the general effect of the red, and the mass of ladies in black, though individually they looked well, was gloomy. The procession on the King's entrance was marred by having to crowd through the narrow door, and lost all form. After reaching the throne, the King read the oath against Transubstantiation, following the Lord Chancellor. This method did not sound dignified. It would be better that he should read the oath by himself. The Chancellor then handed up a blotting-pad, and gave the King a pen with which he subscribed his name to a printed copy of the oath, having first kissed the book. The King dropped the pen, and the Chancellor had to pick it up. Then H.M. read the Speech, which he did well in an audible and melodious voice, without effort; and with some emphasis. Perhaps the most picturesque feature of the ceremony was the state coach, which was hung on some fine, boldly-carved gilded figures. The most comic feature undoubtedly was the Duke of D., holding the crown on a cushion in front of him, and looking like a stalwart gamekeeper who had been brought in to wait, and was handing round the tea in an awkward way.

"*May* 4. B., who is averse to indiscriminate almsgiving, was accosted by a beggar, whom she tried to get rid of by saying, 'I never give in the streets.' 'Where do ye give, then?' said the beggar,—'on the

'ouse-tops?' As the Charity Organisation do not supply repartee, B. went sadly home.

"*May* 7. I heard of a remark made by an animal painter, who, pointing to one of his own pictures, said, 'These rabbits have a deal more nature in them than you commonly find in rabbits.' This is creative genius with a vengeance.

"*July* 17. To the sitting of the Court of Claims at the Privy Council Office. This is a Court which sits before a coronation to decide all claims connected with it. Some of these are of a mediæval character: 'to hold a canopy over the King,' 'to have the King's bedclothes of the night before the ceremony,' and the like.

"*July* 18. Went into the Russell trial. I stood behind the throne. It was a fine sight; about 130 peers in their robes, and five or six judges on the Woolsack in front of the Lord Chancellor, who was Lord High Steward. The Clerk of the Crown presented the Commission kneeling, and was then ordered to read it. The Clerk at the table then read the Certiorari. The peers came into the Court in procession, the youngest baron leading. By lunch time the trial was concluded, and the peers retired into their own House to consider their decision. The Lord Chancellor then made a speech, which it is said was so much to the point that it carried all the peers with it, and there was no voting on the sentence, which was three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. Lord Russell came up smiling to the Bar, looking like a schoolboy summoned for reproof by the headmaster, but he made a good speech in mitigation.

"*July* 26. Crossing the Horse Guards' Parade to-day I passed the giving of medals to the Yeomanry. There were about 3,000 of them who had gone out to the war at the beginning. I never saw a more useful-looking lot of men, not very big, but compact and strong. They were mostly young, though now and then one saw a fine, tough-looking man of about forty.

"*Sept.* 9. Mells. Went on a bicycle to Downside, an out-of-the-way village where is a large Roman Catholic abbey, which has been building for thirty-seven years. The building has been begun, as in olden days, at both ends, and the finished parts are now

nearing each other, the intervening space being covered with a tarpaulin. The architecture is characteristic. The general design is large and pretty good, but there is a want of taste in the details and ornament, many of the carvings and reliefs being crowded and feeble. There is some pretty good glass. I wonder what the object of erecting this great temple in such a remote place can be.

"*Oct.* 10. Talking about the difficulty of supply in the war, the Secretary for War told us that last winter Lord Kitchener had asked for 50,000 saddles, about 4,000 being the usual amount supplied annually. The War Office said that it was quite impossible to satisfy the demand. Men were therefore sent off to Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and the smaller towns in England and France, and eventually by hook or by crook 50,000 saddles were sent out.

"*Nov.* 6. Dinner at A.'s. The Archbishop of York mentioned that Lord Stanley of Alderley was a great French scholar, and had written to Bourget correcting a use by him of the word *étiage*. After a time Bourget replied that Renan used the word in the same way, but that Renan and he were both wrong and Lord S. was right.

"*Dec.* 6. We got to-day from the Stationery Office the design of the new Crown, which is to be used in all decorations and in ornamental documents. It is what is called a Tudor Crown, which means, roughly, that it is composed of curved, instead of straight, outlines.

"*March* 25, 1902. Mount Edgcumbe. Walked to the 'Terrace' which I have mentioned in a former chapter. Seated there in luxurious peace, one was nevertheless aware of the stir and hum of the British Empire in a strange way. The clang of the dockyards came down the wind, and the smoke of the workshops streamed across the sky. A big battleship putting out to sea was visible below us through the pines and ilexes, and a cruiser under the breakwater was swinging her compasses with the help of a tug. Torpedo boats were practising in the harbour, and jets of steam like geysers arising from the sea when the torpedoes came to the surface. Under Drake's Island the training brigs were bending their sails, and

every few seconds the roar of a gun and the scream of a shell came from a gunboat practising in Cawsand Bay. *Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.*

"*April* 24. Debate in the House of Lords on Martial Law. The Lord Chief Justice made a good speech. He went back to first principles, and maintained that martial law was based on necessity, being the will of the executive acting for the defence of the commonwealth in times of danger. Whether the Civil Courts were sitting at the time or not did not matter. He exposed the fallacy of confounding 'martial' law with 'military' law, *i. e.*, the law under which the army is governed.

"*May* 21. Fishers Hill. This is a picturesque house lately built on the high ridge of Hook Heath. It is like living in a lighthouse, so wide is the horizon. In an ordinarily situated house a storm merely means a confused mass of darkness, wind and wet, here it is an attack by an individual storm whose march you can watch from the time when it begins to turn the distant ridges of the fir woods to inky black, to the time when the coppery lights begin to gleam under its skirts.

"*June* 1. Dined with Paget. X. there, who told me that when he was a young, struggling man, he had met with great kindness from Sir James Paget, who had given him good advice. Once, when he was knocked up Paget asked him what was the matter. 'Burning the candle at both ends," said X. 'The only way to make both ends meet,' answered Sir James.

"We heard that peace had been signed. What a joy! It is like emerging from a long night of gloom to get rid of this hateful war.

"*June* 2. Went into the House of Commons to hear the conditions of Peace. A strange scene, the House crowded in all parts. Balfour read the agreement out to the House. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's speech not remarkable. Lord Tweedmouth in the Lords was better. I think everyone was thankful. I heard no cavilling at the terms. All the lobbies and galleries crowded with people. In the streets there was a good deal of 'Mafficking,' tootling on paper horns, etc. But the crowds were better behaved than last year. I was not once assaulted with flour, feathers or squirts.

"*June* 24. House of Lords. About twelve o'clock I heard that the King was to have an operation to-morrow and that there would be no Coronation. We telephoned to Lord Salisbury's secretary. He had heard nothing. Shortly after he confirmed the news. Later in the day came the Lord Chancellor with the Permanent Secretary of the Home Office, and they discussed a bill for providing for the King's signature during his illness, consulting the Debates at the time of the illnesses of George III. in 1788 and 1810. A draft bill was settled, but was not put through Parliament, as later on in the day it was decided to have a bill giving the Prince of Wales authority to sign documents, etc. for the King. When I went out no one in the streets seemed aware of the catastrophe.

"*July* 2. Went to the review of the Indian troops on the parade at Whitehall. I had a capital view from one of the stands.

"Lord Roberts rode just before the Prince of Wales, looking straight and tough. A lot of Indian dignitaries were with the Staff; one splendid old man with a white beard. The physique of the men and the variety and gorgeousness of the uniforms made a fine spectacle, and caused one to wonder how the British shopkeeper could have reduced to subjection all the tribes and peoples which they represented. The Ghoorkhas were the most cheered, ugly, wicked-looking little demons. At the end the Secretary for War came and stood out in front of the show, an ordinary mortal in a black coat, yet master of all these legions.

"*July* 4. Great *soirée* at the India Office. I plunged into the crowd going up the main staircase, and for long saw nothing but the backs of my fellow creatures. At last, wandering down to the ground floor, I found a window opening into the main quadrangle, whence I had a capital view. In the quadrangle was a lane lined with Indian soldiers leading to a *dais* at the far end, on which were Indian potentates in splendid raiment, and Court officials. After a time the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught walked up the lane and stood upon the *dais*. Scindia and all the other chiefs were presented in turn and did obeisance. Then the officers went up one by one, saluted the Prince, and held the hilts of their swords to him to

touch. Their imposing physique, fine uniforms and martial bearing made this a very striking ceremony.

"*July* 6. Ockham. There is an interesting picture here of Lady Byron as a child, decidedly pretty. One of Byron, handsome, but coarse-looking. Wentworth showed me some photos of Lady Byron as an old woman, in which there were distinct traces of the child. The face in these was stern and hard, but full of character, fine eyes, a long upper lip, and rather masculine expression. Wentworth says that he has got many letters of great interest relating to Byron and his affairs. Among them was one from my grandmother, Lady Ravensworth, in which she described how, walking in the Coliseum at Rome, she and two of her daughters met 'the Monster.' 'I made the dear girls cast their eyes down as we passed him,' the letter continued. Wentworth took a curious view of Lord Byron, said that his literature was purely accidental, that he was really a man of action!

"*July* 15. Absurd *contretemps*. After an evening party, the, on the whole, most beautiful young woman in society asked if she should give me a lift home. To drive in an open carriage with such a creature under the summer stars was a tit-bit of good fortune. But it was quite marred by my getting hold of another man's hat by mistake, which was too big for me, and whenever I felt romantic, came down over my nose, acting literally and figuratively as an extinguisher.

"*August* 2. Large party at Wrest. Lord Kitchener the lion. He has a curious face, something of the bull-dog and something of the man of intellect, a long upper lip and huge moustache, which makes his strong chin look quite small. The whole skull is massive, and the bones of the brow are singularly prominent, so much so that in profile the upper part of the forehead seems to recede, though in full face the brow is wide. In repose there is rather a rough, heavy look about him, but his face lightens up strongly when he smiles, as is often the case with big men. His eyes are clear and alert, and his figure strong and youthful. He never held the floor, and did not talk much unless questioned, when he answered generally from a stock of platitudes about the war, which he seemed to keep for fashionable consumption.

"After dinner I was next the new Prime Minister (Arthur Balfour) and congratulated him. He was particularly nice and genial in his way of receiving my good wishes. I heard him talking to Lord C—— about the altered nature of the House of Commons, how now everyone spoke or wanted to speak, whereas in former days there were a few protagonists and a jury of country gentlemen.

"*August* 3. I had a short talk with Lord Kitchener on the terrace. He said that the strain of having to look after 60 columns was very severe. He put Botha a long way first as a general. De Wet he did not think as good as his reputation; he was merely a 'cute and active small farmer, with the qualities of the species in excess of his fellows. We talked about his peerage patent. He said that he should like to have a cornice or something of the kind on the top of his shield, upon which could be written the names of his South African campaigns, by which he should wish to be remembered. One of his supporters, which were now camels, was to be a 'wildebeest,' to give the coat some South African colour. He described the animal, and added that he had never had a moment to think of anything like shooting or sport.

"He went on to say how he hated the task, which was so unsatisfactory, because with all the trouble and anxiety, you never felt sure that your combinations, even if successful, would lead to any general result, and so the end never seemed to be nearer. Owing to the excellence of the field-telegraph, in spite of the size of the country he was almost always in touch with his columns. He is a bad sleeper, and wants but little. Four hours suffices for him.

"*Sept.* 25. The Glen. My host told me the story of the celebrated Mysore mine. He was a director of 'Nobel's.' They had an agent going about India to push the sale of dynamite for blasting. This man told them that concessions had lately been made to a band of Englishmen by the Mysore Government of a tract abounding in auriferous quartz. The agent advised Nobel's to buy. The directors found that they had not power to buy, so my host and a friend put down £10,000; each bought a tract at a venture and formed a company. They put the mining into the

hands of a firm of engineers. Things went badly, and at last six shafts had been sunk, and all the capital on the shares but *2s. 6d.* had been called up. The directors declined to go on, and all except my host and his friend left the board room. The mining engineers thought they had not gone deep enough. My host and his friend decided to call up the half-crowns, to shut up five shafts and sink one deeper. In six weeks they had got down another two hundred feet and had come on rich auriferous quartz.

"*Oct.* 29. House of Lords. Three cards left here to-day for the Chancellor—'Louis Botha,' 'C. de Wet,' 'Delarey.' Fancy if it had been prophesied a year ago that these cards would be on our table! Botha's had 'Transvaal' on it—a widish address. De Wet's was a large card like a lady's.

"*Nov.* 11. House of Commons. Heard Arthur Balfour move the resolution for the closure of the Education Bill by compartments; not an inspiring subject, but he treated it with such vigour and lucidity, upon the broad ground that Parliament as a legislative machine must not be nullified by mere debate, that the speech was not only to the point, but interesting. It was a speech which I should think might have turned a vote.

"*Nov.* 28. To the funeral service for Cuthbert Medd in Sloane Street Church. Cosmo Lang, the Bishop of Stepney, gave a short address after the service. He said, in effect, that 'length of life' was not the standard by which to measure life's value, but 'fullness of life; that Medd was taken when everything that made up life was at its fullest, before activity and anticipation had become disappointment and indifference. That the Power who had created this life so full of energy might be trusted not to waste these energies which He had made.' The Bishop had a difficult task, simply standing on the floor of the aisle addressing a small gathering, but he did it well.

"*Dec.* 8. Dinner at the L——. Prime Minister, Cranborne, Percy, the Herbert Gladstones, and Mr. Solomon, the A.-G. of the Transvaal. Good talk, as may be supposed. Mr. Solomon thought highly of Lord Kitchener, rather as a 'big' man than a man of exceptional brains, and as one who knows his own

mind, and is not afraid to act on it. He is not a cruel man or hard, but may behave as such to hide his softer side. He constantly commuted death sentences. In one case in particular there was little evidence on which to commute, but Lord Kitchener was so moved by a letter from the convict's father, that he went through the papers himself and then commuted.

"Miss Solomon told me that on seeing a regiment on the march in South Africa, what struck her was the enormous tail of waggons, etc. You would see a regiment march into Pretoria apparently hopelessly ragged and dirty, the next day they were as smart as possible.

"Arthur Balfour said that he had lately read 'Lothair,' and was much taken with it. It was a 'phantasmagoria,' but always with something true to life at the bottom of its extravagancies. He had heard several speeches of Dizzy's after he was in the House of Commons, always dull and pompous, with one or two good epigrams in them, which made listeners say 'What a wonderful man!' forgetting the dull parts.

"*Dec.* 16. House of Commons. Kenyon-Slaney, the man of the moment, speaking on the Lords' amendment to the 'Kenyon-Slaney' clause. He spoke sensibly, and with good delivery. Lord Hugh Cecil occasionally interrupting, and making curious movements with his fingers. This motion with the fingers is hereditary. I once met Lord Salisbury in the Green Park at a period when his family made him take a walk after breakfast for the good of his health. I saw him suddenly stop and stand for a long time absorbed in thought, twiddling the fingers of both hands."

CHAPTER XIX

1903—1906

Sale of Pearls—Preferential Tariffs—Revival of the Past—Accession and Death of Lord Ravensworth—Narrative and Notes—The Rescue of the Gaddies—The Defence Committee—Report on the Japanese War — Sir F. Younghusband — North-East Norfolk—Aureoles—Dr. Jameson—Beginnings of Tariff Reform —Mr. Chamberlain—Sir F. Bridge—The New Lord Chancellor —Tring—Sir James Reid—Secular Education—Finis.

"*Jan.* 5, 1903. Reading 'Anna Karenina.' It is in that class of the works of the imagination which impress you as if you had opened a window and looked out into life. Parts of Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray have the same effect. Scott never. His books are always 'stories,' though of the first order, and in Dickens you are always aware of the writer.

"*Feb.* In this month I had a commission entrusted to me which caused me a good deal of anxiety. It consisted in selling some pearls belonging to my aunt, Lady Bloomfield. As they were said to be of some value, and I did not know one pearl from another, and was, moreover, of unbusinesslike temperament, I started on the job with many misgivings.

"My first step was to unearth the pearls from the vaults of Coutts', where they had been deposited for many years, and very dingy-looking articles they appeared. Then I went to a leading jeweller's, where I was received in a patronising way by a magnificent person, who informed me that the charge for valuing was one per cent. As I had a kind of shamed-faced feeling, as if I was pawning a coat, I thought I would not trouble this potentate any further.

"The next day I tried Collingwood's, who used to be the family jewellers. They were less alarming, and said they would look at the pearls without any question of formal valuation. I told him that I would communicate with him, and then became a prey to horrid doubts as to how far I should be justified in

letting the case go out of my custody, as I was convinced that I should be none the wiser if some of the units, or indeed if the whole necklace, was changed. At last I determined to risk it, and let them go. Four days of doubts and fears followed, after which Collingwood reappeared with the case and pearls, which he said were worth £2,585. This somewhat astonished me, and I felt that as the jewels were so valuable I ought to arrange a second valuation, but I determined not to let them go away a second time, so settled for a valuer from Garrard's to come to my room, where, after about half an hour's work with calliper, scales, and magnifying glasses, he estimated the necklace to be worth £2,500. This was satisfactory, so I agreed with Collingwood, to sell them to him at the price he had offered. My next difficulty was when to part with the precious charge. However, Collingwood was very accommodating, and said that if I gave a formal acceptance of his offer, he would call for them when his cheque had been cashed. I imagined that this would not be till after the weekly clearing, but, on consulting Coutts, they said if the cheque was paid in during the morning they would clear it specially, and let me know the result at four o'clock. This was done, and I wrote to Collingwood, who fetched away his purchase the next day, to my great relief. He told me that he hoped to make ten per cent. on his bargain, but that if he got an offer within a short time he would be content with five per cent. One of the reasons that the pearls were so valuable was the uniformity of their size; but all pearls were selling well, and had been rising in price for some years.

"*March* 4. Lunched at 10, Downing Street. The Prime Minister there, it being his breakfast. I thought that a good many of our countrymen would despair of the Commonwealth if they saw the P. M. lunching off tea, though I should greatly like to do it myself. Perhaps, however, they would have been cheered by the glass of port he had afterwards.

"*March* 26. I called to-day on a high Government official. He sat in a spacious room, surrounded by huge tomes, bags and boxes. When he had heard what I had to say, he put the tips of his fingers

together and demonstrated by irrefragable arguments that he had 'no power to interfere.' He then sent for a long list of printed instructions issued by the department. These were brought by a subordinate. He marked two of them in blue pencil and handed me the paper. I thanked him warmly and departed with the marked print.

"*April* 22. To-day, bicycling through the county of Kent, I noticed the improvement which has taken place in the scarecrow since the days of my youth. Instead of being mere symbols, as they used to be, sometimes constructed merely with two sticks and a hat, they have now often a semblance to the complete figure of a human being. I have noticed, too, a similar advance in popular art in the wax figures in barbers' and costume shops. Formerly they were all of the same type, mere 'barbers' blocks'; but now they have variety of feature and colouring, and are altogether more artistic and like the human face and form.

"*June* 15. 'Preferential Tariffs' before the Lords. This question has become very fashionable, and the House was crammed with ladies. Lord Goschen told me the other day how he suffered from having perpetually to expound the subject at dinner-parties. It certainly adds bitterness to life to think that for the rest of our days we shall have to talk at random on this most difficult and complicated matter, for the decision of which the ordinary man possesses no qualifications. Not being at a dinner-table, Lord Goschen made an interesting speech, though he talked a good deal about 'the food of the people,' and called Chamberlain a 'comet.' 'The Comet' came into the Lords and listened to the debate. I watched his acute, self-reliant face, and thought what a contrast it was to other faces near him, notably to the massive, good-humoured countenance of Asquith.

"*June* 27, Oxford. Balliol are entertaining all the men of my time whom they can get hold of, many of whom are quartered in college. I found the quad a curious revival of the past. All the old friends of my day walking about where they used to walk thirty-five years ago. Viewed from a little distance, one did not notice much change in their looks and gait. After dinner we all went out into the quad while the hall

was being cleared. Coming on old friends not seen for years in the shadowy light made one feel like Ulysses in the Elysian Fields.

"*July* 20. I saw history being made this afternoon; Lord Rosebery and Mr. Winston Churchill pacing the Royal Gallery in close confabulation. The one slight, bow-legged, restlessly active, with his head thrust forward, a contrast to the solid, upright shape of the other.

"*August* 1. Went on bicycle to Binfield, one of our livings which is falling vacant. A lovely little place. In the church is a copy of Erasmus' abstract of the four gospels, which was ordered by Edward VI. to be kept chained in all the churches. It is on a bracket, with a few links of the original chain.

"*August* 7. House of Commons. Debate on the Motor Bill. Great excitement prevailed, and whenever a speaker sat down half a dozen members sprang to their feet. The fact is that they all think they know something of the subject of the discussion, which is not often the case. It is like a hymn with an easy tune being sung in church, in which all the congregation can join.

"*August* 23. Went to a place which my sister has taken near Hadleigh, in Essex. Hadleigh is a delightfully remote, old-fashioned burgh, with its little archaic industries of string and mat making and its modern manufactory of 'corsets.' On the edge of the churchyard is a beautiful old gateway to the Deanery of Tudor brick, with twisted chimneys. The Dean is the 'Dean of Bocking,' who is a curiosity, being a Dean without any Chapter, and not appointed by the Crown, but by the Archbishop of Canterbury. There are two Deans of Bocking. One lives at the place of the same name, the other at Hadleigh. There is also a Dean of Battle, in Sussex, who is of the same species, and, I believe, one other at some place in Cornwall. The office carries no income, but seems to have been established in old times, when travelling was difficult, in order that the Deans might act as Commissaries for the Archbishop in various parts of his diocese.

"*Nov.* 9. Heard of Lord Rowton's death, whom I had known from my boyhood He was a most likeable person, never distant or chilly to the smallest people,

though he had a great position in society from having been so long Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary. He was a curious mixture, being the best hand at a small tea party I ever heard, from his wonderful flow of light talk; yet, after being considered a butterfly for many years, he organised the 'Rowton Buildings,' a philanthropic enterprise which has been, I believe, a great success. It was of Rowton, when Disraeli on leaving office made him a peer, that Lowe said 'There has been nothing like it since Caligula made his horse a consul.'

"*Dec.* 2. An appeal from the Benchers of Gray's Inn, who had refused to call a woman to the Bar. Heard in the fresco-room at the House of Lords. The appellant, an average-looking young person, addressed the Court. Her argument was that there was nothing in the nature of things to prevent a woman being called to the Bar. She was not clever or cheeky, but rather pathetically weaker than her task. The Lord Chancellor, when she had finished, said that her contention would not be sufficient to found a right, and she retired rather awkwardly, asking 'if they really meant it.'"

At the end of December this year I went to Ravensworth, of which there has been mention in the earlier chapters of this book. I had not visited it for fifteen years, and now found my cousin Atholl Liddell and his wife, who were among my oldest and best friends, reigning in succession to his eldest brother. The place had never quite lost to me the glamour and attraction which it had for my boyhood, and I was thoroughly happy at returning to my old haunts with such congenial hosts, the more so because, my cousin being not in the best of health, I had the management of the shooting, and so tasted for the only time in my life the joy of being a landed proprietor. When I took my departure I looked forward to many happy sojournings there in years to come, but fate willed it otherwise.

"*Jan.* 14, 1904. Drafting in the Crown Office a patent conferring the powers of the old War Office officials upon the new Army Council. The old game, changing the form but not the substance. It is probably an attempt to copy the Board of Admiralty."

On February 2nd, the very morning on which he was to take his seat in the House of Lords, my cousin and old friend, Atholl Ravensworth, had a stroke. In a few days he died, and was buried at Whittingham. I was filled with sorrow at the loss, and at this sudden ending of the hopes I had formed of many happy times at Ravensworth and Eslington, and seeing my dear old friends at last come into their inheritance.

"*April* 13. Travellers. Arthur Balfour came and sat next me in the library after dinner. When greetings had been interchanged I did not say another word to him all the evening, as I thought he would much rather be quiet. This was altruism!

"I went to Julian Sturgis's funeral in the churchyard of the chapel which Mr. and Mrs. Watts have built at Compton, in Surrey. The chapel is decorated on every square inch with curious designs, and the mind is drenched in symbols. It is sad to live in a time when simplicity in religion is impossible. Either mysticism or nothing. This was the first burial I had attended where the body had been cremated. So strong is habit that one could not help feeling something uncanny and almost shocking in seeing the small urn borne to the grave in a little oak casket. But it gets rid of a very disagreeable part of the ceremony. I was glad that it was such a glorious spring afternoon, all things full of life, hope, and beauty.

"*April* 25. House of Lords. A curious entanglement. Lord Henniker got hold of his father's writ, which had been issued in 1890 and remained among the writs, never having been taken up by the late lord. The new lord took it into the House, presented it at the table, was sworn, and afterwards sat and voted, the mistake not being found out for some days.

"*May* 6. Betteshanger. I have a bedroom which contains twenty-four pictures of Mr. Gladstone, one of Pitt, two of Mrs. Gladstone, and one of Hawarden Castle.

"*May* 14. Oxford. Ambarum dinner. Sat next to Herbert Fisher, who told me of the courteous attention shown him by the French Foreign Office when once he had got a permit to search their archives for his book on Napoleon. Our Foreign Office was more secretive, because in the French war many members of noble families had acted as spies for us, and it was not desirable that their names should come out.

"*June* 4. Rather a quaint correspondence with a clergyman. He applied for a benefice, comparing himself in his pursuit of livings to the paralytic in the 'parable of the pool of Siloam,' whom no man would help by taking him down to the pool, so that others stepped down before him. In my answer I said that I thought the 'pool of Siloam' had been a 'miracle' rather than a 'parable.' He wrote back a long letter headed '*Re* Pool of Siloam,' in which he explained that 'a miracle, being a parable in action, the "pool of Siloam" was a parable as well as a miracle.'

"*June* 21. House of Lords. The Scottish kirk case before the Court. Haldane, K.C., holding forth on Predestination and Free-will in a way which reminded me of a lecture of T. H. Green. I thought he was interesting, but the law-lords (with the exception of the Chancellor) seemed horrified at the suspicion of metaphysics, and kept saying that they did not understand him. It was more difficult to understand what was the relation of these questions to the suit.

"*June* 28. There is a Welsh living vacant worth £400 a year, a very unusual stipend for a benefice in the Principality. Though Welsh benefices are mostly very poor, we have less trouble with them financially than with the English benefices. Cases of default in payment of dilapidations are comparatively rare in Wales. This is creditable to the Welsh clergy, but probably arises in part from their standard of living being lower than that of the English, as the clergy themselves come from a somewhat lower social stratum. Also in many of the large English country

villages there is much more society, and the parson and his family have to keep up appearances and entertain more than in a remote Welsh region.

"*July* 6. To Watts' funeral service at St. Paul's. A considerable crowd at the doors. A comely female, her face breathing every virtue, was in hot discussion with the verger as I went in. She could not be made to see that there was any difference between the north and south door, or that it mattered her going in at the north door when she had a ticket for the south door. This incapacity to appreciate order and orientation is characteristic of the sex. It was a dark day, and the cavernous gloom of the great building, enhanced by rare lights, was suitable and impressive, as was the music, except an 'In Memoriam,' which was too luscious when inserted in a service of the severe Handelian sort.

"*August* 23. Deal Castle. A north-east gale. A little yacht ashore just under the house making a perfect miniature wreck. The cold grey seas were pouring over the poor butterfly thing, washing her cushions and smart fittings out of the cabins, and throwing them about drenched and dirty. It was quite amazing the amount of *débris* which the ocean extracted from her while she was yet intact as to her outward shell. However, she did not stand the pounding long, but soon vanished into fragments.

"*Sept.* 16. We had a sudden plunge to-day into the realities. The Prime Minister, Alfred Lyttelton, Evan Charteris and myself were playing golf on the Kilspindie links just as evening was closing in, when one of the ladies at Gosford came running across to us and said that some boys were drowning. We ran down to the shore, and saw a boat drifting away with the tide with four boys in her. She was about a quarter of a mile out, and seemed very low in the water. Fortunately there was an old boat, used for the salmon catch, lying on the sand about fifty yards from the sea. We seized the gunwale—we four, Lord Wemyss, three stray men, and all the ladies—and began laboriously to drag it over the sand. It was terribly hard work getting it along until someone appeared with some stakes from the nets, which we used as rollers. We had to go up to our knees in

water before the boat floated. Lyttelton, two of the men, and Charteris took the oars, I steered with another oar. By this time the boat with the boys in it had drifted a long way up the Firth. Hardly had we started when stroke's oar broke. I gave him mine, and steered as best I could with the broken blade. After a little time we got to the boat and found her nearly half full of water. One of the boys was weeping silently, another howling, and two quite impassive. When we came alongside they all scrambled on board without saying a word. After making a rope fast to the water-logged boat we towed her in to the shore.

"This event got into the newspapers, and was the occasion of a good deal of random writing, the one side lauding the heroism of the Prime Minister, the other condemning him for not going in the boat, which, as he could not row, would have been the most senseless thing he could have done. He told me some time after that various extracts from foreign papers had been sent to him, and that the exploit increased according to the distance of the publication from the scene of the event, until in a Japanese newspaper it was stated that he had swum two miles with two boys on his back.

"I got a lot of derisive letters and telegrams, one of which was to this effect: 'Grace Darling not in it.'

"*Oct.* 8. Lady L. told us that when her husband was Acting-Governor of the Transvaal, she had given the Queen of Swaziland a light blue cloak lined with scarlet and trimmed with India gold-work, which had produced a perfect ecstasy in the breast of that potentate.

"*Oct.* 30. All Souls. Two of the Rhodes Scholars at lunch. A German and an American—both very much 'clothed and in their Oxford minds.' The German had specially good manners. We were told that after leaving the 'Gymnasium' he had gone to Lausanne, where one day he got a telegram from the Emperor saying that he was to be a 'Rhodes Scholar,' and, after getting leave to visit his parents for a few days, a 'Rhodes Scholar' he became.

"*Nov.* 4. The Lord Chancellor inspecting impressions of the new Great Seal in various coloured wax—yellow, green, red, and khaki—which will be submitted

to the King at the next Council. We begged him to try and get H. M. to choose the red, which will be a great improvement on the hideous khaki colour hitherto used. It is a poorly-designed affair, a lot of trivial detail, which would be bad in any design, but is worse in a seal, as wax does not reproduce small detail well.

"*Dec.* 2. I read in the newspapers of an unexpected effect of the Welsh Revival in the mining districts. The miners have stopped swearing, and the pit ponies cannot be induced to move by the use of ordinary language, so they cannot get the trucks to the shaft.

"*March* 8, 1905. Lunched at 10, Downing Street. The Prime Minister, Mr. Arnold Forster, and some other members of the Defence Committee came in. Mr. Arnold Forster said that he was taking officers for the Guards without regard to their standard of education, as he was convinced of the uselessness of ordinary education for military officers. A somewhat persiflaginous talk then arose about education, in which the view was advanced that it was solely for the good of the parents, who would otherwise have to amuse their children all day. Sir G. C. said it was for the purpose of amusing children in the intervals of games. Mr. Arnold Forster said that he had invented a cart to carry a shield on the model of a Chinese single-wheeled cart. It was remarked how odd it was that this form of cart, which had been in use among the Chinese for centuries, had never been tried with us except in the case of the ordinary wheelbarrow, which threw the whole weight on the pusher. The talk then went on to the question of Greek in education. The Prime Minister said that some scientific man had told him that he had been at a large gathering of learned men, where no one knew the derivation of anéroid, and he added 'I will guarantee that no one here knows it.' I happened to remember how the word was made, and felt quite proud of myself.

"*March* 16. Read a curious report from an English officer in Japan. It was by no means lacking in professional knowledge, but was written in a strange, inflated style, full of tags of philosophy and political economy and allusions to history. There was an interesting account of a visit to Port Arthur just after

the surrender. It bore out the received ideas of the great losses and great bravery of the Japanese. The writer saw a place a few yards from the Russian lines whence a Japanese naval officer had managed to sketch the position of the Russian ships in the harbour. His telescope had been shot out of his hand in the process. Two other officers had been sent with him to take his place if he were killed. The writer of the report visited the sunken fleet, but could not determine how far the ships had been sunk by the fire of the besiegers or by the Russians themselves. He was surprised at not finding more traces of damage done in the naval engagement. The Japanese doctors said that the state of the hospitals was so bad as to be in itself a justification for the surrender.

"*March* 30. Lunch in 10, Downing Street. The Prime Minister told us that Lord Acton, Mommsen, Ranke, and some other Professor of equal calibre had once agreed that Macaulay would rank among the six greatest historians. He talked of Mr. Gladstone, and said that though he was intolerant of opinions differing from his own, it was a mistake to say that he swallowed unlimited flattery. As a matter of fact he much disliked flattery.

"*May* 5. Woodcock Farm. Sir Francis Younghusband. Had a good deal of talk with him.

"The most critical time his expedition had was when some hundreds of Thibetans got up under the wall of the camp at night and tried to rush the Gate in the morning. They were kept back by two Ghoorkha sentries till reinforcements arrived.

"He thinks that Russia is more likely to get eventually to the Persian Gulf than to attack India through Afghanistan. He also thinks that we ought to have annexed Thibet, because it would have given us great facilities for keeping Russian influence away from India, a policy which we are bound to follow.

"Shakespeare is much in vogue in India. He is acted in a translation in which the plays are adapted to Eastern life. Sir F. had attended some of these performances, which were crowded. On one occasion among the spectators was an Indian chief, of twelve years old, who seemed to enjoy the drama greatly.

He does not fear the yellow peril. Does not think that Asiatics would ever beat Europeans or Americans.

"*June* 15. Abbey Leix. Much discourse on Irish affairs. A scheme of Horace Plunkett's, which had lately been tried, was mentioned. By the help of a priest two ladies had been settled in a cottage in a country village with all the best appliances suitable to such a *ménage*. They had gradually made friends with the neighbours, and had asked them to come in and see how things were done, how the food was cooked, and the house kept clean. This attempt was said to have had a good effect in improving the methods of life in the place and introducing cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

"*July* 8. Fishers Hill. General Ian Hamilton one of the party, who had been with the Japanese in the war. He described how, on arriving at the most filthy Chinese hut, the Japanese orderlies would produce a roll of wall-paper and, after cleaning the place out, would paper the walls and put flowers upon the table. He considered that the Japanese were, on the whole, the finest infantry in the world; but he had seen them run at times when he thought English would have stood.

"*July* 9. Fishers Hill. This story was told on good authority. At a review the two of the guns in the turret of a battleship suddenly went off—no one could make out why. The First Sea Lord was so uneasy that he visited the ship himself, and had the crew at their stations and everything in the turret reconstructed just as they had been when the event occurred. He found out that one of the men had slipped from the rolling of the vessel and had fallen against the side of the turret. He made him do it again. Nothing happened, and the same result followed when he repeated the fall with his shoes off, he having been barefooted at the time of the accident. The First Lord then asked if the deck of the turret had been wet on the day of the review. He was told that this had been the case. A bucket of water was then sluiced over the deck, and on the man falling again against the side, the guns all went off. He had connected the electric circuit which fired the guns.

"*August* 4. Went to the Courts and sat in Court of the War Stores Commission, where Lord Milner

was being examined. He was an excellent witness, but gesticulated a good deal for an Englishman. I believe his mother was a foreigner. He said that he bought up all the waggons, mules and transport that he could because he was afraid of a ring, but only bought the food and stores which were immediately wanted.

"*August* 24. North Creake. There is something attractive about this N.E. corner of Norfolk. The great golden fields with bushy hedges look warm and useful. Amongst them are picturesque bits set in the commoner ground, ivy-clad ruins, cliffs of yellow gravel, and pretty old houses and cottages. The shores of the Wash, which bound the region to the North, are curious. Where you expect to find the sea beginning, you come to a stretch of flat marsh a mile or two wide, intersected with creeks and inlets, some of which run right up to the land proper and form tidal harbours for the little hamlets on the coast, in which you may see a few ricketty boats, or even a small coasting steamer discharging her cargo at a miniature wharf. The marsh itself sometimes appears as Cuyp-like meadows, at others as muddy spaces overgrown with sea-lavender, and covered by the sea at high tides. Outside the marsh there is generally a rampart of sandhills, whence the endless shore stretches away into an almost invisible sea.

"*August* 31. Went to Holkham. The house was chiefly interesting to me as being a typical residence of a British potentate of the eighteenth century, when the aristocracy were at the height of their power and culture. This character was written in the solidity and strength of the building, in the fine furniture, pictures and tapestries, in the antiques and objects of virtu brought together from many lands.

"Mrs. ——, who is a Christian Scientist, sees aureoles of colour emanating from the heads of some persons, not of everyone—brown, blue, and orange—these colours denoting certain mental or moral characteristics. Brown, I am told, denotes practical gifts; blue and orange imaginative and spiritual endowments. This is a curious revival of the experience of the monks of Athos, who used to see coloured light issuing from their stomachs.

"*Oct.* 2. High Walls. The well-known Dr. Jameson

came. Without there being anything commanding or heroic about him, he is likeable and pleasant socially, with the ways and manners of an Englishman. He gives one the impression of a ready and nimble man.

"We talked about 'faith-healing.' Dr. J. said that the will might affect the state of a physical organ, *e.g.*, that inflammation might be caused by, so to speak, mental pressure. That being so, there is a basis for 'faith-healing.' But he added that it was difficult to separate the effects of so-called 'will' or 'mind' from a morbid condition of the nerve centres.

"*Nov.* 4. Hagley. A Protection party. Chamberlains, Alfred Lytteltons, Leo Maxses, George Peel, etc.

"Mr. Chamberlain is thoroughly unaffected and natural, and his acute face is full of intelligence and vivacity. He talks constantly and well, and is always interesting, though not inspiring or big in any way. I thought that his prejudices against some persons made him at times rather hard on those whom he criticised. He described an interview with Mr. Gladstone when he (Mr. C.) had consented to join the Home Rule Government, and Mr. G. asked him what he wanted. Chamberlain said 'The Colonies.' Mr. G. replied: 'What? A Secretaryship of State?' and intimated that it was promised. What chiefly strikes him at his fiscal meetings is not the strength of assent or dissent, but the interest taken in the subject.

"*Nov.* 6. Mr. Chamberlain said at breakfast that although the Lord Chancellor might be called a Tory, he was always ready to reform an abuse. Though he (Mr. C.) was a Radical and had not changed his opinions, yet all the time he had been in the Cabinet with the Lord Chancellor they had never disagreed. Lord Halsbury was following the steps of Lords Hardwicke and Mansfield in trying to adapt the law to the common sense of the community.

"He then spoke of Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Birmingham, who, he said, had the confidence and respect of the Nonconformists in the most nonconformist city in England.

"Afterwards, talking of the Colonial Office, he praised the excellence of the clerks, saying that he could always rely on the *précis* of the clerk who first

dealt with the papers. But he thought there was too much correspondence and minuting.

"*Nov.* 22. C—— told me that once, calling on Boehm, the sculptor, he saw four busts of the Prince Consort. Boehm said that he was ordered to make them, because since the death of John Brown four busts of that worthy had been placed in the late Queen's rooms, where there were already four statues of the Prince Consort. The John Browns were made with eyes in the modern fashion, *i.e.*, the pupils hollowed out. In comparison the Prince Consort's, with the old style of eye, looked absolutely lifeless, and four new ones had to be ordered.

"*Nov.* 23. Dined at Miss S——. Sir Frederick Bridge there, the organist at Westminster, who was full of Pepys enthusiasm, and interesting on the subject. He said that the Chapter had lately been classifying their muniment room, and had come upon many curious documents, among which were the papers of a Chancery suit—*Swift* v. *Lemuel Gulliver*. The petitioner was not, of course, Swift himself, but it was clear that the name of the case must have caught his eye and remained in his head, as the date of the action was prior to the appearance of the 'Voyage.'

"*Apropos* of Pepys, Sir F. B. told us that he had long disputed with other musicians as to which version of some song, whose name I forget, was by Pepys. Sir F. B. upheld one version and was, eventually, adjudged to be wrong. But one day it occurred to him that the portrait of Pepys in the National Portrait Gallery had a scroll of music in its hand, and that as Pepys was probably proud of his work, he might have caused the painter to put the real score on this scroll instead of mere marks. This turned out to be so, and Sir F. B. found that the version on the scroll was the one which he had advocated.

"*Dec.* 11. House of Lords. Lord Halsbury said good-bye to me. Hardly had he left when R. T. Reid came. It was strange to see him sitting in the seat of authority, and my thoughts went back to the first time I had seen him in the Balliol lecture room, as described in a former chapter.

"*Jan.* 1, 1906. Drew the warrant for the King's signature, authorising the affixing of the Great Seal

to the Letters Patent making 'Bob Reid' Lord Loreburn. How wonderful is the irony of fate that he of all men should be driven into a peerage with all its pomps and vanities! A smaller man might have made a fuss, like a Judge did a few years ago about his knighthood, but Reid accepts it all with dignity, which silences one's tongue inclined to mock.

"*Jan.* 20. Gosford. Arthur Balfour at lunch, in good spirits in spite of his defeat. He said that politics bid fair to be extraordinarily interesting. He thought that the Radicals would pick a quarrel with the Lords and go to the country on that cry at the next election. Comparing Mr. Winston Churchill with his father, A. B. said that the son had a sterner ambition. Lord Randolph rode looser to his anchors; he could have been drawn aside by racing, or any other pursuit he might have fancied. And it should be remembered that he was only about a year in office, and never led the House of Commons in a regular session.

"*Jan.* 24. S. H. Butcher, who has lately been elected for Cambridge University, told me what a life the would-be member leads for some time before the election. He gets letters from all over the country, chiefly from parsons, asking him strings of questions on all kinds of religious and abstract subjects, such as, 'Will you support the reservation of the Sacrament?' One writer asked fourteen questions. These the candidate has to answer as best he can. B. had been writing letters for days, and was still a hundred in arrear.

"*Jan.* 31. A., in the time of the late Queen, once went to see *Antony and Cleopatra.* In one of the scenes Cleopatra appeared lolling on a throne in voluptuous fashion and in magnificent garments, surrounded with a gorgeous court, and every description of luxury and pomp. An old lady seated just in front of A., remarked to another old lady, 'How very different from our own dear Queen!'

"*Feb.* 4. There are several pieces by Rodin at the New Gallery. A certain clumsy coarseness in his work, suggestive of the snow man, displeases, almost as much as the traces of power and grandeur attract.

The difference between him and his great prototype, Michael Angelo, is that Rodin entirely lacks 'the divine,' to borrow Tennyson's aphorism about Dante and Goethe.

"*Feb.* 13. Lord Ripon informed the House of Lords of the appointment and peerage of the Lord Chancellor, who was then introduced, kneeling before the throne, laying his patent of peerage upon it, and then taking it off himself, a curious bit of mumbo-jumbo for the twentieth century.

"*March* 17. Tring. Large party. J. Chamberlains, Arthur Balfour, George Protheros and others."

I can remember only fragments of their talk. Mr. Chamberlain said that when the Church was disestablished, Wales would become Conservative, though he didn't think that the Evangelicals and the Nonconformists would ever coalesce. A good many of the clergy, and certainly one Bishop, were in favour of disestablishment. He thought the Government were in a difficulty over the Education Bill, as if they conciliated the Nonconformists, which is what they would try and do, they would turn all the Church and the Catholics into enemies. In the present state of feeling secular education was quite impossible, and any Government which went in for it would be turned out.

Talking to Arthur Balfour about speeches, Mr. Chamberlain said that all the best speeches must be prepared, but that he had advised his son to use rather less preparation than he himself had been in the habit of doing. Many of the best orators got their speeches by heart. Balfour said that no speeches were worth reading, not even those of Demosthenes, for no one could make a speech as good as an essay.

"*March* 27. A party of Japanese sailors going round the House of Lords. They all look like little boys, clean and healthy, with bright eyes. Though tough

and well covered, they do not seem to be powerfully built. The officers appeared very intelligent, but not what we call 'gentlemanlike' to the outward view. There were one or two Englishmen among the men, one with light red hair, who was much out of place. They rolled their bright eyes on all sides, but showed no signs of astonishment.)

"*April* 9. The Lord Chancellor told me the interesting story of his father. He was a young Scots advocate, and an ardent Reformer in the days of the First Reform Bill, being Secretary of the Reform Association in Scotland. This body had had handbills printed advocating the use of sticks and even weapons by the inhabitants in conflict with the police and troops. Reid was strongly against the publication of these, but was outvoted. Thereupon he said, 'Give them to me; they are my business,' and threw them on the fire, standing in front of it till they were burned. Sir George Grey heard of this, and when Reid's health afterwards broke down, offered him a judgeship at Corfu, where he remained for more than twenty years, and completed a codification of the law of the State."

"*May* 12. Ambarum dinner at Balliol.

"Someone said that the handwriting of the Rhodes Scholars was worse than that of the ordinary educated man over here. They seemed quite indifferent to good writing, and had no idea of it as an art. Calligraphy is probably a virtue of the dilettante. Many men of action have written shocking hands.

"*May* 17. The House of Lords threw out the Bill prohibiting the importation of aliens as labourers. This is the first blood in the fight which must come between the two Houses.

"*May* 30. The Lord Chancellor and the ex-Lord Chancellor played golf at Sudbrook Park. I wonder what Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham would have thought of such a performance?

"*June* 12. George Farwell sworn in as Lord Justice by myself before the Lord Chancellor. Curious are the ways of Fate bringing three old college comrades together in this way. I was proud and pleased to be of the company, even in the subordinate capacity of Deputy Clerk of the Crown.

"*June* 25. I appeared as a witness before the Baronets Committee and got on pretty well, though I was staggered when a day or two afterwards my proofs were sent to me, to see what nonsense I had apparently talked, and what a lack of grammar and amount of repetition my remarks contained. However, I consoled myself by putting down some of this to the reporter.

"*June* 28. House of Lords. I talked with a Radical M.P., who was waiting for Neish, asking him if he was in favour of secular education. He answered that no party which proposed to do away with the Bible in the schools would have any chance. Two-thirds of the working classes never went to any place of worship, but they mostly wished their children to have the chance of being taught the Bible, and often themselves contemplated returning to religion in old age. He had lately addressed a meeting of between two and three thousand working men at Manchester, and the Dissenting Missionary who bossed the show told him that only about twenty per cent. of his audience would be in favour of abolishing Bible teaching.

"*June* 29. Sixty years old to-day."

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